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Thus endeth the seconde booke of the recule of the histories of Troies/Whiche booke were late translated in to frenshe out of latyn/by the labour of the venerable persone raoul le feure prest as a fore is said/ And by me Indigne and vnworthy translated in to this rude english/ by the comandement of my said redoubtid lady duchesse of Bourgone: And for as moche as I suppose the said two booke ben not had to fore this tyme in our english langage, therfore I had the better will to accomplishe this said werke/ whiche werke was begonne in Brugie/ & contynued in gaunt And finished in Coleyn In the tyme of þe troublous world/ and of the grete deuysions beyng and regnyng as well in the royaumes of englond and fraunce as in all other places vniuersally thurgh the world that is to wete the yere of our lord a thousand four hundred lxxi. And as for the thirde booke whiche treteth of the generall & last destruction of Troie Hit nedeth not to translate hit in to english/ for as moche as that worshipfull & religious man dan John Ridgate monke of Burpe dide translate hit but late/ after whose werke I fere to take vpon me that am not worthy to bere his penner & ynke horne after hym. to medle me in that werke. But yet for as moche as I am bounde to contemplate my sayd ladyes good grace and also that his werke is in ryme / And as fere as I knowe hit is not had in prose in our tonge / And also peradventure / he translated after some other Auctor than this is / And yet for as moche as diuerce men ben of diuerce despres. Some to rede in Ryme and metre. and some in prose And also be cause that I haue now good leizer beyng in Coleyn And haue none other thyng to doo at this tyme

THE PAGEANT OF ENGLISH PROSE

BEING FIVE HUNDRED PASSAGES
BY THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE AUTHORS

EDITED BY R. M. LEONARD

‘Mr. Savile was asked, by my lord of Essex, his opinion touching poets, who answered my lord: “He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose.”’

BACON'S *Apophthegmes*.



HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW
NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, AND BOMBAY

1912

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PREFACE

THIS collection of specimens of English prose is a companion volume to *The Pageant of English Poetry*. It consists of 500 passages by 325 authors, ranging, from John de Trevisa (1326) to 'Fiona Macleod' (1905), over a period of upwards of five centuries. With all English prose as one's province, the difficulty of selection is obvious, but it must not be hastily supposed that short passages cannot do justice to an author. Sir Walter Raleigh is not the only one of whom it may be said, in Mr. Edmund Gosse's words, 'he is essentially to be read in extracts and admired in purple patches.' Sir Sidney Colvin says of Landor, for instance: 'His perfect instinct for the rhythms and harmonies of prose reveals itself as fully in three lines as in a hundred.' It is indeed surprising how often an author's characteristics may be as adequately shown in a paragraph as in half a dozen pages.

The authors have been placed in alphabetical order, as in *The Pageant of English Poetry*; experience having shown that this arrangement possesses a balance of advantages. No one reads an anthology such as this at one fell swoop, from cover to cover. It is a book to be dipped into as opportunity offers, or fancy dictates; and the alphabetical order, supplemented by a chronological list of authors and proper indexes, is by far the most convenient for casual consultation. A pageant is not necessarily a procession: it may be simply a display in which a great variety is shown. Here will be found authors clad in ermine and robes of state; in the divine's sober garments, decked occasionally with the riband of a jest; in drab of formal

cut ; in the camel's hair of the prophet ; in slashed doublet and other fantastic attire, furnished, perhaps, with the feathers and rapiers of the wits, or with cap and bells ; in the workaday clothes of generation after generation ; while the women may be seen in turban and ruff and farthingale or whatever may chance to be the kaleidoscopic fashion of the passing moment. The prose exemplified in these pages embraces history, philosophy, theology, natural and political science, fiction, essays, table talk, translations, dedications, diaries, letters, and parliamentary, pulpit, and forensic oratory.

Chronological order is open to objections, not least that if it were followed in this book the first part would consist largely of passages which might prove a little difficult to unlearned readers and of the rhetoric or earnest exhortations of divines, who to students of style are of considerable interest—Edward FitzGerald, indeed, declared that ‘our old Divines will hereafter be considered our Classics’—but are apt to be somewhat repellant to the sensual world. In this book he who runs may read South between Smollett and Southey, and, as an infant, in all innocence take the powder with the jam. To attempt to group the selections would be delightful, but it would be courting certain failure : in prose it is a wise child that knows its own father. However, the student of style and its development may amuse and instruct himself by attempting to form genealogical tables of prose writers, and to trace literary relationships, imaginary or real, and the chronological list of authors, at the beginning, and the duly indexed notes on style, at the end of the book, will afford him assistance. There are many obvious combinations, but some writers will be found to defy all efforts to place them in any orderly sequence or scheme.

Critics of prose as often as not quote Buffon and say

that the style is the man ; and Carlyle translates Lessing as observing that 'every man has his own style, like his own nose'. It is well to remember the point of view of such an accomplished critic as Mr. Frederic Harrison :—

'Read Voltaire, Defoe, Swift, Goldsmith, and you will come to understand how the highest charm of words is reached without your being able to trace any special element of charm. The moment you begin to pick out this or that felicity of phrase, this or that sound of music in the words, and directly it strikes you as eloquent, lyrical, pictorial, then the charm is snapped. The style may be fascinating, brilliant, impressive, but it is not perfect.'

Voltaire himself, when complimented on his *belles phrases*, replied, 'Mes belles phrases ! apprenez que je n'en ai pas fait une de ma vie.' It is not given to all to achieve 'the victory of the prose style, clear, plain and short' ; if some writers fail, their work may chance to escape being classed by readers of differing taste as 'faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.'

Excellence of style has not been the sole consideration, although this volume contains a noble quantity of imperishable prose. Some writers, as Sterne, have no literary style at all, or at best it is bad ; others, as Scott, are slovenly : none the less the creator of *Tristram Shandy* and the author of *Waverley* must have honoured places in any pageant. The aim has been to print passages which are not only typical, but also possess some intrinsic interest : for example, the prose style of the poets ; while testimony to the variety of topics is borne in the subject index.

'The world's mine oyster.' It is impossible to acknowledge my obligations to innumerable histories of literature, biographies, critical studies, and works of reference, except incidentally ; but no modern compiler could deny himself

the pleasure of mentioning specially *English Prose*, edited by Sir Henry Craik, and published by Messrs. Macmillan, and, of course, for that rich storehouse, consisting of five volumes and 3,200 pages, the various selectors have often chosen the inevitable passage from an author. However, for the purposes of this anthology resource has always been had in such cases to original sources, not altogether without profit. My thanks are due to the following for their kind permission to use copyright passages by the authors whose names follow their own :—

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd., Jane Welsh Carlyle ; Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Richard Jefferies and R. L. Stevenson (and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in respect of American rights in Stevenson's works) ; Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd. (and Messrs. Scribner's Sons for American rights), George Meredith ; Mr. Bertram Dobell, T. Traherne ; Mr. W. Heinemann, ' Fiona Macleod ' ; Mr. Robert Ross (and Messrs. Methuen), Oscar Wilde ; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., J. A. Symonds ; Mr. R. A. Streatfeild (and Mr. A. C. Fifield), Samuel Butler ; and Mr. T. Watts-Dunton (and Messrs. Chatto & Windus), A. C. Swinburne.

I have been assisted throughout my laborious task by Mr. C. W. S. Williams, without whose valuable help in making the selections and in research I could not have accomplished it except at the sacrifice of the leisure of years.

R. M. L.

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THE PAGEANT
OF
ENGLISH PROSE

COMPARISONS

OUR auditors are like the Belgic armies, that consist of French, English, Scotch, German, Spanish, Italian, &c. ; so many hearers, so many humours, the same diversity of men and minds : that as guests at a strange dish, every man hath a relish by himself ; that all our helps can scarce help one soul to heaven. But of all kinds, there is none that creeps with better insinuation, or leaves behind it a deeper impression in the conscience, than a fit comparison. This extorted from David what would hardly have been granted : that as David slew Goliath with his own sword, so Nathan slew David's sin with his own word. Jotham convinced the Shechemites' folly in their approved reign of Abimelech over them, by the tale of the bramble, Judges ix. 8. . . .

Physic and divinity are professions of a near affinity, both intending the cure and recovery, one of our bodies, the other and better, of our souls. Not that I would have them conjoined in one person ; as one that spake merrily of him that was both a physician and a minister, that of whom he took money to kill by his physic, he had also money again to bury by his priesthood. Neither, if God hath poured both these gifts into one man, do I censure their union, or persuade their separation. Only, let the hound that runs after two hares at once take heed lest he catch neither. And let him that is called into God's vineyard, *hoc agere*, 'attend on his office,' Rom. xii. 6-8. And beware, lest to keep his parish on sound legs, he let them walk with sickly consciences : whiles Galen and Avicen take the wall of Paul and Peter.

T. ADAMS.—*Sermons.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WHEN I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey ; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. . . .

For my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy ; and can, therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

J. ADDISON.—*Spectator*, No. 26.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great council, in which all

considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world : they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am justled among a body of Armenians ; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews ; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times ; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world. . . .

There are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great.

J. ADDISON.—*Spectator*, No. 69.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY : SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
τίμα—

PYTHAGORAS.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking

his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side ; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place ; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire, and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers ; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year ; and the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people ; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

J. ADDISON.—*Spectator*, No. 112.

WORDS OF FOREIGN COIN

I HAVE often wished, that, as in our constitution there are several persons whose business it is to watch over our laws, our liberties and commerce, certain men might be set apart as superintendents of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing among us, and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from becoming current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present war has so adulterated our tongue with strange words, that it would be impossible for one of our great-grandfathers to know what his posterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern newspaper. Our warriors are very industrious in propagating the French language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their power. Our soldiers are men of strong heads for action, and perform such feats as they are not able to express. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they achieve, and therefore send us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phrases which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought, however, to be provided with secretaries, and assisted by our foreign ministers, to tell their story for them in plain English, and to let us know in our mother tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publish the news of the present war in English phrases, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into shades and obscurity : but the English cannot be too

clear in their narrative of those actions, which have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained. . . . I do not find in any of our chronicles, that Edward the Third ever reconnoitred the enemy, though he often discovered the posture of the French, and as often vanquished them in battle. The Black Prince passed many a river without the help of pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as successfully as the generals of our time do it with fascines. Our commanders lose half their praise, and our people half their joy, by means of these hard words and dark expressions.

J. ADDISON.—*Spectator*, No. 165.

PAPER MANUFACTURE

Perituræ parcite chartæ. JUVENAL.

OUR paper manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in *Post-Men*, *Post-Boys*, *Daily Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*, and *Examiners*. Men, women, and children contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of *Spectators*, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through

their whole progress, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth past. My landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old *Spectators*, and has frequently told me that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton pie, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for, last Christmas, by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness, more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

J. ADDISON.—*Spectator*, No. 367.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

No one who is acquainted with the literature, whether daily, monthly, or quarterly, of free states, can be at a loss to apprehend whence they are coming or whither they are going. But it is otherwise in despotic countries. No national assemblies there furnish a safety-valve to public feeling, or indicate its tendency; the expression of discontent in any form is strongly prohibited; rigorous punishment deters from any censure, how well soever founded, on the measures of government; and while national feeling is daily accumulating, and public discontent is at its height, the journals do little more than narrate

the progress of princes and princesses from one city to another, and the universal enthusiasm when they show themselves in public. But in an age of advancing intelligence and stirring events, it is not to be supposed that the human mind is in reality dormant; it is incessantly working, but its movements are not perceived, nor is the existence of dangerous passions even suspected at a distance, till a sudden and unforeseen event at once reveals their tendency, and demonstrates their strength.

It is in the literature of such states that we must look for the real tendency of public opinion, and the foreshadowing of future change; and it is to be found, not in the discussion of present, but in the contemplation of past events; not in the journals, but in the drama. *Veluti in speculum* may then be with truth inscribed over the curtain of every theatre. The ardent desires and aspirations of the human mind, unable to find a vent in public assemblies, a free press, or the discussion of present events, seek it in the realms of imagination; the licence of the theatre consoles for the restrictions of the senate-house; and the dreams of perfectibility are indulged in a world of the poet's creation, since they are not to be found in that of the statesman's direction. This is the true cause of the elevation and frequent grandeur of thought in the drama of despotic states, and its ultimate degradation in free communities: in the former it is the expression of magnanimous and generous thought, in the latter it is the scene of relaxation from it. Thence it was that Corneille and Voltaire poured forth such noble declamations in favour of general freedom under the despotic rule of the Bourbons; thence it was that Shakespeare uttered such heart-stirring sentiments at the absolute court of Queen Elizabeth; and thence it was, in later times, that the drama had not even arisen in America, in an age when Schiller and Goethe had rendered it immortal in Germany, and that Alfieri's noble tragedies on Roman liberty, amidst the slavery of modern Italy, were contemporary only with Sheridan's comedies on the English stage.

SIR A. ALISON.—*History of Europe.*

LOVE-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY

WHEN breakfast was over it was time for me to depart, and I made half a dozen attempts to rise from my chair ; but without her laying a rosy finger on me, this illustrious maid had so totally subdued my soul, and deprived me of all motive power, that I sat like the renowned Prince of the Massagetes, who was stiffened by enchantment in the apartment of the Princess Phedima, as we read in *Amadis de Gaul*. This Miss Noel saw very plain, and in compassion to my misfortune, generously threw in a hint now and then, for a little further conversation to colour my unreasonable delay. But this could not have been of service much longer, as the clock had struck twelve, if the old gentleman, her father, had not returned to us, and told me, he insisted on my staying to dine with him ; for he loved to take a glass after dinner with a facetious companion, and would be obliged to me for my company. At present (Mr. Noel continued) you will excuse me, sir, as business engages me till we dine : but my daughter will chat the hours away with you, and show you the curiosities of her library and grot. Harriot will supply my place.

This was a delightful invitation indeed, and after returning my hearty thanks to the old gentleman for the favour he did me, I addressed myself to Miss Noel, when her father was gone, and we were walking back to the library in the garden, and told her ingenuously, that though I could not be positive as to the situation of my soul, whether I was in love with her or not, as I never had experienced the passion before, nor knew what it was to admire a woman ; having lived till that morning in a state of indifference to her sex ; yet, I found very strange emotions within me, and I was sure I could not leave her without the most lively and afflicting inquietude. You will pardon, I hope, Madam, this effusion of my heart, and suffer me to demonstrate by a thousand and a thousand actions, that I honour you in a manner unutterable, and from this time, can imagine no happiness without you.

Sir (this inimitable maid replied), you are an entire stranger to me, and to declare a passion on a few hours' acquaintance must be either to try my weakness, or because you think a young woman is incapable of relishing anything

but such stuff, when alone in conversation with a gentleman. I beg then that I may hear no more of this, and as I am sure you can talk upon many more rational subjects, request your favour, to give me your opinion on some articles in this Hebrew Bible you see lying open on the table in this room. My father, sir, among other things he has taken great pains to instruct me in, for several years that I have lived with him in a kind of solitary state, since the death of my mother, whom I lost when I was very young, has taught me to read and understand this inspired Hebrew book; and says we must ascribe primævity and sacred prerogatives to this language. For my part, I have some doubts as to this matter, which I dare not mention to my father. Tell me, if you please, what you think of the thing.

Miss Noel (I answered), since it is your command that I should be silent as to that flame your glorious eyes and understanding have lighted up in my soul, like some superior nature, before whom I am nothing, silent I will be, and tell you what I fancy on a subject I am certain you understand much better than I do. My knowledge of the Hebrew is but small, though I have learned to read and understand the Old Testament in the ante-Babel language.

T. AMORY.—*The Life of John Buncke, Esq.*

THE DEVILISH DISEASE OF PRIDE

EVER since our first fathers by infection took this *morbum sathanicum*, this devilish disease, pride, of the devil, such tinder is our nature, that every little spark sets us on fire; our nature hath grown so light that every little thing puffeth us up and sets us aloft in our altitudes presently. Yea, indeed, so light we are, that many times when the gifts are low, yet for all that the mind is as high as the bramble; low in qualities, God knoweth, yet had his mind higher than the highest cedar in Lebanon. But if we be but of mean stature once, but a thought higher than others our fellows, if never so little more in us than is in our neighbours, presently we fall into Simon's case, we seem to ourselves as he did, to be *τις μέγας*, no doubt 'some goodly great thing'. But if we come once

to any growth indeed, then presently our case is Haman's case: who but he? 'Who was he that the King would honour more than him?' Nay, who was there that the King could honour but he? he, and none but he. Through this aptness in us that we have to learn the devil's lesson, the devil's *Discite a me*, for I am proud—for so it is, by opposition of Christ's lesson, which is *Discite a Me, quia mitis sum*, 'because I am meek and gentle'—we are ready to corrupt ourselves in every good gift of God; in wisdom, in manhood, in law, in divinity, in learning or eloquence: every and each of these serveth for a stirrup to mount us aloft in our own conceits. For where each of the former hath, as it were, his own circuit—as wisdom ruleth in council, manhood in the field, law in the judgement-seat, divinity in the pulpit, learning in the schools, and eloquence in persuasion—only riches ruleth without limitation, riches ruleth with them all, ruleth them all, and overruleth them all, his circuit is the whole world. For which cause some think when he saith, 'Charge the rich,' he presently addeth, 'of this world,' because this world standeth altogether at the devotion of riches, and he may do what he will in this world that is rich in this world. So said the Wise Man long ago, *Pecuniae obediunt omnia*, 'all things answer money,' money mastereth all things; they all answer at his call, and they all obey at his commandment. Let us go lightly over them all; you shall see that they all else have their several predicaments to bound them, and that riches is only the transcendent of this world.

Wisdom ruleth in counsel—so do riches; for we see in the court of the great King Artaxerxes, there were counsellors whose wisdom was to be commanded by riches, even to hinder a public benefit, the building of the temple. Manhood ruleth in the war—so do riches, experience teacheth us it is so; it is said, it was they that won Daventer, and that it was they and none but they that drove the Switzers out of France, and that without stroke stricken. Law governeth in the seat of justice—so do riches; and oftentimes they turn justice itself into wormwood by a corrupt sentence, but more often doth it turn justice into vinegar by long standing and infinite delays ere sentence will come forth. Divinity ruleth in the church and pulpit—so do riches; for with a set of silver pieces,

saith Augustine, they brought *Concionatorem mundi*, 'the Preacher of the world,' Jesus Christ, to the bar, and the disciple is not above his Master. Learning ruleth in the schools—so do riches; and indeed there money setteth us all to school. For, to say the truth, riches have so ordered the matter there, as learning is now the usher; money, he is the master; the chair itself and the disposing of the chair is his too. Eloquence ruleth in persuasion, and so do riches. When Tertullus had laboured a goodly flowing oration against Paul, Felix looked that another, a greater orator, should have spoken for him, namely, that something 'should have been given him'; and if that orator had spoken his short pithy sentence, *Tantum dabo*, Tertullus' oration had been clean dashed. *Tantum dabo* is a strange piece of rhetoric; devise as cunningly, pen as curiously as you can, it overthrows all. *Tantum valent quattuor syllabae*, 'such force is there in four syllables.' Though indeed some think—it being so unreasonable short as it is, but two words—that it cannot be the rhetoric of it that worketh these strange effects, but that there is some sorcery or witchcraft in them, in *Tantum dabo*. And surely a great sorcerer, Simon Magus, used them to Peter; and it may well be so, for all estates are shrewdly bewitched by them. I must end, for it is a world to think and tell what the rich of the world may do in the world.

L. ANDREWES.—*Sermons*.

A STUDY IN THREE STYLES¹

I

HIS son seems weaker in his understanding and more gay in his temper; but his gaiety is that of a foolish, overgrown schoolboy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business and love of money; though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity to make him superior to either. His chief delight appears to be tormenting and ridiculing his sisters, who, in return, most heartily despise him. Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter,

¹ See note.

is by no means ugly ; but looks proud, ill-tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why ; for it is easy to discover she has lived nowhere else. Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very ignorant, very giddy, and, I believe, very good-natured. . . .

Mrs. Selwyn is very kind and attentive to me. She is extremely clever : her understanding, indeed, may be called masculine ; but unfortunately her manners deserve the same epithet ; for, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own. In regard to myself, however, as I have neither courage nor inclination to argue with her, I have never been personally hurt at her want of gentleness, a virtue which nevertheless seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward and less at ease with a woman who wants it than I do with a man.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.—*Evelina*.

II

EVEN the imperious Mr. Delville was more supportable here than in London : secure in his own castle, he looked around him with a pride of power and possession which softened while it swelled him. His superiority was undisputed : his will was without control. He was not, as in the great capital of the kingdom, surrounded by competitors ; no rivalry disturbed his peace, no equality mortified his greatness ; all he saw were either vassals of his power, or guests bending to his pleasure ; he abated therefore, considerably, the stern gloom of his haughtiness, and soothed his proud mind by the courtesy of condescension. . . .

‘It is rather an imaginary than an actual evil, and though a deep wound to pride, no offence to morality. Thus have I laid open to you my whole heart, confessed my perplexities, acknowledged my vainglory, and exposed with equal sincerity the sources of my doubts and the motives of my decision. But now, indeed, how to proceed I know not. The difficulties which are yet to encounter I fear to enumerate, and the petition I have to urge I have scarce courage to mention. My family, mistaking ambition

for honour, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connexion for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immovably adhere. I am but too certain they will listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success. I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command.'

MADAME D'ARBLAY.—*Cecilia.*

III

HE was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism, which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed. Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of entering upon a new species of existence—that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and loathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall, writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever, that he felt the full force of that sublunary equipoise that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth into enjoyment! . . .

If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs. Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers who perform the most abject offices of any authorized calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths? Not to vainglory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be adjudged the publicity of that superb charity which made its jetty objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from society.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.—*Memoirs of Dr. Burney.*

THE CHRISTENING

THE day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield: and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests, though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust), and entrusted it to his housemaid, with orders that when the company was come she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:—

'This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you: a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomists examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the plate of our family,

how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus !’

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child ; he took it in his arms, and proceeded :

‘ Behold then my child, but first behold the shield, behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious aerugo, behold this beautiful varnish of time, this venerable verdure of so many ages !’ In speaking these words he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch ; but at every inch he uncovered his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal, the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, ‘ O God ! my shield, my shield !’

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master’s honour) had scoured it as her andirons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress’s room, and told what had happened. Downstairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the doctor in a trance. Hungary-water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him, when, opening his eyes he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid. ‘ O woman, woman !’ he cried (and snatched it violently from her), ‘ Was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin ? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long ? where those traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity ? where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned ? All this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away ! Oh my shield ! my shield ! well may I say with Horace, “ Non bene relictæ parmula !” ’

J. ARBUTHNOT.—*Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus.*

OXFORD

It is not from any selfish motives that I prefer to stand alone, and to concentrate on myself, as a plain citizen of the republic of letters, and not as an office-bearer in a hierarchy, the whole responsibility for all I write; it is much more out of genuine devotion to the University of Oxford, for which I feel, and always must feel, the fondest, the most reverential attachment. In an epoch of dissolution and transformation, such as that on which we are now entered, habits, ties, and associations are inevitably broken up, the action of individuals becomes more distinct, the shortcomings, errors, heats, disputes, which necessarily attend individual action, are brought into greater prominence. Who would not gladly keep clear, from all these passing clouds, an august institution which was there before they arose, and which will be there when they have blown over? . . .

We are all seekers still: seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

There are our young barbarians, all at play!

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in those incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the

praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him ;—the bondage of *was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine!* She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son ; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this Queen of Romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone ?

M. ARNOLD.—*Essays in Criticism.*

ENGLISH AND FRENCH PROSE : A CONTRAST

SOME of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry, these requisites are very important ; and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing ; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation, with no particular gifts for these, will not be so successful. . . . How much greater is our nation in poetry than prose ! how much better, in general, do the productions of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence ! One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals ; how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman—of some vigour of mind, but by no means a poet,—seem in his verse than in his prose ! No doubt his verse suffers from the same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with real success in it ; but how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by

dint of feeling, and of originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose ! With a Frenchman of like stamp, it is just the reverse : set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent ; set him to write prose, he is free, natural, and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets.

M. ARNOLD.—*Essays in Criticism.*

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

THE pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness works in the end for light also ; he who works for light works in the end for sweetness also. But he who works for sweetness and light united, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred ; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. Yes, it has one yet greater !—the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man ; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty ; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature

is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgements constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way ; but culture works differently. It does not try to reach down to the level of inferior classes ; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgements and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes ; to make all live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, and use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely—to be nourished and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea* ; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time ; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive ; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections ; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century ; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany ; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. Because they *humanized* knowledge ; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence ; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail.

M. ARNOLD.—*Culture and Anarchy.*

LADY JANE GREY

BEFORE I went into Germany I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park: I found her in her chamber, reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me: 'I-wis [certainly] all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure, and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

R. ASCHAM.—*The Scholemaster.*

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

I do not mean, by all this my talk, that young gentlemen should always be poring on a book, and by using good studies should lose honest pleasure and haunt no good pastime, I mean nothing less. For it is well known that I both like and love, and have always, and do yet still use, all exercises and pastimes that be fit for my nature and ability. And besides natural disposition, in judgement also I was never either Stoic in doctrine or Anabaptist in religion, to mislike a merry, pleasant, and playful nature, if no outrage be committed against law, measure, and good order.

Therefore, to ride comely : to run fair at the tilt or ring : to play at all weapons : to shoot fair in bow, or surely in gun : to vault lustily : to run : to leap : to wrestle : to swim : to dance comely : to sing and play of instruments cunningly : to hawk : to hunt : to play at tennis and all pastimes generally, which be joined with labour, used in open place, and in the daylight, containing either some fine exercise for war or some pleasant pastime for peace, be not only comely and decent, but also very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use.

R. ASCHAM.—*The Scholemaster.*

ADVENTURES IN ENGLISH

If any man would blame me, either for taking such a matter in hand, or else for writing it in the English tongue, this answer I may make him, that what the best of the realm think it honest for them to use, I, one of the meanest sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write. And though to have written it in another tongue had been both more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can think my labour well bestowed, if with a little hindrance of my profit and name may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them that none can do better. In the English tongue contrary, everything is

a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned for the most part have been always most ready to write. And they which had least hope in Latin have been most bold in English, when surely every man that is most ready to talk is not most able to write. He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; and so should every man understand him, and the judgement of wise men allow him.

Many English writers have not done so, but using strange words, as Latin, French, and Italian, do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and increased thereby, saying, 'Who will not praise that feast where a man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer?' 'Truly,' quoth I, 'they be all good, every one taken by himself alone, but if you put malmsey and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known, nor yet wholesome for the body.'

R. ASCHAM.—*Toxophilus*.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS

THAT there should be a restraint upon the press seems a matter of necessity: but the manner of it a matter of debate.

The use and intent of printing is (the same with that of preaching) for communicating our thoughts to others.

And there is equal reason (in itself) for suppressing the one as the other.

But this communication being the natural right of mankind (as sociable creatures, and all embarked in one common salvation) the suppressing of either of these is *taking away the children's bread*.

And in this communication, printing is more diffusive than speaking.

In the beginning of the Gospel, for calling the Gentiles, the Spirit of God interpreted the first preaching of it to every auditor in his own language.

And since that miraculous communication of it hath ceased,

It pleased God in His own time to have dictated to man the invention of printing to supply the place of it.

By which what is at first published in one language only is made intelligible to all others by translations.

And though several errors have and will be vented by the occasion of this invention, this is no more an argument against the invention itself than the growing of tares among wheat is an argument against sowing of corn.

Nor any more a reason for suppressing it by a law than it would be for shutting up the church doors because hypocrites crowd into the church with true worshippers.

Whenever the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan would jostle in among them, and present himself before the Lord also.

And yet we don't hear that they quitted their devotion upon it.

And as Satan used our Saviour Himself so :

Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil ?

So it will be to the end of the world.

J. ASGILL.—*An Essay for the Press.*

THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLISH

MR. WALLER undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners ; and, for aught I know, last too : for I question whether in Charles the Second's reign English did not come to its full perfection ; and whether it has not had its Augustan age, as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear, and, as chemists say of their menstrooms, to be quite sated with the infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the meantime, it is a surprising reflection that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years' distance : and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever ; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes anything in earnest !

Some painters will hit the chief lines and master-strokes of a face so truly that through all the differences of age the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's : he sought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament ; and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the English poet, and overflows whatever he builds ; but this was less his case than any man's that ever wrote, and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself ; for, though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to him for the new turn of verse which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all : as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables ; which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untunable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another ; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compose a body in Descartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon ; but, as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly, and the reader was sure to be out of breath before he got to the end of it. So that really verse in those days was but downright prose tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults, brought in more polysyllables and smoother measures, bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verse he wrote in ; so that wherever the natural stops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find him using a word of no force there.

I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with verbs, in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his rhymes, which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the great master of writing, *Quae sunt ampla et pulchra, diu placere possunt; quae lepida, et concinna* (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place), *cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum*. This he understood very well; and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry; and have led his later judgement to blank verse. But he continued an obstinate lover of rhyme to the very last; it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing he had taken so much pains to adorn.

F. ATTERBURY.—*Preface to Waller's Poems.*

A MONOLOGUE

VOICES approached the shop—or rather one voice and two ladies; Mrs. Weston and Miss Bates met them at the door.

‘My dear Miss Woodhouse,’ said the latter, ‘I am just run across to entreat the favour of you to come and sit down with us a little while, and give us your opinion of our new instrument; you and Miss Smith. How do you do, Miss Smith?—Very well, I thank you.—And I begged Mrs. Weston to come with me, that I might be sure of succeeding.’

‘I hope Mrs. Bates and Miss Fairfax are’——

‘Very well, I am much obliged to you. My mother is delightfully well; and Jane caught no cold last night. How is Mr. Woodhouse?—I am so glad to hear such a good account. Mrs. Weston told me you were here.—Oh! then, said I, I must run across; I am sure Miss Woodhouse will allow me just to run across and entreat her to come in; my mother will be so very happy to see her—and now we are such a nice party, she cannot refuse. “Aye, pray do,” said Mr. Frank Churchill, “Miss Woodhouse’s opinion of the instrument will be worth having.”—But, said I, I shall be more sure of succeeding if one of you will go with me.—“Oh,” said he, “wait half-a-minute, till I have finished my job.” For, would you believe it, Miss Woodhouse, there he is, in the most obliging manner in the world, fastening in the rivet of my mother’s spectacles. The rivet came out, you know, this morning. So very obliging!—For my mother had no use of her spectacles—could not put them on. And, by the by, everybody ought to have two pair of spectacles; they should indeed. Jane said so. I meant to take them over to John Saunders the first thing I did, but something or other hindered me all the morning; first one thing, then another, there is no saying what, you know. At one time, Patty came to say she thought the kitchen chimney wanted sweeping. Oh! said I, Patty, do not come with your bad news to me. Here is the rivet of your mistress’s spectacles out. Then the baked apples came home, Mrs. Wallis sent them by her boy; they are extremely civil and obliging to us, the Wallises, always—I have heard some people say that Mrs. Wallis can be uncivil and give a very rude answer; but we have never known anything but the greatest attention from them. And it cannot be for the value of our custom now, for what is our consumption of bread, you know? Only three of us—besides dear Jane at present—and she really eats nothing—makes such a shocking breakfast, you would be quite frightened if you saw it. I dare not let my mother know how little she eats—so I say one thing and then I say another, and it passes off. But about the middle of the day she gets hungry, and there is nothing she likes so well as these baked apples, and they are extremely wholesome, for I took the opportunity the other day of asking Mr. Perry; I happened to meet him

in the street. Not that I had any doubt before—I have so often heard Mr. Woodhouse recommend a baked apple. I believe it is the only way that Mr. Woodhouse thinks the fruit thoroughly wholesome. We have apple-dumplings, however, very often. Patty makes an excellent apple-dumpling. Well, Mrs. Weston, you have prevailed, I hope, and these ladies will oblige us.' Emma would be 'very happy to wait on Mrs. Bates, &c.,' and they did at last move out of the shop, with no further delay from Miss Bates than,

'How do you do, Mrs. Ford? I beg your pardon. I did not see you before. I hear you have a charming collection of new ribbons from town. Jane came back delighted yesterday. Thank ye, the gloves do very well—only a little too large about the wrist; but Jane is taking them in.'

'What was I talking of?' said she, beginning again when they were all in the street.

JANE AUSTEN.—*Emma*.

A SCHEME FOR A NOVEL

HEROINE to be the daughter of a clergyman, who after having lived much in the world had retired from it, and settled on a curacy with a very small fortune of his own. The most excellent man that can be imagined, perfect in character, temper, and manner, without the smallest drawback or peculiarity to prevent his being the most delightful companion to his daughter from one year's end to the other. Heroine faultless in character, beautiful in person, and possessing every possible accomplishment. Book to open with father and daughter conversing in long speeches, elegant language, and a tone of high, serious sentiment. The father induced, at his daughter's earnest request, to relate to her the past events of his life. Narrative to reach through the greater part of the first volume; as besides all the circumstances of his attachment to her mother, and their marriage, it will comprehend his going to sea as chaplain to a distinguished naval character about the Court; and his going afterwards to Court himself, which involved him in many interesting situations

concluding with his opinion of the benefits of tithes being done away with. . . .

From this outset the story will proceed, and contain a striking variety of adventures. Father an exemplary parish priest, and devoted to literature ; but heroine and father never above a fortnight in one place : he being driven from his curacy by the vile arts of some totally unprincipled and heartless young man, desperately in love with the heroine, and pursuing her with unrelenting passion. No sooner settled in one country of Europe, than they are compelled to quit it, and retire to another, always making new acquaintances, and always obliged to leave them. This will, of course, exhibit a wide variety of character. The scene will be for ever shifting from one set of people to another, but there will be no mixture ; all the good will be unexceptionable in every respect. There will be no foibles or weaknesses but with the wicked, who will be completely depraved and infamous, hardly a resemblance of humanity left in them.

Early in her career the heroine must meet with the hero : all perfection, of course, and only prevented from paying his addresses to her by some excess of refinement. Wherever she goes, somebody falls in love with her, and she receives repeated offers of marriage, which she refers wholly to her father, exceedingly angry that he should not be the first applied to. Often carried away by the anti-hero, but rescued either by her father or the hero. Often reduced to support herself and her father by her talents, and work for her bread ; continually cheated, and defrauded of her hire ; worn down to a skeleton, and now and then starved to death.

At last, hunted out of civilized society, denied the poor shelter of the humblest cottage, they are compelled to retreat into Kamtschatka, where the poor father, quite worn down, finding his end approaching, throws himself upon the ground, and after four or five hours of tender advice and parental admonition to his miserable child, expires in a fine burst of literary enthusiasm, intermingled with invectives against the holders of tithes. Heroine inconsolable for some time, but afterwards crawls back towards her former country, having at least twenty narrow escapes of falling into the hands of anti-hero ; and at last,

in the very nick of time, turning a corner to avoid him, runs into the arms of the hero himself, who, having just shaken off the scruples which fettered him before, was at the very moment setting off in pursuit of her. The tenderest and completest *éclaircissement* takes place, and they are happily united.

Throughout the whole work heroine to be in the most elegant society, and living in high style.

JANE AUSTEN.

OF STUDIES .

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business ; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one : but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgement wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar : they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience : for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ;

conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man ; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtile ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend : ‘ Abeunt studia in mores ’ ; nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises ; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like ; so if a man’s wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen ; for they are ‘ Cymini sectores ’. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers’ cases ; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

F. BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.—*Essays*.

OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that, ‘ the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.’ (‘ Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.’) Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), ‘ It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God.’ (‘ Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.’) This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed ; and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it ; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery ; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, ‘ that Hercules, when he went

to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher,' lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

F. BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.—*Essays.*

OF GARDENS

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks: and a man shall ever see, that, when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season.

F. BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.—*Essays.*

THE DURABLE MONUMENTS OF LEARNING

LEAVING the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts ; that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he cannot come ; and the like ; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is immortality or continuance ; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families ; to this tend buildings, foundations, and monuments ; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration ; and in effect the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter ; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished ? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar ; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years ; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but leese of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other ! Nay, further, we see some of the philosophers which were least divine, and most immersed in the senses, and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body, they thought might remain after death ; which were only those of the understanding and not of the affec-

tion ; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem unto them to be. But we, that know by divine revelation that not only the understanding but the affections purified, not only the spirit but the body changed, shall be advanced to immortality, do disclaim in these rudiments of the senses. But it must be remembered, both in this last point, and so it may likewise be needful in other places, that in probation of the dignity of knowledge or learning, I did in the beginning separate divine testimony from human, which method I have pursued, and so handled them both apart.

Nevertheless I do not pretend, and I know it will be impossible for me, by any pleading of mine, to reverse the judgement, either of Aesop's cock, that preferred the barley-corn before the gem ; or of Midas, that being chosen judge between Apollo, president of the Muses, and Pan, god of the flocks, judged for plenty ; or of Paris, that judged for beauty and love against wisdom and power ; or of Agrippina, *occidet matrem, modo imperet*, that preferred empire with any condition never so detestable ; or of Ulysses, *qui vetulam praetulit immortalitati*, being a figure of those which prefer custom and habit before all excellency ; or of a number of the like popular judgements. For these things must continue as they have been : but so will that also continue whereupon learning hath ever relied, and which faileth not. *Justificata est sapientia a filiis suis.*

F. BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.—*Of the Advancement of Learning.*

SALOMON'S HOUSE

YE shall understand, my dear friends, that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection and institution of an order, or society, which we call Salomon's House ; the noblest foundation, as we think, that ever was upon the earth, and the lantern of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. Some think it beareth the founder's name a little corrupted, as if it should be Solamona's House. But the records write it as it is spoken. So as I take it to be denominate of the king of the Hebrews,

which is famous with you, and no stranger to us ; for we have some parts of his works which with you are lost ; namely, that natural history which he wrote of all plants, from the cedar of Libanus to the moss that groweth out of the wall ; and of all things that have life and motion. This maketh me think that our king finding himself to symbolize, in many things, with that king of the Hebrews (which lived many years before him), honoured him with the title of this foundation. And I am the rather induced to be of this opinion, for that I find in ancient records, this order or society is sometimes called Salomon's House, and sometimes the College of the Six Days' Works ; whereby I am satisfied that our excellent king had learned from the Hebrews that God had created the world, and all that therein is, within six days : and therefore he instituting that house, for the finding out of the true nature of all things (whereby God mought have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and men the more fruit in the use of them), did give it also that second name. . . .

For the several employments and offices of our fellows, we have twelve that sail into foreign countries under the names of other nations (for our own we conceal), who bring us the books and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call Merchants of Light.

We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call Depredators.

We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts, and also of liberal sciences, and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call Mystery-men.

We have three that try new experiments, such as themselves think good. These we call Pioneers or Miners.

We have three that draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call Compilers.

We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge, as well for works as for plain demonstration of causes, means of natural divinations, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call dowry-men or Benefactors.

Then after divers meetings and consults of our whole number, to consider of the former labours and collections, we have three that take care out of them to direct new experiments, of a higher light, more penetrating into Nature than the former. These we call Lamps.

We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call Inoculators.

Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms, and aphorisms. These we call Interpreters of Nature.

F. BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.—
The New Atlantis.

GIBBON'S STYLE

ANOTHER characteristic of the eighteenth century is its taste for dignified pageantry. What an existence was that of Versailles! How gravely admirable to see the *grand monarque* shaved, and dressed, and powdered; to look on and watch a great man carefully amusing himself with dreary trifles. Or do we not even now possess an invention of that age—the great eighteenth-century footman, still in the costume of his era, with dignity and powder, vast calves and noble mien? What a world it must have been when all men looked like that! Go and gaze with rapture at the footboard of a carriage, and say, Who would not obey a premier with such an air? Grave, tranquil, decorous pageantry is a part, as it were, of the essence of the last age. There is nothing more characteristic of Gibbon. A kind of pomp pervades him. He is never out of livery. He ever selects for narration those themes which look most like a levée: grave chamberlains seem to stand throughout; life is a vast ceremony, the historian at once the dignitary and the scribe.

The very language of Gibbon shows these qualities. Its majestic march has been the admiration—its rather pompous cadence the sport of all perusers. It has the greatest merit of an historical style; it is always going on; you feel no doubt of its continuing in motion. Many narrators of the reflective class, Sir Archibald Alison for example, fail in this; your constant feeling is, 'Ah! he is pulled up; he is going to be profound; he never will go on

again.' Gibbon's reflections connect the events ; they are not sermons between them. But, notwithstanding, the manner of the *Decline and Fall* is the last which should be recommended for strict imitation. It is not a style in which you can tell the truth. A monotonous writer is suited only to monotonous matter. Truth is of various kinds—grave, solemn, dignified, petty, low, ordinary ; and a historian who has to tell the truth must be able to tell what is vulgar as well as what is great, what is little as well as what is amazing. Gibbon is at fault here. He *cannot* mention *Asia Minor*. The petty order of sublunary matters ; the common gross existence of ordinary people ; the necessary littlenesses of necessary life, are little suited to his sublime narrative. Men on the *Times* feel this acutely ; it is most difficult at first to say many things in the huge imperial manner. And after all you cannot tell everything. 'How, sir,' asked a reviewer of Sidney Smith's life, 'do you say a "good fellow" in print ?' 'Mr. ——,' replied the editor, 'you should not say it at all.' Gibbon was aware of this rule : he omits what does not suit him ; and the consequence is, that though he has selected the most various of historical topics, he scarcely gives you an idea of variety. The ages change, but the varnish of the narration is the same.

W. BAGEHOT.—*Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen.*

THE VIRGINIAN PARADISE

THE genial climate and transparent atmosphere delighted those who had come from the denser air of England. Every object in nature was new and wonderful. The loud and frequent thunderstorms were phenomena that had been rarely witnessed in the colder summers of the north ; the forests, majestic in their growth, and free from underwood, deserved admiration for their unrivalled magnificence : the purling streams and the frequent rivers, flowing between alluvial banks, quickened the ever-pregnant soil into an unwearied fertility ; the strangest and the most delicate flowers grew familiarly in the fields ; the woods were

replenished with sweet barks and odours; the gardens matured the fruits of Europe, of which the growth was invigorated and the flavour improved by the activity of the virgin mould. Especially the birds, with their gay plumage and varied melodies, inspired delight; every traveller expressed his pleasure in listening to the mocking-bird, which carolled a thousand several tunes, imitating and excelling the notes of all its rivals. The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage, and so delicate in its form, quick in motion, yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers like the bee gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms into which it dips its bill, and as soon returning 'to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects', was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race. The rattlesnake, with the terrors of its alarms and the power of its venom; the opossum, soon to become as celebrated for the care of its offspring as the fabled pelican; the noisy frog, booming from the shallows like the English bittern; the flying squirrel; the myriads of pigeons, darkening the air with the immensity of their flocks, and, as men believed, breaking with their weight the boughs of trees on which they alighted,—were all honoured with frequent commemoration, and became the subjects of the strangest tales. The concurrent relation of all the Indians justified the belief, that, within ten days' journey towards the setting of the sun, there was a country where gold might be washed from the sand, and where the natives themselves had learned the use of the crucible; but definite and accurate as were the accounts, inquiry was always baffled; and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land.

G. BANCROFT.—*History of the United States.*

AN APOLOGY FOR QUAKERS

To conclude, if to give and receive flattering titles, which are not used because of the virtues inherent in the persons, but are for most part bestowed by wicked men upon such as themselves; if to bow, cringe, and scrape to one another; if at every time to call one another *humble*

servant, and that most frequently without any design of real service, if this be the honour that comes from God, and not the honour that is from below, then indeed our adversaries may be said to be believers, and we condemned as proud and stubborn in denying all these things. But if with Mordecai to refuse to bow to proud Haman, and with Elihu not to give flattering titles to men lest we should be reprov'd of our Maker; and if, according to Peter's example and the angel's advice, to bow only to God and not to our fellow-servants; and if to call no man Lord nor Master, except under particular relations, according to Christ's command, I say, if these things be not to be reprov'd, then are we not blameworthy in so doing. If to be vain and gaudy in apparel, if to paint the face and plait the hair, if to be clothed with gold and silver and precious stones, and if to be filled with ribbons and lace be to be clothed in modest apparel; and if these be the ornaments of Christians, and if that be to be humble, meek, and mortified: then are our adversaries good Christians indeed, and we proud, singular, and conceited in contenting ourselves with what need and conveniency calls for, and condemning what is more as superfluous: but not otherwise. If to use games, sports, plays; if to card, dice, and dance; if to sing, fiddle, and pipe; if to use stage-plays and comedies, and to lie, counterfeit, and dissemble, be to fear always, and if that be to do all things to the glory of God, and if that be to pass our sojourning here in fear, and if that be to use this world as if we did not use it, and if that be not to fashion ourselves according to our former lusts; to be not conformable to the spirit and vain conversation of this world; then are our adversaries, notwithstanding they use these things and plead for them, very good, sober, mortified, and self-denied Christians, and we justly to be blamed for judging them: but not otherwise. If the profanation of the Holy Name of God; if to exact oaths one from another upon every light occasion; if to call God to witness in things of such a nature, in which no earthly King would think himself lawfully and honourably to be a witness, be the duty of a Christian man, I shall confess that our adversaries are excellent good Christians and we wanting in our duty: but if the contrary be true, of necessity our obedience to

God in this thing must be acceptable. If to revenge ourselves or to render injury, evil for evil, wound for wound, to take eye for eye, tooth for tooth ; if to fight for outward and perishing things, to go a-warring one against another whom we never saw, nor with whom we never had any contest, nor anything to do, being moreover altogether ignorant of the cause of the war but only that the magistrates of the nations foment quarrels one against another, the causes whereof are, for the most part, unknown to the soldiers that fight, as well as upon whose side the right or wrong is ; and yet to be so furious and rage one against another to destroy and spoil all, that this or the other worship may be received or abolished ; if to do this and much more of this kind be to fulfil the Law of Christ, then are our adversaries indeed true Christians and we miserable heretics that suffer ourselves to be spoiled, taken, imprisoned, banished, beaten and evil entreated without any resistance, placing our trust only in God that He may defend us and lead us by this way of the Cross unto His Kingdom. But if it be other ways, we shall certainly receive the reward which the Lord hath promised to those that cleave to Him, and, in denying themselves, confide in Him.

R. BARCLAY.—*An Apology for the true Christian Divinity.*

FACETIOUSNESS

SUCH a resolution seemeth indeed especially needful in this our age (this pleasant and jocular age), which is so infinitely addicted to this sort of speaking that it scarce doth affect or prize anything near so much ; all reputation appearing now to veil and stoop to that of being a wit : to be learned, to be wise, to be good, are nothing in comparison thereto ; even to be noble and rich are inferior things, and afford no such glory. Many at least, to purchase this glory, to be deemed considerable in this faculty, and enrolled among the wits, do not only *make shipwreck of conscience*, abandon virtue, and forfeit all pretences to wisdom ; but neglect their estates, and prostitute their honour : so to the private damage of many particular persons, and with

no small prejudice to the public, are our times possessed and transported with this humour. To repress the excess and extravagance whereof, nothing in way of discourse can serve better, than a plain declaration when and how such a practice is allowable or tolerable ; when it is wicked and vain, unworthy of a man endued with reason, and pretending to honesty or honour.

This I shall in some measure endeavour to perform.

But first it may be demanded, what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import ? To which question I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, *It is that which we all see and know* : any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgements, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale : sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound : sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression ; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude ; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection : sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense : sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it : sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being : sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange ; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose ; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable, and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain

way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar, it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. (Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed ἐπιδέξιοι, dexterous men; and εὐτροποί, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves.) It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty (as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure); by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by distilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

I. BARROW.—*Sermons: Against Foolish Talking and Jestings.*

THE REST EVERLASTING

REST! How sweet a word is this to mine ears! Methinks the sound doth turn to substance, and having entered at the ear, doth possess my brain, and thence descendeth down to my very heart; methinks I feel it stir and work, and that through all my parts and powers, but with a various work upon my various parts; to my wearied senses and languid spirits it seems a quieting powerful opiate; to my dulled powers it is spirit and life; to my dark eyes it is both eye-salve, and a prospective; to my taste it is sweetness; to mine ears it is melody; to my hands and feet it is strength and nimbleness: methinks I feel

it digest as it proceeds, and increase my native heat and moisture, and lying as a reviving cordial at my heart, and from thence doth send forth lively spirits, which beat through all the pulses of my soul. Rest ! not as the stone that rests upon the earth, nor as these clods of flesh shall rest in the grave : so our beast must rest as well as we ; nor is it the satisfying of our fleshly lusts, nor such a rest as the carnal world desireth. O blessed rest, where we shall never rest, day or night, crying, ' Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbaths ! ' ; when we shall rest from sin but not from worship ; from suffering and sorrow, but not from solace. O blessed day, when I shall rest with God ! when I shall rest in the arms and bosom of my Lord ; when I shall rest in knowing, loving, rejoicing, and praising ; when my perfect soul and body together shall in these perfect actings perfectly enjoy the most perfect God ! when God also, who is love itself, shall perfectly love me, yea, and rest in his love to me, as I shall rest in my love to him, and rejoice over me with joy and singing, as I shall rejoice in him ! . . .

O comfortable meeting of my old acquaintance ! with whom I prayed and wept and suffered, with whom I spoke of this day and place ! I see the grave could not contain you, the sea and earth must give up their dead ; the same Love hath redeemed and saved you also. This is not like our cottages of clay nor like our prisons or earthly dwellings. This voice of joy is not like our old complainings, our groans, our sighs, our impatient moans ; nor this melodious praise like our scorns and revilings, nor like the oaths and curses, which we heard on earth. This body is not like the body we had, nor this soul like the soul we had, nor this life like the life that then we lived. We have changed our place, we have changed our state, our clothes, our thoughts, our looks, our language ; we have changed our company for the greater part, and the rest of our company is changed itself. Before, a saint was weak and despised, so full of pride and peevishness and other sins, that we could scarce oftentimes discern their graces. But now, how glorious a thing is a saint ! Where is now their body of sin, which wearied themselves and those about them ? Where are now our different judgements, our reproachful titles, our divided spirits, our exasperated passions, our strange looks,

our uncharitable censures ? Now we are all of one judgement, of one name, of one heart, of one house, and of one glory. O sweet reconciliation ! O happy union which makes us first to be one with Christ, and then to be one among ourselves ! Now our differences shall be dashed in our teeth no more, nor the Gospel reproached through our folly or scandal. O my soul, thou shalt nevermore lament the sufferings of the saints, nevermore condole the Church's ruins, never bewail thy suffering friends, nor be wailing over their death-beds or their graves. Thou shalt never suffer thy old temptations from Satan, the world, or thy own flesh. Thy body will be no more such a burden to thee. Thy pains and sickness are all now cured ; thou shalt be troubled with weakness and weariness no more. Thy head is not now an aching head, nor thy heart now an aching heart, thy hunger and thirst, and cold and sleep, thy labour and study, are all gone. O what a mighty change is this ! From the dunghill to the throne ! From persecuting sinners to praising saints ! From a body as vile as the carrion in the ditch to a body as bright as the sun in the firmament, from complainings under the displeasure of God to the perfect enjoyment of Him in love ; from all my doubts and fears of my condition, to this possession which hath put me out of doubt ; from all my fearful thoughts of death to this most blessed joyful life !

R. BAXTER.—*The Saints' Everlasting Rest.*

SPEECH WITH CROMWELL

A WHILE after, Cromwell sent to speak with me, and when I came, in the presence only of three of his chief men, he began a long and tedious speech to me of God's Providence in the change of the government, and how God had owned it, and what great things had been done at home and abroad, in the peace with Spain and Holland, &c. When he had wearied us all with speaking thus slowly about an hour, I told him, It was too great condescension to acquaint me so fully with all those matters which were above me, but I told him that we took our ancient monarchy to be a blessing and not an evil to the

land, and humbly craved his patience that I might ask him how England had ever forfeited that blessing and unto whom the forfeiture was made ? (I was fain to speak of the species of government only, for they had lately made it treason by a law, to speak for the person of the king.) Upon that question he was awakened into some passion, and told me it was no forfeiture, but God had changed it as it pleased him ; and then he let fly at the Parliament (which thwarted him) ; and especially by name at four or five of those members which were my chief acquaintance ; and I presumed to defend them against his passion ; and thus four or five hours were spent.

A few days after, he sent for me again to hear my judgement about liberty of conscience (which he pretended to be most zealous for) before almost all his Privy Council : where, after another slow tedious speech of his, I told him a little of my judgement. And when two of his company had spun out a great deal more of the time, in such-like tedious (but mere ignorant) speeches, some four or five hours being spent, I told him that, if he would be at the labour to read it, I could tell him more of my mind in writing in two sheets than in that way of speaking in many days, and that I had a paper on that subject by me, written for a friend, which if he would peruse and allow for the change of the person, he would know my sense. He received the paper after, but I scarce believe that he ever read it ; for I saw that what he learned must be from himself, being more disposed to speak many hours than to hear one, and little heeding what another said when he had spoken himself.

R. BAXTER.—*Reliquiae Baxterianae*.

[BEACONSFIELD, LORD.—See DISRAELI.]

PERFECTION IN EBONY

THIS great and just character of Oronooko gave me an extreme curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke French and English, and that I could talk with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surprised when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him ; so beyond all report I found him. He came into the room and addressed himself to me and some other women with the best grace in the world. He was pretty tall, but of shape the most exact that can be fancied ; the most famous statuary could not form the figure of man more admirably turned from head to foot. His face was not of that brown rusty black which most of that nation are, but a perfect ebony, or polished jet. His eyes were the most awful that could be seen, and very piercing ; the white of them being like snow, as were his teeth. His nose was rising and Roman, instead of African and flat : his mouth the finest shaped that could be seen ; far from those great turned lips, which are so natural to the rest of the negroes. The whole proportion and air of his face was so nobly and exactly formed, that bating his colour, there could be nothing in nature more beautiful, agreeable, and handsome. There was no one grace wanting, that bears the standard of true beauty. His hair came down to his shoulders, by the aids of art, which was by pulling it out with a quill, and keeping it combed ; of which he took particular care. Nor did the perfections of his mind come short of those of his person ; for his discourse was admirable upon almost any subject : and whoever had heard him speak would have been convinced of their errors that all fine wit is confined to the white men, especially to those of Christendom ; and would have confessed that Oronooko was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a soul, as politic maxims, and was as sensible of power as any prince civilized in the most refined schools of humanity and learning, or the most illustrious courts.

APHRA BEHN.—*Oronooko ; or, The Royal Slave.*

THE FRIENDSHIP OF EPICURUS

BUT he's now come to Epicurus, a man distinguished in all ages as a great free-thinker ; and I do not design to rob our growing sect of the honour of so great a founder. He's allowed to stand firm in the list, in the right modern acceptation of the word. But when our writer commends his virtues towards his parents, brethren, servants, humanity to all, love to his country, chastity, temperance, and frugality ; he ought to reflect that he takes the character from Laërtius, a domestic witness, and one of the sect ; and consequently of little credit where he speaks for his master. I could draw a picture of Epicurus in features and colours quite contrary ; and bring many old witnesses, who knew and saw him, to vouch for its likeness. But these things are trite and common among men of true letters ; and our author and his pamphlet are too contemptible to require commonplaces in answer.

But the noble quality of all, the most divine of his and all virtues was his friendship ; so cultivated in perfection by him and his followers, that the succession of his school lasted many hundred years after all the others had failed. This last part is true in the author from whom it's taken ; but our gleaner here misunderstands it. The succession indeed continued at Athens, in the garden dedicated to it, longer than the other sects possessed their first stations. But it's utterly false that professors of it lasted longer in general than those of the others. Quite contrary : 'tis well known that the Platonists, Peripatetics, and Stoics, or rather a jumble and compound of them all, subsisted long after the empire was Christian ; when there was no school, no footstep of the Epicureans left in the world.

But how does our writer prove that this noble quality, friendship, was so eminently cultivated by Epicurus ? Why, Cicero, says he, though otherwise a great adversary to his philosophical opinions, gives him this noble testimony. I confess it raises my scorn and indignation at this mushroom scribbler, to see him by and by, with an air of superiority, prescribing to the whole body of your clergy the true method of quoting Cicero. 'They consider not,' says he, 'he writes in dialogue, but quote anything that fits their purpose, as Cicero's opinion, without attending

to the person that speaks it ; any false argument, which he makes the Stoic or Epicurean use, and which they have thought fit to sanctify, they urge it as Cicero's own.' Out of his own mouth this pert teacher of his betters :

**Ἄλλων ἰατρός, αὐτὸς ἔλκεσι βρίων.*

For this very noble testimony, which he urges here as Cicero's own, comes from the mouth of Torquatus, an Epicurean ; and is afterwards refuted by Cicero in his own name and person. Nay, so purblind and stupid was our writer, as not to attend to the beginning of his own passage, which he ushers in thus docked and curtailed : *Epicurus ita dicit, &c.* 'Epicurus declares it to be his opinion, that friendship is the noblest, most extensive, and most delicious pleasure.' Whereas in Torquatus it lies thus : 'The remaining head to be spoke to is friendship ; which, if pleasure be declared the chief good, *you* affirm will be all gone and extinct : ' *de qua Epicurus quidem ita dicit, 'concerning which Epicurus declares his opinion,' &c.* Where it's manifest that *affirmatis*, 'you affirm,' is spoken of and to Cicero. So that here's an Epicurean testimony, of small credit in their own case (though our writer has thought fit to sanctify it), slurred upon us for Cicero's ; and where the very Epicurean declares that Cicero was of a contrary opinion.

R. BENTLEY.—*Remarks upon a late Discourse of Free-thinking.*

FASHIONS AND LIQUOR

WHETHER a woman of fashion ought not to be declared a public enemy ?

Whether an Irish lady, set out with French silks, and Flanders lace, may not be said to consume more beef and butter than a hundred of our labouring peasants ?

Whether nine-tenths of our foreign trade be not carried on singly to support the article of vanity ?

Whether it can be hoped, that private persons will not indulge this folly, unless restrained by the public ?

How vanity is maintained in other countries ? Whether in Hungary, for instance, a proud nobility are not subsisted with small imports from abroad ?

Whether there be a prouder people upon earth than the noble Venetians, although they all wear plain black clothes ?

Whether a people are to be pitied, that will not sacrifice their little particular vanities to the public good ? And yet, whether each part would not except their own foible from this public sacrifice, the 'squire his bottle, the lady her lace ?

Whether claret be not often drunk rather for vanity than for health or pleasure ? . . .

How much of the necessary sustenance of our people is yearly exported for brandy ?

Whether, if people must poison themselves, they had not better do it with their own growth ? . . .

Whether, if our ladies drank sage or baum tea out of Irish ware, it would be an insupportable national calamity ? . . .

Why, if a bribe by the palate or the purse be in effect the same thing, they should not be alike infamous ?

G. BERKELEY.—*The Querist*.

THE VIRTUES OF TAR-WATER

TAR-WATER is of singular use in strengthening the stomach and bowels, and agrees particularly well with infants, taken either by themselves or by the nurse, and best by both. Though as it throws the ill humours out into the surface of the skin, it may render them for a time, perhaps, unseemly with eruptions, but withal healthy and lively. And I will venture to say, that it lays in them the principles of a good constitution for the rest of their lives.

Nor is it only useful to the bodies of infants, it hath also a good effect on their minds, as those who drink it are observed to be remarkably forward and sprightly. Even the most heavy, lumpish, and unpromising infants appear to be much improved by it. A child there is in my neighbourhood, of fine parts, who at first seemed stupid and an idiot, but, by constant use of tar-water, grew lively and observing, and is now noted for understanding beyond others of the same age. . . .

There is, I am verily persuaded, no one thing in the

power of art or nature, that would so generally and effectually contribute to repair the constitutions of our gentry and nobility, by strengthening the children, and casting off in their infancy those impurities and taints, which they often bring into the world. . . .

Another reason which recommends tar-water, particularly to infants and children, is the great security it brings against the small-pox, to those that drink it, who are observed, either never to take that distemper, or to have it in the gentlest manner.

G. BERKELEY.—*Farther Thoughts on Tar-water.*

[BERNERS, LORD.—*See* BOURCHIER.]

FEAR IN THE MIST

AFTER that I kept on the track, trudging very stoutly, for nigh upon three miles, and my beard (now beginning to grow at some length) was full of great drops and prickly, whereat I was very proud. I had not so much as a dog with me, and the place was unkind and lonesome, and the rolling clouds very desolate; and now if a wild sheep ran across he was scared at me as an enemy; and I for my part could not tell the meaning of the marks on him. We called all this part 'Gibbet-moor', not being in our parish; but though there were gibbets enough upon it, most part of the bodies was gone, for the value of the chains, they said, and the teaching of young chirurgeons.

But of all this I had little fear, being no more a school-boy now, but a youth well acquaint with Exmoor, and the wise art of the sign-posts, whereby a man, who barred the road, now leads us along it with his finger-bones, so far as rogues allow him. My carbine was loaded and freshly primed, and I knew myself to be even now a match in strength for any two men of the size around our neighbourhood, except in the Glen Doone. 'Girt Jan Ridd,' I was called already, and folk grew feared to wrestle with me; though I was tired of hearing about it, and often longed to be smaller. And most of all upon Sundays, when I had to

make way up our little church, and the maidens tittered at me.

The soft white mist came thicker around me, as the evening fell ; and the peat-ricks here and there, and the furze-hucks of the summer-time, were all out of shape in the twist of it. By and by, I began to doubt where I was, or how come there, not having seen a gibbet lately ; and then I heard the draught of the wind up a hollow place with rocks to it ; and for the first time fear broke out (like cold sweat) upon me. And yet I knew what a fool I was, to fear nothing but a sound ! But when I stopped to listen, there was no sound, more than a beating noise, and that was all inside me. Therefore I went on again, making company of my whistle, and keeping my gun quite ready.

Now when I came to an unknown place, where a stone was set up endwise, with a faint red cross upon it, and a polish from some conflict, I gathered my courage to stop and think, having sped on the way too hotly. Against that stone I set my gun, trying my spirit to leave it so, but keeping with half a hand for it ; and then what to do next was the wonder. As for finding Uncle Ben—that was his own business, or at any rate his executor's ; first I had to find myself, and plentifully would thank God to find that self at home again, for the sake of all our family.

The volumes of the mist came rolling at me (like great packs of wool, pillowed up with sleepiness), and between them there was nothing more than waiting for the next one. Then everything went out of sight, and glad was I of the stone behind me, and view of mine own shoes. Anon a distant noise went by me, as of many horses galloping, and in my fright I set my gun, and said, ' God send something to shoot at.' Yet nothing came, and my gun fell back, without my will to lower it.

But presently, while I was thinking ' What a fool I am ! ' arose as if from below my feet, so that the great stone trembled, that long lamenting lonesome sound, as of an evil spirit not knowing what to do with it. For the moment I stood like a root, without either hand or foot to help me ; and the hair of my head began to crawl, lifting my hat, as a snail lifts his house ; and my heart, like a shuttle, went to and fro. But finding no harm to come of it, neither

visible form approaching, I wiped my forehead, and hoped for the best, and resolved to run every step of the way, till I drew our big bolt behind me.

R. D. BLACKMORE.—*Lorna Doone.*

THE STUDY OF LAW

THE inconveniences here pointed out can never be effectually prevented, but by making academical education a previous step to the profession of the common law, and at the same time making the rudiments of the law a part of academical education. For sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighbourhood of each other: nor is there any branch of learning, but may be helped and improved by assistances drawn from other arts. If therefore the student in our laws hath formed both his sentiments and style, by perusal and imitation of the purest classical writers, among whom the historians and orators will best deserve his regard; if he can reason with precision, and separate argument from fallacy by the clear simple rules of pure unsophisticated logic; if he can fix his attention, and steadily pursue truth through any the most intricate deduction, by the use of mathematical demonstrations; if he has enlarged his conceptions of nature and art, by a view of the several branches of genuine experimental philosophy; if he has impressed on his mind the sound maxims of the law of nature, the best and most authentic foundation of human laws; if, lastly, he has contemplated those maxims reduced to a practical system in the laws of imperial Rome; if he has done this or any part of it (though all may be easily done under as able instructors as ever graced any seats of learning), a student thus qualified may enter upon the study of the laws with incredible advantage and reputation. And if, at the conclusion, or during the acquisition of these accomplishments, he will afford himself here a year or two's further leisure, to lay the foundation of his future labours in a solid scientific method, without thirsting too early to attend that practice which it is impossible he should rightly comprehend, he will afterwards proceed with the greatest ease.

SIR W. BLACKSTONE.—*The Laws of England.*

THE STYLE IS THE MAN

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions by means of language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and, hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as style is nothing else than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a style accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences are commonly remarked in the style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself: so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of style, I am afterwards to discourse; but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it; from the assemblage of which, its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good style may be ranged under two heads, perspicuity and ornament. For all that can possibly be required of language, is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make.

H. BLAIR.—*Lectures on Rhetoric.*

THE BUILDING OF JERUSALEM

I KNOW of no other Christianity and of no other gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination—imagination, the real and eternal world of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies when these vegetable, mortal bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? Is the Holy Ghost any other than an intellectual fountain? What is the harvest of the Gospel, and its labours? What is that talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves? Are they any other than mental studies and performances? What are all the gifts of the Gospel? Are they not all mental gifts? Is God a spirit who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth? And are not the gifts of the Spirit everything to man? O ye religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise art and science. I call upon you in the name of Jesus! What is the life of man but art and science? Is it meat and drink? Is not the body more than raiment? What is mortality but the things relating to the body which dies? What is immortality but the things relating to the spirit which lives eternally? What is the joy of Heaven but improvement in the things of the spirit? What are the pains of Hell but ignorance, idleness, bodily lust, and the devastation of the things of the spirit? Answer this for yourselves, and expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of art and science which alone are the labours of the Gospel. Is not this plain and manifest to the thought? Can you think at all and not pronounce heartily that to labour in knowledge is to build up Jerusalem, and to despise knowledge is to despise Jerusalem and her builders? And remember, he who despises and mocks a mental gift in another, calling it pride, and selfishness, and sin, mocks Jesus, the giver of every mental gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving hypocrite as sins. But that which is a sin in the sight of cruel man is not so in the sight of our kind God.

W. BLAKE.—*Jerusalem.*

[BOLINGBROKE, LORD.—*See SAINT-JOHN.*]

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN

AN old peasant is reading in the portico. Eighty-four years have passed over his head, and he is almost entirely deaf; nevertheless he is reading aloud the second of Matthew: three days since he bespoke a Testament, but not being able to raise the money, he has not redeemed it until the present moment. He has just brought thirty farthings; as I survey the silvery hair which overshadows his sun-burnt countenance, the words of the song occurred to me, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

I experienced much grave kindness and simple hospitality from the good people of Villa Seca during my sojourn amongst them. I had at this time so won their hearts by the 'formality' of my behaviour and language, that I firmly believe they would have resisted to the knife any attempt which might have been made to arrest or otherwise maltreat me. He who wishes to become acquainted with the genuine Spaniard, must seek him not in sea-ports and large towns, but in lone and remote villages, like those of the Sagra. There he will find all that gravity of deportment and chivalry of disposition which Cervantes is said to have sneered away; and there he will hear, in everyday conversation, those grandiose expressions, which, when met with in the romances of chivalry, are scoffed at as ridiculous exaggerations.

I had one enemy in the village—it was the curate. 'The fellow is a heretic and a scoundrel,' said he one day in the conclave. 'He never enters the church, and is poisoning the minds of the people with his Lutheran books. Let him be bound and sent to Toledo, or turned out of the village at least.'

'I will have nothing of the kind,' said the alcalde, who was said to be a Carlist. 'If he has his opinions, I have mine too. He has conducted himself with politeness. Why should I interfere with him? He has been courteous to my daughter, and has presented her with a volume. Que

viva ! and with respect to his being a Lutheran, I have heard say that amongst the Lutherans there are sons of as good fathers as here. He appears to me a caballero. He speaks well.'

'There is no denying it,' said the surgeon.

'Who speaks so well?' shouted the herrador. 'And who has more formality? Vaya ! did he not praise my horse, "The Flower of Spain"? Did he not say that in the whole of *Ingalaterra* there was not a better? Did he not assure me, moreover, that if he were to remain in Spain he would purchase it, giving me my own price? Turn him out, indeed! Is he not of my own blood, is he not fair-complexioned? Who shall turn him out when I, "the one-eyed," say no?'

G. BORROW.—*The Bible in Spain.*

THE FIGHT IN THE DELL

THE battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself. 'I can never stand this,' said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, 'I am afraid I must give in; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,' and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

'Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it's of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand; why don't you use your right?'

'Because I'm not handy with it,' said I; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

'Now, will you use Long Melford?' said Belle, picking me up.

'I don't know what you mean by Long Melford,' said I, gasping for breath.

'Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle, feeling my right arm—'if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance.'

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me; on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two; on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven; before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

'Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim; 'there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over.'

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless. 'He is dead,' said the vulgar woman, as she vainly endeavoured to raise him up; 'he is dead; the best man in all the north country, killed in this fashion, by a boy.' Alarmed at these words, I made shift to get on my feet; and, with the assistance of the woman, placed my fallen adversary in a sitting posture. I put my hand to his heart, and felt a slight pulsation. 'He's not dead,' said I, 'only stunned; if he were let blood, he would recover presently.'

G. BORROW.—*Lavengro.*

A SUMMING UP OF DR. JOHNSON

HE loved praise, when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and varied collec-

tion of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind ; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner ; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical ; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction ; for they are founded on the basis of common sense, and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet ; yet it is remarkable, that, however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave, and even awful, in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour ; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry ; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company ; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing ; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation ; and, from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity ; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk ; though when he was in company with a single friend, he

would discuss a subject with genuine fairness ; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it ; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth ; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues, were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

J. BOSWELL.—*Life of Johnson.*

THE CHOOSING OF A POPE

ANON after the death of the pope Gregory, the cardinals drew them into the conclave, in the palace of Saint Peter. Anon after, as they were entered to choose a pope, according to their usage, such one as should be good and profitable for holy Church, the Romans assembled them together in a great number and came into the bowrage of Saint Peter : they were to the number of thirty thousand what one and other, in the intent to do evil, if the matter went not according to their appetites. And they came oftentimes before the conclave, and said, Hark ye, sir cardinals, deliver you at once, and make a pope ; ye tarry too long ; if ye make a Roman, we will not change him ; but if ye make any other, the Roman people and consuls will not take him for pope, and ye put yourself all in adventure to be slain. The cardinals, who were as then in the danger of the Romans, and heard well those words, they were not at their ease, nor assured of their lives, and so appeased them of their ire as well as they might with fair words ; but so much rose the felony of the Romans, that such as were next to the conclave, to the intent to make the cardinals afraid, and to cause them to condescend the rather to their opinions, brake up the door of the conclave whereas the cardinals were. Then the cardinals went surely to have been slain, and so fled away to save their lives, some one way and some another ; but the Romans were not so content, but took them, and put them together again, whether they

would or not. The cardinals then seeing themselves in the danger of the Romans, and in great peril of their lives, agreed among themselves, more for to please the people than for any devotion; howbeit, by good election they chose an holy man, a cardinal of the Roman nation, whom Pope Urban the Fifth had made cardinal, and he was called before, the Cardinal of Saint Peter. This election pleased greatly the Romans, and so this good man had all the rights that belonged to the papality: howbeit he lived not but three days after, and I shall show you why. The Romans, who desired a pope of their own nation, were so joyful of this new pope, that they took him, who was a hundred year of age, and set him on a white mule, and so led him up and down through the city of Rome, exalting him, and showing how they had vanquished the cardinals, seeing they had a pope Roman according to their own intents, in so much that the good holy man was so sore travailed that he fell sick, and so died the third day, and was buried in the Church of Saint Peter, and there he lieth.

J. BOURCHIER, BARON BERNERS.—*Translation of Froissart's Chronicles.*

THE STYLE OF THE SCRIPTURES

Bible style

IN the first place, it should be considered that those cavillers at the style of the Scriptures that you and I have hitherto met with, do—for want of skill in the original, especially in the Hebrew—judge of it by the translations wherein alone they read it. Now, scarce any but a linguist will imagine how much a book may lose of its elegance by being read in another tongue than that it was written in, especially if the languages from which and into which the version is made be so very differing as are those of the eastern and these western parts of the world. But of this I foresee an occasion of saying something hereafter; yet at present I must observe to you, that the style of the Scripture is much more disadvantaged than that of other books, by being judged of by translations. For the religious and just veneration that the interpreters of the Bible have had for that sacred book, has made them, in most places,

render the Hebrew and Greek passages so scrupulously word for word, that, for fear of not keeping close enough to the sense, they usually care not how much they lose of the eloquence of passages they translate. So that, whereas in those versions of other books that are made by good linguists, the interpreters are wont to take the liberty to recede from the authors' words, and also substitute other phrases instead of his, that they may express his meaning without injuring his reputation: in translating the Old Testament, interpreters have not put Hebrew phrases into Latin or English phrases, but only into Latin or English words, and have too often, besides, by not sufficiently understanding, or at least considering, the various significations of words, particles, and tenses, in the holy tongue, made many things appear less coherent, or less rational, or less considerable, which, by a more free and skilful rendering of the original, would not be blemished by any appearance of such imperfection. And though this fault of interpreters be pardonable enough in them, as carrying much of its excuse in its cause, yet it cannot but much derogate from the Scripture to appear with peculiar disadvantages, besides those many that are common to almost all books, by being translated. . . .

We should carefully distinguish between what the Scripture itself says, and what is only said in the Scripture. For we must not look upon the Bible as an oration of God to men, or as a body of laws, like our English statute-book, wherein it is the legislator that all the way speaks to the people; but as a collection of composures of very differing sorts, and written at very distant times; and of such composures, that though the holy men of God (as St. Peter calls them) were acted by the Holy Spirit, who both excited and assisted them in penning the Scripture, yet there are many other, besides the author and the penmen, introduced speaking there. For besides the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, the four Evangelists, the Acts of the Apostles, and other parts of Scripture that are evidently historical and wont to be so called, there are, in the other books, many passages that deserve the same name, and many others wherein though they be not mere narratives of things done, many sayings and expressions are recorded that either belong not to the

author of the Scripture, or must be looked upon as such wherein his secretaries personate others.

R. BOYLE.—*Some Considerations touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures.*

A WORTHY MERCHANT

A WORTHY merchant is the heir of adventure, whose hopes hang much upon wind. Upon a wooden horse he rides through the world, and in a merry gale makes a path through the seas. He is a discoverer of countries and a finder out of commodities, resolute in his attempts and royal in his expenses. He is the life of traffic and the maintainer of trade, the sailor's master and the soldier's friend. He is the exercise of the exchange, the honour of credit, the observation of time, and the understanding of thrift. His study is number, his care his accounts, his comfort his conscience, and his wealth his good name. He fears not Scylla and sails close by Charybdis, and having beaten out a storm, rides at rest in a harbour. By his sea-gain he makes his land-purchase, and by the knowledge of trade finds the key of his treasure. Out of his travels he makes his discourses, and from his eye-observations brings the models of architectures. He plants the earth with foreign fruits, and knows at home what is good abroad. He is neat in apparel, modest in demeanour, dainty in diet and civil in his carriage. In sum, he is the pillar of a city, the enricher of a country, the furnisher of a court, and the worthy servant of a king.

N. BRETON.—*The Good and the Bad.*

FROM THE PASTON LETTER BAG

Unto my right well-beloved Valentine, John Paston, Squire, be this bill delivered, &c.

RIGHT reverend and worshipful, and my right well-beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto His pleasure and your heart's

desire. And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good health of body nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you :

For there wotteth no creature what pain that I endure,
And for to be dead, I dare it not dyscure [discover].

And my lady my mother hath laboured the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore ; for if that ye had not half the livelihood that ye have, for to do the greatest labour that any woman alive might, I would not forsake you.

And if ye command me to keep me true wherever I go,
I wis I will do all might you to love and never no mo.

And if my friends say that I do amiss,

They shall not me let so for to do,

Mine heart me bids evermore to love you

Truly over all earthly thing,

And if they be never so wroth,

I trust it shall be better in time coming.

No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you in keeping. And I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthly creature save only yourself, &c.

And this letter was indite at Topcroft, with full heavy heart, &c.

By your own,

MARGERY BREWS.

February, 1476-7.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

I APPEAL to the noble lord at the head of the Government and to this House ; I am not now complaining of the war—I am not now complaining of the terms of peace, nor, indeed, of anything that has been done—but I wish to suggest to this House what, I believe, thousands, and tens of thousands, of the most educated and of the most Christian portion of the people of this country are feeling upon this subject, although, indeed, in the midst of a certain clamour in the country, they do not give public expression to their

feelings. Your country is not in an advantageous state at this moment ; from one end of the kingdom to the other there is a general collapse of industry. Those members of this House not intimately acquainted with the trade and commerce of the country do not fully comprehend our position as to the diminution of employment and the lessening of wages. An increase in the cost of living is finding its way to the homes and hearts of a vast number of the labouring population. At the same time there is growing up—and, notwithstanding what some honourable members of this House may think of me, no man regrets it more than I do—a bitter and angry feeling against that class which has for a long period conducted the public affairs of this country. I like political changes when such changes are made as the result, not of passion, but of deliberation and reason. Changes so made are safe, but changes made under the influence of violent exaggeration, or of the violent passions of public meetings, are not changes usually approved by this House or advantageous to the country. I cannot but notice, in speaking to gentlemen who sit on either side of this House, or in speaking to any one I meet between this House and any of those localities we frequent when this House is up—I cannot, I say, but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news that may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea ; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land ; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on ; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

I tell the noble lord, that if he be ready honestly and frankly to endeavour, by the negotiations about to be opened at Vienna, to put an end to this war, no word of mine, no vote of mine, will be given to shake his power

for one single moment, or to change his position in this House. I am sure that the noble lord is not inaccessible to appeals made to him from honest motives and with no unfriendly feeling. The noble lord has been for more than forty years a member of this House. Before I was born, he sat upon the Treasury bench, and he has devoted his life in the service of his country. He is no longer young, and his life has extended almost to the term allotted to man. I would ask, I would entreat the noble lord to take a course which, when he looks back upon his whole political career—whatever he may therein find to be pleased with, whatever to regret—cannot but be a source of gratification to him. By adopting that course he would have the satisfaction of reflecting that, having obtained the object of his laudable ambition—having become the foremost subject of the Crown, the director of, it may be, the destinies of his country, and the presiding genius in her councils—he had achieved a still higher and nobler ambition; that he had returned the sword to the scabbard—that at his word torrents of blood had ceased to flow—that he had restored tranquillity to Europe, and saved this country from the indescribable calamities of war.

J. BRIGHT.—*Speech in House of Commons, Feb. 23, 1855.*

NATURE AT EVENING PRAYERS

‘NATURE is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs on moors, and unfledged birds in woods. Caroline, I see her, and I will tell you what she is like: she is like what Eve was when she and Adam stood alone on earth.’

‘And that is not Milton’s Eve, Shirley.’

‘Milton’s Eve! Milton’s Eve, I repeat! No, by the pure Mother of God, she is not! Cary, we are alone: we may speak what we think. Milton was great; but was he good? His brain was right; how was his heart? He saw heaven; he looked down on hell. He saw Satan, and Sin, his daughter, and Death, their horrible offspring.’

Angels serried before him their battalions—the long lines of adamantine shields flashed back on his blind eyeballs the unutterable splendour of heaven. Devils gathered their legions in his sight; their dim, discrowned and tarnished armies passed rank and file before him. Milton tried to see the first woman; but, Cary, he saw her not.'

'You are bold to say so, Shirley.'

'Not more bold than faithful. It was his cook that he saw; or it was Mrs. Gill, as I have seen her, making mustards in the heat of summer in the cool dairy, with rose-trees and nasturtiums about the latticed window, preparing a cold collation for the Rectors—preserves and "dulcet creams"—puzzled "what choice to choose for delicacy best; what order so contrived as not to mix tastes, not well-joined, inelegant, but bring taste after taste, upheld with kindest change".'

'All very well, too, Shirley.'

'I would beg to remind him that the first men of the earth were Titans, and that Eve was their mother: from her sprang Saturn, Hyperion, Oceanus; she bore Prometheus —'

'Pagan that you are, what does that signify?'

'I say there were giants on the earth in those days—giants that strove to scale heaven. The first woman's breast that heaved with life on this world yielded the daring which could contend with Omnipotence; the strength which could bear a thousand years of bondage; the vitality which could feed that vulture Death through uncounted ages; the unexhausted life and uncorrupted excellence—sisters to immortality—which, after milleniums of crimes, struggles, and woes, could conceive and bring forth a Messiah. The first woman was heaven-born. Vast was the heart whence gushed the well-spring of the blood of nations; and grand the undegenerate head where rested the consort-crown of creation.'

'She coveted an apple, and was cheated by a snake. But you have got such a hash of Scripture and mythology into your head that there is no making any sense of you. You have not yet told me what you saw kneeling on those hills.'

'I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder

flock is grazing ; a veil white as an avalanche sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon ; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture ; they are clear ; they are deep as lakes ; they are lifted, and full of worship ; they tremble with the softness of love and lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers ; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stillbro' Moor ; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God. That Eve is Jehovah's daughter, as Adam was His son.'

'She is very vague and visionary. Come, Shirley ; we ought to go into church.'

'Caroline, I will not ; I will stay out here with my mother Eve, in these days called Nature. I love her—undying, mighty being ! Heaven may have faded from her brow when she fell in Paradise, but all that is glorious on earth shines there still. She is taking me to her bosom, and showing me her heart.'

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.—*Shirley*.

A FIRST IMPRESSION OF BELGIUM

THIS is Belgium, reader. Look ! don't call the picture a flat or a dull one—it was neither flat nor dull to me when I first beheld it. When I left Ostend on a mild February morning, and found myself on the road to Brussels, nothing could look vapid to me. My sense of enjoyment possessed an edge whetted to the finest, untouched, keen, exquisite. I was young ; I had good health ; Pleasure and I had never met ; no indulgence of hers had enervated or sated one faculty of my nature. Liberty I clasped in my arms for the first time, and the influence of her smile and embrace revived my life like the sun and the west wind. Yes, at that epoch I felt like a morning traveller who doubts not that from the hill he is ascending he shall behold a glorious sunrise ; what if the track be strait, steep, and stony ? he sees it not ; his eyes are fixed on that summit, flushed already, flushed and gilded, and having gained it he is

certain of the scene beyond. He knows that the sun will face him, that his chariot is even now coming over the eastern horizon, and that the herald breeze he feels on his cheek is opening for the god's career a clear, vast path of azure, amidst clouds soft as pearl and warm as flame. Difficulty and toil were to be my lot, but sustained by energy, drawn on by hopes as bright as vague, I deemed such a lot no hardship. I mounted now the hill in shade ; there were pebbles, inequalities, briers in my path, but my eyes were fixed on the crimson peak above ; my imagination was with the refulgent firmament beyond, and I thought nothing of the stones turning under my feet, or of the thorns scratching my face and hands.

I gazed often, and always with delight, from the window of the diligence (these, be it remembered, were not the days of trains and railroads). Well ! and what did I see ? I will tell you faithfully. Green, reedy swamps ; fields fertile but flat, cultivated in patches that made them look like magnified kitchen-gardens ; belts of cut trees, formal as pollard willows, skirting the horizon ; narrow canals, gliding slow by the road-side ; painted Flemish farm-houses ; some very dirty hovels ; a grey, dead sky ; wet road, wet fields, wet house-tops ; not a beautiful, scarcely a picturesque object met my eye along the whole route ; yet to me all was beautiful, all was more than picturesque.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.—*The Professor*.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

It must be admitted that, were our laws less severe with respect to debtors, were people less afraid of the jail on failure of payment, there would be less credit, and consequently less dealing in this so wondrously wealthy and trading a nation. But if our credit were less, would not our extravagance lessen also ? Should we see such princely tables among people of the lower class ? would so much claret, spirits, and ale, intoxicate a kingdom ? should we see the value of a German prince's ransom gorgeously attiring each of our belle-dames, if neither merchant, butcher, brewer, laceman, mercer, milliner, nor tailor, would trust ?

Many of our poor city dealers are yearly undone, with their families, by crediting persons who are privileged not to pay, or whose remoteness or power places them beyond the reach of the law. For by the return of *non-invent.* generally made upon writs, one would be apt to imagine that no single sub-sheriff knew of any such thing as a man of fortune, within his respective county, throughout the kingdom of Great Britain.

Before money became the medium of commerce, the simple business of the world was carried on by truck, or the commutation of one commodity for another. But when men consented to fix certain rateable values upon money, as a ready and portable equivalent for all sorts of effects, credit was consequently introduced, by the engagements of some to pay so much money in lieu of such commodities, or to deliver such or such commodities on the advance of so much money; and states found it their interest to support such public credit by enforcing the performance of such engagements.

By the common law of England, no person except the king could take the body of another in execution for debt; neither was this prerogative of the crown extended to the subject till the statute of Marlbridge, chap. 23, in the reign of Henry III.

Many contract debts through vanity or intemperance; or borrow money, or take up goods, with the intention of thieves and robbers, never to make return. When such suffer, they suffer deservedly in expiation of their guilt. But there are unavoidable damages by water, by fire, the crush of power, oppressive landlords, and more oppressive lawsuits, death of cattle, failure of crop, failure of payment in others; with thousands of suchlike casualties, whereby men may become bankrupt, and yet continue blameless. And in all such cases one would think that the present ruin was sufficient calamity, without the exertion of law to make that ruin irreparable.

As all the members of a community are interested in the life, liberty, and labours of each other, he who puts the rigour of our laws in execution, by detaining an insolvent brother in jail, is guilty of a fourfold injury; first he robs the community of the labours of their brother; secondly, he robs his brother of all means of retrieving his shattered

fortune ; thirdly, he deprives himself of the possibility of payment ; and lastly, he lays an unnecessary burden on the public, who, in charity, must maintain the member whom he in his cruelty confines.

H. BROOKE.—*The Fool of Quality.*

[BROOKE, LORD.—See GREVILLE.]

GREEK MODELS

It is an extremely common error among young persons, impatient of academical discipline, to turn from the painful study of ancient, and particularly of Attic composition, and solace themselves with works rendered easy by the familiarity of their own tongue. They plausibly contend, that as powerful or captivating diction in a pure English style is, after all, the attainment they are in search of, the study of the best English models affords the shortest road to this point ; and even admitting the ancient examples to have been the great fountains from which all eloquence is drawn, they would rather profit, as it were, by the classical labours of their English predecessors, than toil over the same path themselves. In a word, they would treat the perishable results of those labours as the standard, and give themselves no care about the immortal originals. This argument, the thin covering which indolence weaves for herself, would speedily sink all the fine arts into barrenness and insignificance. Why, according to such reasoners, should a sculptor or painter encounter the toil of a journey to Athens or to Rome ? Far better work at home, and profit by the labour of those who have resorted to the Vatican and the Parthenon, and founded an English school, adapted to the taste of our own country. Be you assured that the works of the English chisel fall not more short of the wonders of the Acropolis than the best productions of modern pens fall short of the chaste, finished, nervous, and overwhelming compositions of them that 'resistless fulminated over Greece'. Be equally sure that, with hardly any exception, the great things of poetry and of eloquence have been done by men who cultivated the

mighty exemplars of Athenian genius with daily and with nightly devotion. Among poets there is hardly an exception to this rule, unless may be so deemed Shakespeare, an exception to all rules, and Dante, familiar as a contemporary with the works of Roman art, composed in his mother tongue, having taken, not so much for his guide as for his 'master', Virgil, himself almost a translator from the Greeks. . . .

After forming and chastening the taste by a diligent study of those perfect models, it is necessary to acquire correct habits of composition in our own language, first by studying the best writers, and next by translating copiously into it from the Greek. This is by far the best exercise that I am acquainted with for at once attaining a pure English diction, and avoiding the tameness and regularity of modern composition. But the English writers who really unlock the rich sources of the language, are those who flourished from the end of Elizabeth's to the end of Queen Anne's reign; who used a good Saxon dialect with ease, but correctness and perspicuity,—learned in the ancient classics, but only enriching their mother tongue where the Attic could supply its defects—not overlaying it with a profuse pedantic coinage of foreign words,—well practised in the old rules of composition or rather collocation (*σύνθεσις*) which unite natural ease and variety with absolute harmony, and give the author's ideas to develop themselves with the more truth and simplicity when clothed in the ample folds of inversion, or run from the exuberant to the elliptical without ever being either redundant or obscure. Those great wits had no foreknowledge of such times as succeeded their brilliant age, when styles should arise, and for a season prevail over both purity, and nature, and antique recollections—now meretriciously ornamented, more than half French in the phrase, and to mere figures fantastically sacrificing the sense—now heavily and regularly fashioned as if by the plumb and rule, and by the eye rather than the ear, with a needless profusion of ancient words and flexions, to displace those of our own Saxon, instead of temperately supplying its defects. . . . Addison may have been pure and elegant; Dryden airy and nervous; Taylor witty and fanciful; Hooker weighty and various; but none of them united force with beauty—the perfection

of matter with the most refined and chastened style; and to one charge all, even the most faultless, are exposed—the offence unknown in ancient times, but the besetting sin of later days—they always overdid—never knowing or feeling when they had done enough.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM.—*Inaugural Discourse*, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow (April 6, 1825).

RAB

IN slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and grey like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Caesar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now,

I never look at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller. The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, honest countenance, the same deep inevitable eye, the same look, as of thunder asleep, but ready,—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

J. BROWN.—*Horae Subsecivae.*

HAPPY DREAMS

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable ; for the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital ; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is of myself ; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on ; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us : that mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind : that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty ; though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say I am as happy as any. 'If the heavens fall, let Thy will be done,' salveth all ; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what shall Providence add more ? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy ; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy,

as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses; without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgement discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancy of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize [gallantry] of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotions.

SIR T. BROWNE.—*Religio Medici*.

THE COMMON COURSE OF OUR DIET

WHY we confine our food unto certain animals, and totally reject some others, how these distinctions crept into several nations, and whether this practice be built upon solid reason, or chiefly supported by custom or opinion, may admit consideration.

For first, there is no absolute necessity to feed on any, and if we resist not the stream of authority, and several

deductions from Holy Scripture, there was no sarcophagy before the flood, and without the eating of flesh, our fathers, from vegetable aliments, preserved themselves unto longer lives than their posterity by any other. For whereas it is plainly said, 'I have given you every herb which is upon the face of all the earth and every tree; to you it shall be for meat':—presently after the deluge, when the same had destroyed or infirmed the nature of vegetables, by an expression of enlargement it is again delivered, 'Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things.'

And therefore, although it be said that Abel was a shepherd, and it be not readily conceived the first man would keep sheep, except they made food thereof, great expositors will tell us, that it was partly for their skins wherewith they were clothed, partly for their milk whereby they were sustained and partly for sacrifices, which they also offered.

And though it may seem improbable that they offered flesh yet ate not thereof, and Abel can hardly be said to offer the firstlings of his stock, and the fat or acceptable part, if men used not to taste the same, whereby to raise such distinctions; some will confine the eating of flesh unto the line of Cain, who extended their luxury, and confined not unto the rule of God. That if at any time the line of Seth ate flesh, it was extraordinary, and only at their sacrifices; or else, as Grotius hinteth, if any such practice there were, it was not from the beginning, but from that time when the ways of men were corrupted, and whereof it is said, that the wickedness of man's heart was great; the more righteous part of mankind probably conforming unto the diet prescribed in Paradise and the state of innocency; and yet, however the practice of man conformed, this was the injunction of God, and might be therefore sufficient, without the food of flesh. . . .

Thus we perceive the practice of diet doth hold no certain course nor solid rule of selection or confinement; some in an indistinct voracity eating almost any; others out of a timorous pre-opinion refraining very many. Wherein indeed, necessity, reason, and physic, are the best determinators. Surely many animals may be fed on, like many plants; though not in alimantal, yet medical con-

siderations : whereas having raised antipathies by pre-judgement or education, we often nauseate proper meats, and abhor that diet which disease or temper requireth.

Now, whether it were not best to conform unto the simple diet of our forefathers ; whether pure and simple waters were not more healthful than fermented liquors ; whether there be not an ample sufficiency without all flesh, in the food of honey, oil, and the several parts of milk ; in the variety of grains, pulses, and all sorts of fruits, since either bread or beverage may be made almost of all ; whether nations have rightly confined unto several meats ; or whether the common food of one country be not more agreeable unto another ; how indistinctly all tempers apply unto the same, and how the diet of youth and old age is confounded ; were considerations much concerning health, and might prolong our days, but not this discourse.

SIR T. BROWNE.—*Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or, Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors.*

THE EMBLEMS OF MORTAL VANITIES

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and, in a yard underground and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it ; and quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of three conquests : what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim ?

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honour them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a

stronger propension unto them ; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition ; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes : common counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations ; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers ; and our days of a span long, make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying ; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity ; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in a hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism ; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which

in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition; and, finding no *atropos* unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore, restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations. And, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

SIR T. BROWNE.—*Urn Burial.*

THE TRUE POET'S CROWN

'ART,' it was said long ago, 'requires the whole man,' and 'Nobody', it was said later, 'can be a poet who is anything else'; but the present idea of Art requires the segment of a man, and everybody who is anything at all is a poet in a parenthesis. And our shelves groan with little books over which their readers groan less metaphorically—there is a plague of poems in the land apart from poetry—and many poets who live and are true do not live by their truth, but hold back their full strength from Art because they do not *reverence* it fully; and all booksellers cry aloud and do not spare, that poetry will not sell; and certain critics utter melancholy frenzies, that poetry is worn out for ever—as if the morning-star was worn out from heaven, or 'the yellow primrose' from the grass! and Mr. Disraeli the younger, like Bildad comforting Job, suggests that we may content ourselves for the future with a rhythmic prose, printed like prose for decency, and supplied, for comfort, with a parish allowance of two or three rhymes to a paragraph. Should there be any whom such a 'New Poor Law' would content, we are far from wishing to disturb the virtue of their serenity—let them continue, like the hypochondriac, to be very sure that they have lost their souls, inclusive of their poetic instincts. In the meantime the hopeful and believing will hope—trust on; and, better still, the Tennysons and the Brownings, and other high-gifted spirits, will work, wait on, until, as Mr. Horne has said—

Strong deeds awake,
And, clamouring, throng the portals of the hour.

It is well for them and all to count the cost of this life of a master in poetry [Wordsworth], and learn from it what a true poet's crown is worth—to recall both the long life's work for its sake—the work of observation, of meditation, of reaching past models into Nature, of reaching past Nature unto God! and the early life's loss for its sake—the loss of the popular cheer, of the critical assent, and of the 'money in the purse'. It is well and full of exultation to remember *now* what a silent, blameless, heroic life of poetic duty this man has lived—how he never cried rudely

against the world because he was excluded for a time from the parsley garlands of its popularity ; nor sinned morally because he was sinned against intellectually ; nor, being tempted and threatened by paymaster and reviewer, swerved from the righteousness and high aims of his inexorable genius.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.—*The Book of the Poets.*

STRAFFORD

A GREAT lesson is written in the life of this truly extraordinary person. In the career of Strafford is to be sought the justification of the world's 'appeal from tyranny to God'. In him Despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, her principles in their length and breadth,—and enough of her purposes were effected by him, to enable mankind to see 'as from a tower the end of all'. I cannot discern one false step in Strafford's public conduct, one glimpse of a recognition of an alien principle, one instance of a dereliction of the law of his being, which can come in to dispute the decisive result of the experiment, or explain away its failure. The least vivid fancy will have no difficulty in taking up the interrupted design, and by wholly enfeebling, or materially emboldening, the insignificant nature of Charles, and by according some half dozen years of immunity to the 'fretted tenement' of Strafford's 'fiery soul',—contemplate then, for itself, the perfect realization of the scheme of 'making the prince the most absolute lord in Christendom'. That done,—let it pursue the same course with respect to Eliot's noble imaginings, or to young Vane's dreamy aspirings, and apply in like manner a fit machinery to the working out the projects which made the dungeon of the one a holy place, and sustained the other in his self-imposed exile.—The result is great and decisive ! It establishes, in renewed force, those principles of political conduct which have endured, and must continue to endure, 'like truth from age to age.'

R. BROWNING.—*Life of Strafford.*

THE LOVE OF MONEY

IN the same way, we constantly hear of the evils of wealth, and of the sinfulness of loving money ; although it is certain that, after the love of knowledge, there is no one passion which has done so much good to mankind as the love of money. It is to the love of money that we owe all trade and commerce ; in other words, the possession of every comfort and luxury which our own country is unable to supply. Trade and commerce have made us familiar with the productions of many lands, have awakened curiosity, have widened our ideas by bringing us in contact with nations of various manners, speech, and thought, have supplied an outlet for energies which would otherwise have been pent up and wasted, have accustomed men to habits of enterprise, forethought and calculation, have, moreover, communicated to us many arts of great utility, and have put us in possession of some of the most valuable remedies with which we are acquainted, either to save life or to lessen pain. These things we owe to the love of money. If theologians could succeed in their desire to destroy that love, all these things would cease, and we should relapse into comparative barbarism. The love of money, like all our appetites, is liable to abuse ; but to declaim against it as evil in itself, and, above all, to represent it as a feeling, the indulgence of which provokes the wrath of God, is to betray an ignorance, natural, perhaps, in former ages, but shameful in our time, particularly when it proceeds from men who give themselves out as public teachers, and profess that it is their mission to enlighten the world.

H. T. BUCKLE.—*History of Civilization in England.*

[BULWER-LYTTON.—*See* LYTTON.]

MANSOUL

Now there is in this gallant country of Universe a fair and delicate town, a Corporation called Mansoul : a town for its building so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its privileges so advantageous (I mean with reference to its original), that I may say of it, as was said before of

the continent in which it is placed, There is not its equal under the whole heaven.

As to the situation of the town, it lieth just between the two worlds ; and the first founder and builder of it, so far as by the best and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai ; and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror and glory of all that he made ; even the Top-piece, beyond anything else that he did in that country. Yea, so goodly a town was Mansoul when first built, that it is said by some, the Gods, at the setting up thereof, came down to see it and sang for joy. And as he made it goodly to behold, so also mighty to have dominion over all the country round about. Yea, all were commanded to acknowledge Mansoul for their metropolitan, all were enjoined to do homage to it. Aye, the town itself had positive commission and power from her king to demand service of all, and also to subdue any that any-ways denied to do it.

There was reared up in the midst of this town a most famous and stately palace ; for strength, it might be called a castle ; for pleasantness, a paradise ; for largeness, a place so copious as to contain all the world. This place the King Shaddai intended but for himself alone, and not another with him ; partly because of his own delights, and partly because he would not that the terror of strangers should be upon the town. This place Shaddai made also a garrison of, but committed the keeping of it only to the men of the town.

The wall of the town was well built, yea, so fast and firm was it knit and compact together, that, had it not been for the townsmen themselves, it could not have been shaken or broken for ever.

For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that builded Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate, unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.

This famous town of Mansoul had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go ; and these were made likewise answerable to the walls ; to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these : Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate.

J. BUNYAN.—*The Holy War.*

MR. BY-ENDS OF FAIR-SPEECH

So I saw that quickly after they were got out of the fair, they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends; so they said to him, *They overtake By-ends.* What country-man, sir? and how far go you this way? He told them, That he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the Celestial City (but told them not his name).

From Fair-speech, said Christian; is there any that be good live there?

By-ends. Yes, said By-ends, I hope.

Christian. Pray, sir, what may I call you?

By-ends. I am a stranger to you, and you to me; if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

By-ends loath to tell his name.

Christian. This town of Fair-speech, I have heard of it, and, as I remember, they say it's a wealthy place.

By-ends. Yes, I will assure you that it is, and I have very many rich kindred there.

Christian. Pray, who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold?

By-ends. Almost the whole town; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name): also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-bothways, Mr. Anything, and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by father's side: and, to tell you the truth, I am a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way, and rowing another; and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

Christian. Are you a married man?

By-ends. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the daughter of a virtuous woman. She was my Lady Faining's daughter, therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived at such a pitch of breeding, that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. 'Tis true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points:

The wife and kindred of By-ends.

First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud it.

*Where
By-ends
differs from
others in
religion.*

Then Christian stepped a little a to-side to his fellow Hopeful, saying, It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends of Fair-speech, and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts. Then said Hopeful, Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name. So Christian came up with him again, and said, Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth, and if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you: is not your name Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech?

By-ends. That is not my name, but indeed it is a nickname that is given me by some that cannot abide me, and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

Christian. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

By-ends. Never, never! the worst that ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name, was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgement with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing, but let not the malicious load me therefore with reproach.

*How
By-ends
got his
name.*

Christian. I thought indeed that you was the man that I had heard of, and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

By-ends. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it. You shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

*He desires
to keep
company
with
Christian.*

Christian. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide, the which, I perceive, is against your opinion: you must also own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

By-ends. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith ; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

Christian. Not a step further, unless you will do in what I propound, as we.

Then said By-ends, I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.

J. BUNYAN.—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

[BURGHLEY, LORD.—See CECIL.]

THE BRITISH SION

THE learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription, not as a title to bar all claim, set up against all possession—but they look on prescription as itself a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice.

Such are *their* ideas ; such *their* religion ; and such *their* law. But as to *our* country, and *our* race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as their awful structure shall oversee and guard the subject land—so long the mounds and dykes of the low, fat Bedford level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the King, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm—the triple cord, which no man can break ; the solemn, sworn, constitutional frank-pledge of this nation ; the firm guarantees of each others' being, and each others' rights ; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind and every quality, of property and of dignity ; as

long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe : and we are all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity ; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen ! and so be it : and so it will be,

Dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet ; imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

E. BURKE.—*A Letter to a Noble Lord.*

THE THRONE AND FREEDOM

WHAT, gracious sovereign, is the empire of America to us, or the empire of the world, if we lose our own liberties ? We deprecate this last of evils. We deprecate the effect of the doctrines, which must support and countenance the government over conquered Englishmen.

As it will be impossible long to resist the powerful and equitable arguments in favour of the freedom of these unhappy people that are to be drawn from the principle of our own liberty ; attempts will be made, attempts have been made, to ridicule and to argue away this principle ; and to inculcate into the minds of your people other maxims of government, and other grounds of obedience, than those which have prevailed at and since the glorious Revolution. By degrees, these doctrines, by being convenient, may grow prevalent. The consequence is not certain ; but a general change of principles rarely happens among a people without leading to a change of government.

Sir, your throne cannot stand secure upon the principles of unconditional submission and passive obedience ; on powers exercised without the concurrence of the people to be governed ; on acts made in defiance of their prejudices and habits ; on acquiescence procured by foreign mercenary troops, and secured by standing armies. These may possibly be the foundation of other thrones ; they must be the subversion of yours. It was not to passive principles in our ancestors, that we owe the honour of appearing before a sovereign, who cannot feel that he is a prince, without knowing that we ought to be free.

E. BURKE.—*An Address to the King.*

THE RIGHT PRINCIPLES OF WAR

IN that great war carried on against Louis the Fourteenth, for near eighteen years, government spared no pains to satisfy the nation that though they were to be animated by a desire of glory, glory was not their ultimate object; but that everything dear to them, in religion, in law, in liberty, everything which as freemen, as Englishmen, and as citizens of the great commonwealth of Christendom, they had at heart, was then at stake. This was to know the true art of gaining the affections and confidence of a high-minded people; this was to understand human nature. A danger to avert a danger; a present inconvenience and suffering to prevent a foreseen future and a worse calamity; these are the motives that belong to an animal, who, in his constitution, is at once adventurous and provident; circumspect and daring; whom his Creator has made, as the poet says, 'of large discourse, looking before and after.' But never can a vehement and sustained spirit of fortitude be kindled in a people by a war of calculation. It has nothing that can keep the mind erect under the gusts of adversity. Even where men are willing, as sometimes they are, to barter their blood for lucre, to hazard their safety for the gratification of their avarice, the passion which animates them to that sort of conflict, like all the short-sighted passions, must see its objects distinct and near at hand. The passions of the lower order are hungry and impatient. Speculative plunder; contingent spoil; future, long adjourned, uncertain booty; pillage which must enrich a late posterity, and which possibly may not reach to posterity at all; these, for any length of time, will never support a mercenary war. The people are in the right. The calculation of profit in all such wars is false. On balancing the account of such wars, ten thousand hogsheads of sugar are purchased at ten thousand times their price. The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime.

E. BURKE.—*Regicide Peace*, Part I.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what a heart I must have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

E. BURKE.—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

IN THE MORNING OF OUR DAYS

In the morning of our days, when the senses are unworn and tender, when the whole man is awake in every part, and the gloss of novelty fresh upon all the objects that

surround us, how lively at that time are our sensations, but how false and inaccurate the judgements we form of things ! I despair of ever receiving the same degree of pleasure from the most excellent performances of genius which I felt at that age from pieces which my present judgement regards as trifling and contemptible. Every trivial cause of pleasure is apt to affect the man of too sanguine a complexion ; his appetite is too keen to suffer his taste to be delicate ; and he is in all respects what Ovid says of himself in love,

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis,
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem.

One of this character can never be a refined judge ; never what the comic poet calls *elegans formarum spectator*. The excellence and force of a composition must always be imperfectly estimated from its effect on the minds of any, except we know the temper and character of those minds.

E. BURKE.—*On the Sublime and Beautiful*.

TO THE BRISTOL ELECTORS

‘BUT if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected into parliament.’ It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects, in order to obtain my seat. I deceive myself indeed most grossly, if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life hidden in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things, than to be placed on the most splendid throne of the universe, tantalized with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse. Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place, wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience ; if, by my vote,

I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace ; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince ; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the goodwill of his countrymen ;—if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book ;—I might wish to read a page or two more—but this is enough for my measure.—I have not lived in vain.

And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged, that to gratify any anger, or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No ! the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far ; farther than a cautious policy would warrant ; and farther than the opinions of many would go along with me.—In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress—I will call to mind this accusation ; and be comforted.

E. BURKE.—*Speech previous to the Election of 1780.*

THE DEATH OF HIS SON

HAD it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family : I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown

himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature; and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world.

E. BURKE.—*A Letter to a Noble Lord.*

WILLIAM THE THIRD

THUS lived and died William the Third, King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little, and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion: he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution that he could never shake off, though, in another scene, it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian; so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgement than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good; but it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him; so that it disgusted most of those who served him: but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complaisance; yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly in war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great

errors were often committed by him ; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites ; but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him ; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself ; but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another, but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy ; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God ; only on week days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers and in reading the Scriptures ; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees : he said to me, he adhered to these because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well or those who served him ill.

He loved the Dutch and was much beloved among them ; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them.

G. BURNET.—*History of his own Times.*

DIES IRAE

It is not possible, from any station, to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth ; for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke, while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it, in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself. For fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place, uses to be described ; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah xxx). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone ; rivers of melted glowing matter ; ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once : thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes : mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire.

These things will all be literally true, concerning that day, and that state of the earth. And, if we suppose Beelzebub, and his apostate crew, in the midst of this fiery furnace (and I know not where they can be else) it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath got an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself ; the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth. For when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass, or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of

nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing : all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished : and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities ! Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory ? Show me where they stood ; read the inscription ; tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire ? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now ? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous : She glorified herself, and lived deliciously ; and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun ; and their place is nowhere found.

Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea ; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud, into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north, stood the Rhiphaean Hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire (Rev. xv. 3). Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Hallelujah.

T. BURNET.—*The Sacred Theory of the Earth.*

[BURNEY, FRANCES.—See ARBLAY.]

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC FRAGMENT

THOUGH it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was 'The Vision of Mirza', and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' I particularly remember one half-stanza which was music to my boyish ear—

For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.

I met with these pieces in Mason's *English Collection*, one of my school-books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were *The Life of Hannibal* and *The History of Sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bag-pipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest. . . .

I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in

the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming fillette, who lived next door to the school, upset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my sines and co-sines for a few days more; but, stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school.

R. BURNS.—*Letters*.

MELANCHOLY MAD

OF the necessity and generality of this which I have said, if any man doubt, I shall desire him to make a brief survey of the world as Cyprian adviseth Donat, 'supposing himself to be transported to the top of some high mountain, and thence to behold the tumults and chances of this wavering world, he cannot choose but either laugh at or pity it.' St. Hierom, out of a strong imagination, being in the wilderness, conceived with himself that he then saw them dancing in Rome; and if thou shalt either conceive, or climb to see, thou shalt soon perceive that all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes; that it is (which Epichthonius Cosmopolites expressed not many years since in a map) made like a fool's head (with that motto, *Caput helleboro dignum*), a crazed head, *cavea stultorum*, a fool's paradise, or, as Apollonius, a common prison of gulls, cheaters, flatterers, &c., and needs to be reformed. Strabo in the ninth book of his geography, compares Greece to the picture of a man, which comparison of his Nic. Gerbelius in his exposition of Sophianus'

map, approves ; the breast lies open from those Acroce-raunian hills in Epirus to the Sunian promontory in Attica ; Pagae and Magaera are the two shoulders ; that Isthmus of Corinth the neck ; and Peloponessus the head. If this allusion hold, 'tis sure a mad head ; Morea may be Moria ; and, to speak what I think, the inhabitants of modern Greece swerve as much from reason and true religion at this day, as that Morea doth from the picture of a man. Examine the rest in like sort, and you shall find that kingdoms and provinces are melancholy, cities and families, all creatures, vegetal, sensible, and rational, that all sorts, sects, ages, conditions, are out of tune, as in Cebes' table, *omnes errorem bibunt*, before they come into the world, they are intoxicated by error's cup, from the highest to the lowest have need of physic, and those particular actions in Seneca, where father and son prove one another mad, may be general ; Porcius Latro shall plead against us all. For indeed who is not a fool, melancholy, mad ?—*Qui nil molitur inepte*, who is not brain-sick ? Folly, melancholy, madness, are but one disease, *Delirium* is a common name to all. Alexander, Gordonius, Jason Pratensis, Savonarola, Guianerius, Montaltus, confound them as differing *secundum magis et minus* ; so doth David, Psalm xxxvii. 5, 'I said unto the fools, deal not so madly,' and 'twas an old Stoical paradox, *omnes stultos insanire*, all fools are mad, though some madder than others. And who is not a fool, who is free from melancholy ? Who is not touched more or less in habit or disposition ? If in disposition, 'ill dispositions beget habits, if they persevere,' saith Plutarch, habits either are, or turn to diseases. 'Tis the same which Tully maintains in the second of his Tusculans, *omnium insipientum animi in morbo sunt, et perturbatorum*, fools are sick, and all that are troubled in mind : for what is sickness, but as Gregory Tholosanus defines it, 'A dissolution or perturbation of the bodily league which health combines,' and who is not sick or ill-disposed ? in whom doth not passion, anger, envy, discontent, fear, and sorrow reign ? Who labours not of this disease ?

R. BURTON.—*The Anatomy of Melancholy.*

AT MECCAH THE PILGRIM'S GOAL

THERE at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The mirage medium of Fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty as in Greece and Italy, no barbaric gorgeousness as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique,—and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that, of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far north. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride.

Few Moslems contemplate for the first time the Kaabah without fear and awe: there is a popular jest against new comers that they generally inquire the direction of prayer. The boy Mohammed, therefore, left me for a few minutes to myself; but presently he warned me that it was time to begin. Advancing, we entered through the Bab Beni Shaybah, the 'Gate of the Sons of the Old Woman'. There we raised our hands, repeated the Labbayk, the Takbir, and the Tahlil; after which we uttered certain supplications, and drew our hands down our faces. Then we proceeded to the Shafei's place of worship—the open pavement between the Makam Ibrahim and the well Zem Zem—where we performed the usual two-bow prayer in honour of the Mosque. This was followed by a cup of holy water and a present to the Sakkas or carriers, who for the consideration distributed a large earthen vaseful in my name to poor pilgrims. We then advanced towards the eastern angle of the Kaabah, in which is inserted the Black Stone, and, standing about ten yards from it, repeated with upraised hands, 'There is no god but Allah

alone, whose covenant is truth, and whose servant is victorious. There is no god but Allah, without sharer; his is the kingdom, to him be praise, and he over all things is potent.' After which we approached as close as we could to the stone. A crowd of pilgrims preventing our touching it that time, we raised our hands to our ears, in the first position of prayer, and then lowering them, exclaimed, 'O Allah, (I do this) in thy belief, and in verification of thy book, and in pursuance of thy Prophet's example—may Allah bless him and preserve! O Allah, I extend my hand to thee, and great is my desire to thee! O accept thou my supplication, and diminish my obstacles, and pity my humiliation and graciously grant me thy pardon!' After which, as we were still unable to reach the stone, we raised our hands to our ears, the palms facing the stone, as if touching it, recited the Takbir, the Tahlil, and the Hamdilah, blessed the Prophet, and kissed the finger-tips of the right hand. . . . At the conclusion of the Tawaf [circumambulation of the Kaabah] it was deemed advisable to attempt to kiss the stone. . . . After vainly addressing the pilgrims, of whom nothing could be seen but a mosaic of occiputs and shoulder-blades, the boy Mohammed collected about half a dozen stalwart Meccans, with whose assistance, by sheer strength, we wedged our way into the thin and light-legged crowd. The Bedouins turned round upon us like wild cats, but they had no daggers. The season being autumn, they had not swelled themselves with milk for six months; and they had become such living mummies, that I could have managed single-handed half a dozen of them. After thus reaching the stone, despite popular indignation, testified by impatient shouts, we monopolized the use of it for at least ten minutes. Whilst kissing it and rubbing hands and forehead upon it I narrowly observed it, and came away persuaded that it is an aërolite.

SIR R. F. BURTON.—*Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.*

CONSCIENCE

MANKIND has various instincts and principles of action, as brute creatures have ; some leading most directly and immediately to the good of the community, and some most directly to private good.

Man has several which brutes have not ; particularly reflection or conscience, an approbation of some principles or actions, and disapprobation of others.

Brutes obey their instincts or principles of action, according to certain rules ; suppose the constitution of their body, and the objects around them.

The generality of mankind also obey their instincts and principles, all of them ; those propensions we call good, as well as the bad, according to the same rules ; namely, the constitution of their body, and the external circumstances which they are in. (Therefore it is not a true representation of mankind to affirm, that they are wholly governed by self-love, the love of power, and sensual appetites : since, as on the one hand they are often actuated by these, without any regard to right or wrong ; so on the other it is manifest fact, that the same persons, the generality, are frequently influenced by friendship, compassion, gratitude ; and even a general abhorrence of what is base, and liking of what is fair and just, takes its turn amongst the other motives of action. This is the partial inadequate notion of human nature treated of in the first Discourse : and it is by this nature, if one may speak so, that the world is in fact influenced, and kept in that tolerable order, in which it is.)

Brutes in acting according to the rules before mentioned, their bodily constitution and circumstances, act suitably to their whole nature. (It is, however, to be distinctly noted, that the reason why we affirm this is not merely that brutes in fact act so ; for this alone, however universal, does not at all determine, whether such course of action be correspondent to their whole nature : but the reason of the assertion is, that as in acting thus they plainly act conformably to somewhat in their nature, so, from all observations we are able to make upon them, there does not appear the least ground to imagine them to have anything else in their nature, which requires a different rule or course of action.)

Mankind also in acting thus would act suitably to their whole nature, if no more were to be said of man's nature than what has now been said ; if that, as it is a true, were also a complete, adequate account of our nature.

But that is not a complete account of man's nature. Somewhat further must be brought in to give us an adequate notion of it ; namely, that one of those principles of action, conscience or reflection, compared with the rest as they all stand together in the nature of man, plainly bears upon it marks of authority over all the rest, and claims the absolute direction of them all, to allow or forbid their gratification : a disapprobation of reflection being in itself a principle manifestly superior to a mere propension. And the conclusion is, that to allow no more to this superior principle or part of our nature than to other parts ; to let it govern and guide only occasionally in common with the rest, as its turn happens to come, from the temper and circumstances one happens to be in ; this is not to act conformably to the constitution of man : neither can any human creature be said to act conformably to his constitution of nature, unless he allows to that superior principle the absolute authority which is due to it. And this conclusion is abundantly confirmed from hence, that one may determine what course of action the economy of man's nature requires, without so much as knowing in what degrees of *strength* the several principles prevail, or which of them have actually the greatest influence.

The practical reason of insisting so much upon this natural authority of the principle of reflection or conscience is, that it seems in great measure overlooked by many, who are by no means the worse sort of men. It is thought sufficient to abstain from gross wickedness, and to be humane and kind to such as happen to come in their way. Whereas in reality the very constitution of our nature requires, that we bring our whole conduct before this superior faculty ; wait its determination ; enforce upon ourselves its authority, and make it the business of our lives, as it is absolutely the whole business of a moral agent, to conform ourselves to it. This is the true meaning of that ancient precept, *Reverence thyself*.

J. BUTLER.—*Preface to Sermons.*

A RABBLE

A RABBLE is a congregation, or assembly of the states-general sent from their several and respective shops, stalls, and garrets. They are full of controversy, and every one of a several judgement concerning the business under present consideration, whether it be mountebank, show, hanging, or ballad-singer. They meet, like Democritus's atoms *in vacuo*, and by a fortuitous justling together produce the greatest and most savage beast in the whole world : for, though the members of it may have something of human nature while they are asunder, when they are put together, they have none at all ; as a multitude of several sounds make one great noise unlike all the rest, in which no one particular is distinguished. They are a great dung-hill, where all sorts of dirty and nasty humours meet, stink, and ferment ; for all the parts are in a perpetual tumult. 'Tis no wonder they make strange churches, for they take naturally to any imposture, and have a great antipathy to truth and order, as being contrary to their original confusion. They are a herd of swine possessed with a dry devil, that run after hanging, instead of drowning. Once a month they go on pilgrimage to the gallows, to visit the sepulchres of their ancestors, as the Turks do once a week. When they come there they sing psalms, quarrel, and return full of satisfaction and narrative. When they break loose they are like a public ruin, in which the highest parts lie undermost, and make the noblest fabrics heaps of rubbish. They are like the sea, that is stirred into a tumult with every blast of wind that blows upon it, till it become a watery Appennine, and heap mountain billows upon one another, as once the giants did in the war with heaven. A crowd is their proper element, in which they make their way with their shoulders, as pigs creep through hedges. Nothing in the world delights them so much as the ruin of great persons, or any calamity in which they have no share, though they get nothing by it. They love nothing but themselves in the likeness of one another, and, like sheep, run all that way the first goes, especially if it be against their governors, whom they have a natural disaffection to.

S. BUTLER.—*Remains : Characters.*

A SMALL POET

Is one that would fain make himself that which Nature never meant him ; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit, and whatsoever he lights upon either in books or company he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets by the swelling disproportion of the joints. Imitation is the whole sum of him, and his vein is but an itch that he has caught of others ; and his flame like that of charcoals that were burnt before. But as he wants judgement to understand what is best, he naturally takes the worst as being most agreeable to his own talent. . . .

He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery ; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He is but a copier at best, and will never arrive to practise by the life. For bar him the imitation of something he has read and he has no image in his thoughts. Observation and fancy, the matter and form of just wit, are above his philosophy. . . .

As for epithets he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful and not fit to be made by a Christian poet ; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. . . .

He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics, a trick of sowing wit like clover grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday ; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses : trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. . . .

When he writes he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them. For there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformatations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

S. BUTLER.—*Characters.*

MUSICAL BANKS

WE passed through several streets of more or less considerable houses, and at last turning round a corner we came upon a large piazza, at the end of which was a magnificent building, of a strange but noble architecture and of great antiquity. It did not open directly on to the piazza, there being a screen, through which was an archway, between the piazza and the actual precincts of the bank. On passing under the archway we entered upon a green sward, round which there ran an arcade or cloister, while in front of us uprose the majestic towers of the bank and its venerable front, which was divided into three deep recesses and adorned with all sorts of marbles and many sculptures. On either side there were beautiful old trees wherein the birds were busy by the hundred, and a number of quaint but substantial houses of singularly comfortable appearance; they were situated in the midst of orchards and gardens, and gave me an impression of great peace and plenty.

Indeed it had been no error to say that this building was one that appealed to the imagination; it did more—it carried both imagination and judgement by storm. It was

an epic in stone and marble, and so powerful was the effect it produced on me, that as I beheld it I was charmed and melted. I felt more conscious of the existence of a remote past. One knows of this always, but the knowledge is never so living as in the actual presence of some witness to the life of bygone ages. I felt how short a space of human life was the period of our own existence. I was more impressed with my own littleness, and much more inclinable to believe that the people whose sense of the fitness of things was equal to the upraising of so serene a handiwork, were hardly likely to be wrong in the conclusions they might come to upon any subject. My feeling certainly was that the currency of this bank must be the right one.

We crossed the sward and entered the building. If the outside had been impressive the inside was even more so. It was very lofty and divided into several parts by walls which rested upon massive pillars; the windows were filled with stained glass, descriptive of the principal commercial incidents of the bank for many ages. In a remote part of the building there were men and boys singing; this was the only disturbing feature, for as the gamut was still unknown, there was no music in the country which could be agreeable to a European ear. The singers seemed to have derived their inspirations from the songs of birds and the wailing of the wind, which last they tried to imitate in melancholy cadences that at times degenerated into a howl. To my thinking the noise was hideous, but it produced a great effect upon my companions, who professed themselves much moved. As soon as the singing was over the ladies requested me to stay where I was, while they went inside the place from which it had seemed to come.

During their absence certain reflections forced themselves upon me.

In the first place, it struck me as strange that the building should be so nearly empty; I was almost alone, and the few besides myself had been led by curiosity, and had no intention of doing business with the bank. But there might be more inside. I stole up to the curtain, and ventured to draw the extreme edge of it on one side. No, there was hardly any one there. I saw a large number of

cashiers, all at their desks ready to pay cheques, and one or two who seemed to be the managing partners. I also saw my hostess and her daughters and two or three other ladies; also three or four old women and the boys from one of the neighbouring Colleges of Unreason; but there was no one else. This did not look as though the bank was doing a very large business; and yet I had always been told that every one in the city dealt with this establishment.

S. BUTLER.—*Erewhon*.

THE BITTERNESS OF EXILE

THE man who is exiled by a faction has the consolation of thinking that he is a martyr; he is upheld by hope and the dignity of his cause, real or imaginary: he who withdraws from the pressure of debt may indulge in the thought that time and prudence will retrieve his circumstances: he who is condemned by the law has a term to his banishment, or a dream of its abbreviation; or, it may be, the knowledge or the belief of some injustice of the law, or of its administration in his own particular; but he who is outlawed by general opinion, without the intervention of hostile politics, illegal judgement, or embarrassed circumstances, whether he be innocent or guilty, must undergo all the bitterness of exile, without hope, without pride, without alleviation. This case was mine. Upon what grounds the public founded their opinion I am not aware; but it was general, and it was decisive. Of me or of mine they knew little, except that I had written what is called poetry, was a nobleman, had married, became a father, and was involved in differences with my wife and her relatives, no one knew why, because the persons complaining refused to state their grievances. The fashionable world was divided into parties, mine consisting of a very small minority: the reasonable world was naturally on the stronger side, which happened to be the lady's, as was most proper and polite. The press was active and scurrilous; and such was the rage of the day, that the unfortunate publication of two copies of verses, rather complimentary than otherwise to the subjects of both, was tortured into a species of crime, or constructive petty

treason. I was accused of every monstrous vice by public rumour and private rancour : my name, which had been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman, was tainted. I felt that, if what was whispered, and muttered, and murmured was true, I was unfit for England ; if false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew ; but this was not enough. In other countries, in Switzerland, in the shadow of the Alps, and by the blue depths of the lakes, I was pursued and breathed upon by the same blight. I crossed the mountains, but it was the same ; so I went a little farther, and settled myself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes him to the waters.

G. GORDON, LORD BYRON.

THE LADY OF THE SEA

WHEREAS I have purposed in all this treatise to confine myself within the bounds of this Isle of Britain, it cannot be impertinent, at the very entrance, to say somewhat of Britain, which is the only subject of all that is to be said, and well known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowned and famous Isle of the whole world : so rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world round like a ring, as he did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gem therein.

For the air is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the midst of the temperate zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more Southern and Northern are ; but stored with infinite delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and guarded with the ocean, most commodious for traffic to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailors, that it may rightly be termed the *Lady of the Sea*. That I may say nothing of healthful baths, and of meres stored both with fish and fowl, the earth fertile of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tin, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattle both tame and wild (for it hath more parks

than all Europe besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, fair boroughs, good towns, and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the Prince, stately houses of the nobility, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, fair colleges, as well in other places, as in the two Universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendom, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings, and endowments. As for government ecclesiastical and civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, whenas I write to home-born, and not to strangers.

W. CAMDEN.—*Remaines concerning Britain.*

ALGIERS FROM THE SEA

EARLY in the morning of the day before yesterday, I awoke to the joyous sound of land having been discovered from the masthead, and to the sight of land birds wheeling around our rails. I should think that as far as thirty miles off we saw the whole portion of the Algerine territory, which stretches on the east along Cape Matifou, and on the west along the peninsula of Sidi Ferruch, where the French first landed in their invasion of the regency. At that distance, and even when you come nearer, by a great many miles, the view of Algiers from the sea is not beautiful. It is true that the tops of the lesser Atlas form a fine background in the south, but the prospect assumes not its full picturesqueness till you come almost within a mile of the shore. Farther off, the city itself looks like a triangular quarry of lime or chalk, on the steep side of a hill, whilst the country-houses that dot the adjacent heights seem like little parcels of the same material lying on fields that are to be manured. On nearer approach, however, the imagined quarry turns out to be a surprising city, and the specks on the adjoining hills to be square and castle-like houses, embosomed in groves and gardens.

No town that I have ever seen possesses, in proportion to its size, so many contiguous villas as Algiers; and their brilliance and high position give a magnificent appearance to this suburban portion of the coast. Meanwhile the city

itself, when you come in full view of it, has an aspect, if not strictly beautiful, at least impressive from its novelty and uniqueness. Independently, indeed, of its appearance, its very name makes the first sight of Algiers create no ordinary sensations, when one thinks of all the Christian hearts that have throbbed with anguish in approaching this very spot. Blessed be our stars, that we have lived to see the chains of slavery broken here, and even about to be unriveted on the other side of the Atlantic! But, without these associations, the view of Algiers is interesting from its strangeness to a European eye. It is walled all round in the old style of fortification, its whole mural circuit being, I should think, about a mile and a half. It forms a triangle on the steep side of a hill, the basis of which is close to the sea, while its apex is crowned by the Cassaba, or citadel.

T. CAMPBELL.—*Letters from the South.*

THE JACOBIN MUSE

WE shall select from time to time among those effusions of the *Jacobin* Muse which happen to fall in our way, such pieces as may serve to illustrate some one of the principles on which the poetical, as well as the political doctrine of the NEW SCHOOL is established—prefacing each of them, for our Readers' sake, with a short disquisition on the particular tenet intended to be enforced or insinuated in the production before them—and accompanying it with an humble effort of our own, in imitation of the Poem itself, and in further illustration of its principle. By these means, though We cannot hope to catch '*the wood-notes wild*' of the Bards of Freedom, We may yet acquire, by dint of repeating after them, a more complete knowledge of the secret in which their greatness lies, than We could by mere prosaic admiration—and if We cannot become Poets ourselves, we at least shall have collected the elements of a *Jacobin* Art of Poetry for the use of those whose genius may be more capable of turning them to advantage.

It might not be unamusing to trace the springs and principles of this species of Poetry, which are to be found, some in the exaggeration, and others in the direct inversion of the sentiments and passions which have in all ages

animated the breast of the favourite of the Muses, and distinguished him from the 'vulgar throng'.

The Poet in all ages has despised riches and grandeur.

The *Jacobin* Poet improves this sentiment into a hatred of the rich and the great.

The Poet at other times has been an enthusiast in the love of his native soil.

The *Jacobin* Poet rejects all restriction in his feelings. His love is enlarged and expanded so as to comprehend all human kind. The love of all human kind is without doubt a noble passion : it can hardly be necessary to mention, that its operation extends to *Freemen*, and them only, all over the world.

The Old Poet was a Warrior, at least in imagination ; and sang the actions of the Heroes of his Country, in strains which 'made Ambition Virtue', and which overwhelmed the horrors of war in its glory.

The *Jacobin* Poet would have no objection to sing battles too—but *he* would make a distinction. The prowess of Buonaparte indeed he might chaunt in his loftiest strain of exultation. *There* we should find nothing but trophies, and triumphs, and branches of laurel and olive, phalanxes of Republicans shouting victory, satellites of Despotism biting the ground, and geniuses of Liberty planting standards on mountain-tops.

But let his own Country triumph, or her Allies obtain an advantage ;—straightway the 'beauteous face of war' is changed ; the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of Victory are kept carefully out of sight—and we are presented with nothing but contusions and amputations, plundered peasants and deserted looms. Our Poet points the thunder of his blank verse at the head of the Recruiting Sergeant, or roars in dithyrambics against the Lieutenants of Press-gangs.

But it would be endless to chase the coy Muse of *Jacobinism* through all her characters. *Mille habet ornatus*. The *Mille decenter habet*, is perhaps more questionable. For in whatever disguise she appears, whether of mirth or of melancholy, of piety or of tenderness, under all disguises, like Sir John Brute in woman's clothes, she is betrayed by her drunken stagger and ruffian tone.

G. CANNING.—*The Anti-Jacobin*.

PEACE AND WAR

LET it not be said that we cultivate peace either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for war. . . . The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction with a display of its might—such is England herself, while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise.

G. CANNING.—*Speech at Plymouth, 1823.*

KING RICHARD TO RANSOM

IN the second year of his reign Philip, the King of France, and he took their journey into the Holy Land ; Richard by land and Philip by the sea ; where the King of France in face showed himself a lamb and in work a lion. Then came both into the isle of Sicily and to the city of Messina. Philip lay in the city, and Richard in a hospital without. On Christmas Day many of Richard's men came into town to buy victual, and the Frenchmen, coupled with a nation they clepe [call] *Griphones*, beat and killed many of Richard's men. The same day Richard laid siege to the city, and they sperd [shut] the gates and kept the walls ; but Richard's power was so strong that the King of

France asked him forgiveness, and proffered him great amends ; for he had a castle of tre [wood], which he cleped Mategrifon, to which men might make no resistance. And with that same he took the city of Acon, in the Holy Land : some men clepe it Acris.

From Sicily as they went in the sea, a great wind blew him into Cyprus, where that ship that his mother was in, and his wife, was all broke ; and they of the country came and spoiled it, and treated the ladies unmannerly. Richard sent to the king of the isle, that amends should be made ; and he would not. Wherefore Richard pursued him from town to town, till he besieged him ; and the king granted to make amends on that condition, that Richard should not put him in no fetters of iron. He granted his petition ; but when he had him, he put him in fetters of silver. So kept he the king, and disposed all the isle at his pleasure.

In the year of our Lord MCXCIII was the city of Acris taken. Some men, as we said, clepe it Acon, and in old time was it cleped Tholomaid. At which taking the Duke of Austrich followed the King Richard, desiring for to have part both of his worship and eke of such treasure as should be taken. And how it happed, whether by chance or else of purpose, the duke's standard was trod under foot : which villainy the duke peisid [weighed] full heavily ; and home he went with his host, purposing in this matter to be venged. The King Richard had there all the worship. And they too, Philip and Richard, departed the treasure of the city, and eke the prisoners. Philip sold his prisoners : Richard hung his.

But as King Richard came homeward, he was espied by the Duke of Austrich' men, and the duke took him prisoner, and sold him to the Emperor Frederick for a hundred thousand marks and XL thousand. Two bishops were laid for him in pledge, and he came home to purvey this money ; and, as is said, the jewels of churches were molten, chalices and crosses, gold and silver on images' feet, and all for to pay his ransom. The Pope cursed this Duke of Austrich ; and he, after much sorrow and tribulation, died so accursed. But, for all that, the money was paid.

J. CAPGRAVE.--*Chronicle of England.*

THE EXCELLENCY OF ENGLISH

THE Italian is pleasant but without sinews, as to still fleeting water ; the French delicate but over-nice, as a woman scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance ; the Spanish majestic, but fulsome, running too much on the O, and terrible like the devil in a play ; the Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel. Now we in borrowing from them give the strength of consonants to the Italian, the full sound of words to the French, the variety of terminations to the Spanish, and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch ; and so (like bees) gather the honey of their good properties and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialness combineth with delightfulness, fullness with fineness, seemliness with portliness, and currentness with staidness, how can the language which consisteth of all these sound other than most full of sweetness ? Again, the long words that we borrow, being intermingled with the short of our own store, make up a perfect harmony, by culling from out which mixture (with judgement) you may frame your speech according to the matter you must work on, majestic, pleasant, delicate, or manly, more or less, in what sort you please. Add hereunto, that whatsoever grace any other language carrieth, in verse or prose, in tropes or metaphors, in echoes or agnominations, they may all be lively and exactly represented in ours. Will you have Plato's vein ? read Sir Thomas Smith : the Ionic ? Sir Thomas More : Cicero's ? Ascham : Varro's ? Chaucer : Demosthenes' ? Sir John Cheke (who in his treatise to the rebels hath comprised all the figures of rhetoric). Will you read Virgil ? take the Earl of Surrey : Catullus ? Shakespeare, and Marlowe's fragment : Ovid ? Daniel : Lucan ? Spenser : Martial ? Sir John Davis and others. Will you have all in all for prose and verse ? take the miracle of our age, Sir Philip Sidney.

R. CAREW.—*The Excellency of the English Tongue.*

LIFE IN LONDON

IN fact, if there is any one thing to be learnt more than another by living in London, it is a due catholicism of taste. One sees so many things which one has been used to consider antagonist and irreconcilable existing alongside of one another in peace and harmony; and still more one learns to *lassen gelten* (ask your Husband—happy that you have one who knows German), by the fair appreciation *you* find from people as different as possible from yourself and from one another. Never has it happened to me to hear in London that phrase which in small towns, and even in Edinburgh, one is constantly hearing: such and such people ‘are not in *my* way’. People are content here with simply *having* ways, without trying to persuade their neighbours that they are the only ones that lead to salvation. They have ascertained that from the centre to the circumference there are many more radii than one, and they are only moved to astonishment and disapprobation when a fellow-creature flies *over the circumference* into the infinite Inane. But this is unbearable, to philosophize and metaphorize all in a breath! You will agree, however, that it is not easy to keep oneself ‘*a plain human creature*’ in the midst of so much example to the contrary.

Positively for weeks together, sometimes, I do not set eyes on or exchange words with one ‘plain human creature’, but only with human creatures more or less ornamented, or—perverted. Of all these ornamented human creatures the one I take most delight in is Harriet Martineau. The horrid picture in *Fraser* with the cat looking over its shoulder was not a bit like; and the Artist deserved to have been hanged and quartered for so vile a calumny. Neither does the idea generally formed of the woman merely from her reputation as a *Political Economist* do her more justice than that picture! They may call her what they please, but it is plain to me and to everybody of common sense (as my Uncle Robert said) that she is distinctly good-looking, warm-hearted even to a pitch of romance, witty as well as wise, very entertaining and entertainable in spite of the deadening and killing appendage of an ear-trumpet, and finally, as ‘our Mother’ used to finish off a good character, ‘*very fond of ME.*’

I had a fly at Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler) also this winter, but it would not do. She is Green-room all over, and with a heart all tossed up into blank verse—blank verse, too, of the ‘fish—be it ev—er so salt, is ne’—er too salt for me’ sort. The longer I live, the more I want naturalness in people. I think Mr. Simpson would say I keep ‘my charming naïveté’ to a wonder.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.—*Early Letters.*

HUMAN DIGNITY

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man’s. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may: thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must

not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour : all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself ; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

T. CARLYLE.—*Sartor Resartus*.

THE BEAUTIFULLEST AND THE SQUALIDEST

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month ; eve of the Bastille day,—when ' M. Marat ', four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, ' to dismount, and give up their arms, then ' ; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years : what a road he has travelled ;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath ; sore afflicted ; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man : with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready money, in paper ; with slipper-bath ; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while ; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her : that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street ; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity ; yet surely on the way towards that ?—Hark, a rap again ! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected ; it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen ? What Deputies

are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. ‘Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,’ croaks the eager People’s-friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer’s heart. ‘*A moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!’ no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below. . . .

On this same evening [July 17, Wednesday] therefore, about half-past seven o’clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying towards death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. ‘It is most true,’ says Forster, ‘that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it.’

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more.

T. CARLYLE.—*The French Revolution.*

JOHN STERLING'S LAST DAYS

FOR courage, for active audacity we had all known Sterling ; but such a fund of mild stoicism, of devout patience and heroic composure, we did not hitherto know in him. His sufferings, his sorrows, all his unutterabilities in this slow agony, he held right manfully down ; marched loyally, as at the bidding of the Eternal, into the dread Kingdoms, and no voice of weakness was heard from him. Poor noble Sterling, he had struggled so high and gained so little here ! But this also he did gain, to be a brave man, and it was much.

Summer passed into Autumn : Sterling's earthly businesses, to the last detail of them, were now all as good as done ; his strength too was wearing to its end, his daily turn in the Library shrunk now to a span. He had to hold himself as if in readiness for the great voyage at any moment. One other Letter I must give ; not quite the last message I had from Sterling, but the last that can be inserted here ; a brief Letter, fit to be for ever memorable to the receiver of it :

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

Hillside, Ventnor.

August 10, 1844.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words ; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write ; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you ! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

Your Wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseverations.

Yours to the last,

JOHN STERLING.

It was a bright Sunday morning when this Letter came to me : if in the great Cathedral of Immensity I did no worship that day, the fault surely was my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me ; which was also kind and wise. And four days before his death there are some

stanzas of verse for me, written as if in star-fire and immortal tears ; which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone.

T. CARLYLE.—*The Life of John Sterling.*

PROFESSOR TEUFELSDRÖCKH'S STYLE

IN respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration ; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many full-formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head ; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricksy turns ; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages ; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene ! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs ; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and even with this or the other tagrag hanging from them ; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote and regulator ; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends ; now sinking in cadences not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum ; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some echo of mere Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

T. CARLYLE.—*Sartor Resartus.*

THE DEATH OF WOLSEY

THEN was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston bade him good-morrow (for it was about seven of the clock in the morning); and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render unto him my simple soul into his divine hands.' 'Not yet so, sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'with the grace of God, ye shall live, and do very well; if ye will be of good cheer.' 'Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; I have had some experience in my disease, and thus it is: I have a flux with a continual fever; the nature whereof is this, that if there be no alteration with me of the same within eight days, then must either ensue excoriation of the entrails, or frenzy, or else present death; and the best thereof is death. And as I suppose, this is the eighth day: and if ye see in me no alteration, then is there no remedy (although I may live a day or twain) but death, which is the best remedy of the three.' 'Nay, sir, in good faith,' quoth Master Kingston, 'you be in such dolor and pensiveness, doubting that thing that indeed ye need not to fear, which maketh you much worse than ye should be.' 'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. . . .

'Master Kingston, farewell. I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better.' And even with these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to anneal him, who came with all speed, and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging; and caused also the guard to stand by, both to

hear him talk before his death, and also to witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life. And calling to our remembrance his words, the day before, how he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he prophesied of his departure.

G. CAVENDISH.—*The Life of Cardinal Wolsey.*

A WIFE'S TESTIMONY

My lord's prudence and wisdom hath been sufficiently apparent both in his public and private actions and employments; for he hath such a natural inspection and judicious observation of things that he sees beforehand what will come to pass, and orders his affairs accordingly. To which purpose I cannot but mention that Laud, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, between whom and my lord interceded a great and entire friendship, which he confirmed by a legacy of a diamond to the value of £200 left to my lord when he died, which was much for him to bequeath; for though he was a great statesman, and in favour with his late Majesty, yet he was not covetous to hoard up wealth, but bestowed it rather upon the public, repairing the Cathedral of St. Paul's in London, which, had God granted him life, he would certainly have beautified, and rendered as famous and glorious as any in Christendom: this said Archbishop was pleased to tell his late Majesty, that my lord was one of the wisest and prudentest persons that ever he was acquainted with.

For further proof, I cannot pass by that my lord told his late Majesty King Charles the First, and her Majesty the now Queen-Mother, some time before the wars, that he observed by the humours of the people, the approaching of a civil war, and that his Majesty's person would be in danger of being deposed, if timely care was not taken to prevent it. . . .

The prudent manage of his private and domestic affairs appears sufficiently: (1) In his marriage. (2) In the ordering and increasing his estate before the wars which

notwithstanding his noble housekeeping and hospitality, and his generous bounty and charity, he increased to the value of £100,000. (3) In the ordering his affairs in the time of banishment, where although he received not the least of his own estate, during all the time of his exile until his return, yet he maintained himself handsomely and nobly, according to his quality, as much as his condition at that time would permit. (4) In reducing his torn and ruined estate after his return, which beyond all probability himself hath settled and ordered so, that his posterity will have reason gratefully to remember it.

In short; although my lord naturally loves not business, especially those of State (though he understands them as well as anybody), yet what business or affairs he cannot avoid, none will do them better than himself. His private affairs he orders without any noise or trouble, not over-hastily but wisely. Neither is he passionate in acting of business, but hears patiently, and orders soberly, and pierces into the heart or bottom of a business at the first encounter; but before all things, he considers well before he undertakes a business, whether he be able to go through it or no, for he never ventures upon either public or private business beyond his strength.

M. CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.—*The Life of the thrice noble, high, and puissant Prince William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.*

CAXTON'S 'SIMPLE AND POOR CUNNING'

WHEN I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvellous histories wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter. And forsomuch as this book was new and

late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself 'it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the realm of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard, in this present work which is named the *Recueil* of the Trojan histories. And afterward when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is, to wit, in French and in English, for in France was I never, and was born and learned mine English in Kent in the Weald where, I doubt not, is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued, by the space of thirty year, for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zeeland; and thus when all these things came tofore me after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work and purposed no more to have continued therein, and those quires laid apart, and in two year after laboured no more in this work. And was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortunèd that the right high, excellent, and right virtuous princess, my right redoubted lady, my lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England and of France, my sovereign lord, Duchess of Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Lymburgh, and of Luxembourg, Countess of Flanders, of Artois and of Bourgoyne, Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, and of Namur, Marchioness of the holy empire, lady of Fries, of Salins, and of Mechlin, sent for me to speak with her good grace of divers matters. Among the which, I let her highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, which anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said grace, and when she had seen them, anon she found a default in mine English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straitly to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated; whose dreadful commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits, and also hope many more to receive of her highness; but forthwith went and laboured in the

said translation after my simple and poor cunning ; also, nigh as I can, following mine author, meekly beseeching the bounteous highness of my said lady that of her benevolence list to accept and take in *gree* this simple and rude work here following. And if there be anything written or said to her pleasure, I shall think my labour well employed, and whereas there is default that she *arette* it to the simple-ness of my cunning which is full small in this behalf, and require and pray all them that shall read this said work to correct it, and to hold me excused of the rude and simple translation. And thus I end my prologue.

W. CAXTON.—*Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye.*

PRECEPTS TO A SON

Precept I.—*For the choice of your wives.*

FIRST, when it shall please God to bring you unto man's estate, making you capable of that calling, use great providence and circumspection in choice of your wives, as the root from whence may spring most of your future good or evil. For it is in the choice of a wife, as in a project of war, wherein to err but once is to be undone for ever ; and therefore be well advised before you conclude aught herein, for, though your error may teach you wit, it is uncertain whether you shall ever find time to practise it. Therefore, the more securely to enter herein, first, well consider your estate, which, if in a true survey, you find firm and settled, match near home and with deliberation, but if otherwise crazy and rented, then far off and with quick expedition.

Precept II.—*Teacheth the Education of Children.*

Bring your children up in obedience and learning, yet without too much austerity ; praise them openly, reprehend them secretly ; give them good countenance and convenient maintenance, according to your ability ; for otherwise your lives will seem their bondage, and then, as those are censured that defer all good to their end, so that portion you shall leave them they may thank Death for, and not you. Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

Precept III.—*For household provision and of the choice of servants.*

Live not in the country without corn and cattle about you : for he that must present his hand to his purse for every expense of household shall as hardly keep money therein, as it is for one to hold water in a sieve. And for your provision, lay to buy it at the best hand, for there may be sometimes a penny saved between buying at your need or when the season most fitly may furnish you.

Be not willingly attended or served by kinsmen or friends, which will seem to be men as it were entreated to stay ; for such will expect much, and sted little : neither by such as are amorous, for their heads are commonly intoxicated. Keep rather too few than one too many, feed them well, and pay them with the most, so may you lawfully demand service at their hands and boldly exact it.

Precept IV.—*How to intreat your kindred and allies.*

Let your kindred and allies be welcome to your table : grace them with your countenance, and ever further them in all their honest actions by word, liberality, or industry : for by that means you shall double the bond of Nature : be a neighbour to their good as well as to their blood.

Precept V.—*Adviseth to keep some great man to your friend, and how to compliment him.*

Be sure you keep some great man always to your friend, yet trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often, present him with many, yet small, gifts, and of little charge. And if you have cause to bestow any great gratuity on him, then let it be no chest commodity or obscure thing, but such a one as may be daily in sight, the better to be remembered.

Precept VI.—*How and when to undertake suits.*

Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving of great wrong, for therein you make him your competitor : besides that, it is held a base conquest to triumph upon a weak adversary ; neither undertake law against any man before you be fully resolved you have the right on your side, which being once so ascertained, then spare neither cost nor pains to accomplish it.

Precept VII.—*Advertiseth for suretyship.*

Beware of suretyship for your best friend : for he that payeth another man's debts, goeth the way to leave other men to pay his and seeketh his own overthrow. Therefore if he be such a one that you cannot well say nay, choose rather then to lend that money from yourself upon good bonds.

Precept VIII.—*How to carry a man's self toward his superiors and inferiors.*

Toward your superiors be humble, yet generous ; with your equals familiar, yet respective ; towards your inferiors, show much humility, with some familiarity, as to bow your body, stretch forth your hand, uncover your head, and such like popular complements : the first prepares way to advancement, the second will make you known for men well bred, the third gains a good report which, once gained, may easily be kept.

Precept IX.—*How far to disclose a man's secrets.*

Trust no man with your credit or estate, for it was a mere folly for a man to enthrall himself further to his friend than that he needs not fear him being his enemy.

Precept X.

Be not scurrilous in conversation, not satirical in your wits ; for the one makes you unwelcome to all companies as the other pulls quarrels on your heads and makes you hated of your best friends. Jests, when they do savour of too much truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those that are touched.

W. CECIL, LORD BURGHLEY.—*Certain Precepts.*

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

It lends a delightful confirmation to the argument, when, from the growing perfection of our instruments, we can discover a new point of resemblance between our earth and the other bodies of the planetary system. It is now ascertained, not merely that all of them have their day and night, and that all of them have their vicissitudes of seasons, and

that some of them have their moons to rule their night and alleviate the darkness of it. We can see of one, that its surface rises into inequalities, that it swells into mountains and stretches into valleys; of another, that it is surrounded by an atmosphere which may support the respiration of animals; of a third, that clouds are formed and suspended over it, which may minister to it all the bloom and luxuriance of vegetation; and of a fourth, that a white colour spreads over its northern regions, as its winter advances, and that on the approach of summer, this whiteness is dissipated—giving room to suppose, that the element of water abounds in it, that it rises by evaporation into its atmosphere, that it freezes upon the application of cold, that it is precipitated in the form of snow, that it covers the ground with a fleecy mantle, which melts away from the heat of a more vertical sun; and that other worlds bear a resemblance to our own, in the same yearly round of beneficent and interesting changes.

Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess with plausibility what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming, when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art, and industry, and intelligence. We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them left naked and colourless after the flush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct the map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in all its minute and topical varieties. But there is no end of conjecture, and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance of

what we can assert with the highest probability, that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds, that they teem with life, and that the mighty Being who presides in high authority over this scene of grandeur and astonishment, has there planted the worshippers of his glory.

T. CHALMERS.—*Discourses on the Christian Revelation.*

DICTIONARIES

WERE we to inquire who first led up the way of dictionaries, of late so much frequented, some little grammarian would, probably, be found at the head thereof: and from his particular views, designs, &c., if known, one might probably deduce, not only the general form, but even the particular circumstances of the modern productions under that name. The relation, however, extends both ways; and if we cannot deduce the nature of a dictionary from the condition of the author, we may the condition of the author from the nature of the dictionary. Thus much, at least, we may say, that he was an analyst; that his view was not to improve or advance knowledge but to teach or convey it; and that he was hence led to untie the complexions or bundles of ideas his predecessors had made, and reduce them to their natural simplicity; which is all that is essential to a lexicographer. Probably this was in the early days of the Egyptian sages, when words were more complex and obscure than now; and mystic symbols and hieroglyphics obtained; so that an explication of their marks or words might amount to a revelation of their whole inner philosophy: in which case, instead of a grammarian, we must put perhaps a priest or mystagogue at the head of dictionaries. Indeed, this seems the more probable, for that a grammatical dictionary could only have place where a language was already become very copious, and many synonymons got into it; or where the people of one language were desirous to learn that of another: which we have no reason to think could be very early, till much commerce and communication had made it necessary.

When a path is once made, men are naturally disposed to follow it, even though it be not the most convenient:

numbers will enlarge and widen, or even make it straighter and easier ; but it is odds they do not alter its course. To deviate from it is chiefly for the ignorant or the irregular ; persons who do not well know it, or are too licentious to keep it. And hence the alterations and improvements made in the several arts are chiefly owing to people of those characters. There is scarce a more powerful principle in nature than that of imitation, which not only leads us to do *what* we see others do, but *as* they do it. It is true there are exceptions from every rule : there are persons in good measure exempted from the influence of this principle ; and it is happy there are ; witness our Paracelsuses, Hobbeses, Leibnitzes, &c. In effect, if an art were first broached by an happy genius, it is afterwards cultivated on his principles to advantage : otherwise, not : and it may wait long for the anomalous hand of some reformer to set it to rights. Some of our arts have met with such hands, others still want them.

E. CHAMBERS.—*Cyclopaedia : or, an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.*

NATIONALITY AND STYLE

IF we confine ourselves simply to the consideration of style, we shall have reason to think that a people among whom this is neglected wants one important intellectual aid. In this, great power is exerted, and by exertion increased. To the multitude, indeed, language seems so natural an instrument, that to use it with clearness and energy seems no great effort. It is framed, they think, to the writer's hand, and so continually employed as to need little thought or skill. But in nothing is the creative power of a gifted writer seen more than in his style. True, his words may be found in the dictionary ; but there they lie disjointed and dead. What a wonderful life does he breathe into them by compacting them into his sentences ! Perhaps he uses no term which has not yet been hackneyed by ordinary writers ; and yet with these vulgar materials what miracles does he achieve ! What a world of thought does he condense into a phrase ! By new combinations of

common words, what delicate lines or what a blaze of light does he pour over his subject ! Power of style depends very little on the structure or copiousness of the language which the writer of genius employs, but chiefly, if not wholly, on his own mind. The words, arranged in his dictionary, are no more fitted to depict his thoughts than the block of marble in the sculptor's shop to show forth the conceptions which are dawning in his mind. Both are inert materials. The power which pervades them comes from the soul ; and the same creative energy is manifested in the production of a noble style as in extracting beautiful forms from lifeless stone. How unfaithful, then, is a nation to its own intellect, in which grace and force of style receive no culture.

W. E. CHANNING.—*Remarks on National Literature.*

ON BURYING A HAIR

THIS solemn pageant graced with so glorious a presence as your Highness's self, and others, as you see, that mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves, may perhaps breed a wonder in those that know not the cause, and laughter in those that know it. To see the mighty Emperor of Rome march in a mourning habit, and after him all the state of the empire either present or presented ; the peers in person, though with dry eyes yet God knows their hearts ; others in their ranks ; one representing the state of a courtier (as I judge by his leg), another of a citizen (as I judge by his head), another of a soldier (as I judge by his look), another the state poetical (as I judge by his clothes) ; for the state physical, it hath no place here, for whoever saw a physician follow a funeral ? To see, I say, all this assembly masking in this funeral pomp, could he that saw it imagine any less funeral subject would follow than the hearse of your dear mother Agrippina ? or your beloved wife Octavia ? or else of her whom you prefer to them both, your divine Poppaea ? At least who would imagine that a poor hair broken loose from his fellows, or shaken off, like a wind-fall from the golden tree before his time, should have the honour of this imperial solemnity ; and be able to glory

like the fly in the cart: Good heaven, what a troop of fools have I gathered together!

It is fatal to all honourable actions to fall under the scourge of detracting tongues, and for the most part to be condemned before they come to trial. In regard whereof, I will borrow so much of your patience as that I may in a word or two examine the whole ground of this spectacle: not doubting but that I shall make it appear to all upright ears that it is an action most worthy your wisdom, my gracious sovereign, and that this silly, this base, this contemptible hair on this hearse supported, receives no thought of honour but what it well deserveth.

G. CHAPMAN.—*A Justification of a strange Action of Nero.*

[CHATHAM, LORD.—See PITT.]

THE COMMONPLACES OF PRUDENCE

UPON a day befel that he [Melibeus] for his disport is went into the fields him to play. His wife and eke his daughter hath he left within his house, of which the doors were fast shut. Three of his old foes have it espied, and set ladders to the walls of his house, and by the windows have entered and beaten his wife, and wounded his daughter with five mortal wounds in five sundry places; this is to say, in her feet, in her hands, in her ears, in her nose, and in her mouth; and left her for dead, and went away.

When Melibeus returned was into his house, and saw all this mischief, he, like a mad man, rending his clothes, gan to weep and cry.

Prudence his wife, as far forth as she durst, besought him of his weeping for to stint; but only therefore he gan to cry and weep ever longer the more.

This noble wife Prudence remembered her upon the sentence of Ovid, in his book that cleped is *The Remedy of Love* wherein he saith; 'he is a fool that disturbeth the mother to weep in the death of her child, till she have wept her fill, as for a certain time; and then shall man do his diligence with amiable words her to recomfort, and pray her of her weeping for to stint.' For which reason this noble

wife Prudence suffered her husband for to weep and cry as for a certain space ; and when she saw her time, she said him in this wise. ‘ Alas, my lord,’ quoth she, ‘ why make ye yourself for to be like a fool ? Forsooth, it appertaineth not to a wise man, to make such a sorrow. Your daughter, with the grace of God, shall be cured and escape. And although were it so that she right now were dead, ye ne ought not as for her death yourself to destroy. Seneca saith : “ the wise man shall not take to great discomfort for the death of his children, but certes he should suffer it in patience, as well as he abideth the death of his own proper person.” ’

G. CHAUCER.—Tale of *Melibee*.

THE ASTROLABE

LITTLE Lewis my son, I have perceived well by certain evidences thine ability to learn sciences touching numbers and proportions ; and as well consider I thy busy prayer in special to learn the Treatise of the Astrolabe. Then, forasmuch as a philosopher saith, ‘ he wrappeth him in his friend, that condescendeth to the rightful prayers of his friend,’ therefore have I given thee a sufficient astrolabe as for our horizon, compounded after the latitude of Oxford, upon which by mediation of this little treatise, I purpose to teach thee a certain number of conclusions appertaining to the same instrument. I say a certain of conclusions, for three causes. The first cause is this : trust well that all the conclusions that have been found, or else possibly might be found in so noble an instrument as an astrolabe, be unknown perfectly to any mortal man in this region, as I suppose. Another cause is this ; that soothly in any treatise of the astrolabe that I have seen, there be some conclusions that will not in all things perform their behests ; and some of them be too hard to thy tender age of ten year to conceive. This treatise, divided in five parts will I show thee under full light rules and naked words in English ; for Latin ne canst thou yet but small, my little son. But natheless, suffice to thee these true conclusions in English, as well as sufficeth to these noble clerks Greeks these same conclusions in Greek, and to Arabians in Arabic, and to Jews

in Hebrew, and to the Latin folk in Latin ; which Latin folk have them first out of other diverse languages, and written in their own tongue, that is to say, in Latin. And God wot that in all these languages, and in many more, have these conclusions been sufficiently learned and taught, and yet by diverse rules, right as diverse paths lead diverse folk the right way to Rome. Now will I pray meekly every discreet person that readeth or heareth this little treatise, to have my rude inditing for excused, and my superfluity of words, for two causes. The first cause is, for that curious inditing and hard sentence is full heavy at once for such a child to learn. And the second cause is this, that soothly me seemeth better to write unto a child twice a good sentence, than he forget it once. And, Lewis, if so be that I show thee in my light English as true conclusions touching this matter, and not only as true but as many and as subtle conclusions as be showed in Latin in any common treatise of the astrolabe, con me the more thank ; and pray God save the king, that is lord of this language, and all that him faith beareth and obeyeth, every one in his degree, the more and the less. But consider well, that I ne usurp not to have found this work, of my labour or of mine engine [skill]. I am not but a lewd compiler of the labour of old astrologians, and have it translated in mine English only for thy doctrine ; and with this sword shall I slay envy.

G. CHAUCER.—Prologue to *A Treatise on the Astrolabe*.

THE EVILS OF CIVIL WAR

As for war, although it be miserable, yet the one part getteth somewhat and rejoiceth in the spoil, and so goeth lustier alway, and other increaseth his country with riches, or enhanceth himself with glory, but in sedition both the parts loseth, the overcomer cannot fly, the overcomer cannot spoil, the more the winner winneth the more he loseth, the more that escape the more infamous men live, all that is gained is scarcely saved, the winning is loss, the loss is destruction, both waste themselves, and the whole most wasted, the strengthening of themselves the decay of the country, the striving for the victory is a prey to the enemy,

and shortly to say, the hellish turmoil of sedition so far passeth the common misery of war as to slay himself is more heinous than to be slain of another. O noble peace, what wealth bringest thou in, how doth all things flourish in field and in town, what forwardness of religion, what increase of learning, what gravity in counsel, what devise of wit, what order of manners, what obedience of laws, what reverence of states, what safeguard of houses, what quietness of life, what honour of countries, what friendship of minds, what honesty of pleasure, hast thou always maintained, whose happiness we knew not, while now we feel the lack, and shall learn by misery to understand plenty, and so to avoid mischief by the hurt that it bringeth, and learn to serve better, where rebellion is once known; and so to live truly, and keep the king's peace. What good state were ye in afore ye began, not pricked with poverty, but stirred with mischiefs, to seek your destruction, having ways to redress all that was amiss? Magistrates most ready to tender all justice, and pitiful in hearing the poor men's causes, which sought to amend matters more than you can devise, and were ready to redress them better than ye could imagine; and yet for a headiness ye could not be contented; but in despite of God, who commandeth obedience, and in contempt of the king, whose laws seeketh your wealth, and to overthrow the country, which naturally we should love, ye would proudly rise, and do ye wot not what, and amend things by rebellion to your utter undoing. What state leave ye us in now, besieged with enemies, divided at home, made poor with spoil and loss of our harvest, unordered and cast down with slaughter and hatred, hindered from amendments by our own devilish haste, endangered with sicknesses, by reason of disorder, laid open to men's pleasures for breaking of the laws, and feebled to such faintness that scarcely it will be covered.

Wherefore, for God's sake, have pity on yourselves, consider how miserably ye have spoiled, destroyed, and wasted us all; and if for desperateness ye care not for yourselves, yet remember your wives, your children, your country, and forsake this rebellion.

SIR J. CHEKE.—*The Hurt of Sedition, how grievous it is to a Commonwealth.*

[CHESTERFIELD, LORD.—See STANHOPE.]

THE FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES

FORGIVE us—as we forgive: Yea, so boundlessly, and without all restrictions or reservations, is it enjoined, that whenas Peter thought it fair to have it limited to a certain number, and proposed seven, as, in his opinion, reasonable and convenient; no, saith our Saviour, Forgive not until seven times but until four hundred fourscore and ten times. And if he could have imagined that it were possible for a man to have exceeded even this number also in injuries, without question he would not have left there neither.

But how is this doctrine received in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus: If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in thy reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! a man's blood for an injurious passionate speech, for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayst gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldest to the communion. After some several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him mildly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

Oh, thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say, They have not learned this from us; or the Mahometans, they will answer, We are not guilty of it. Blessed God! that it should become a most sure settled

course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, (which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life!). That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God. That whereas he sees himself every day and hour almost contemned and despised by thee who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation, yet he notwithstanding is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his longsuffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him : and yet thou, on the other side, for a distempered passionate speech or less, should take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of (for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?), before the Tribunal-Seat of God to expect your final sentence, utterly depriving thyself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good.

W. CHILLINGWORTH.—*Nine Sermons.*

[CLARENDON, LORD.—*See HYDE.*]

THE KING'S SPEECH

How destitute of judgement and of practical talent these persons have been, in the capacity of statesmen and of legislators, the present miserable and perilous state of England amply demonstrates : and I am now about to show you, that they are equally destitute in the capacity of writers. There is some poet who says :

Of all the arts, in which the learn'd excel,
The first in rank is that of *writing well*.

And though a man may possess great knowledge, as a statesman and as a legislator, without being able to perform what

this poet would call *writing well*; yet surely we have a right to expect in a *minister* the capacity of being able to write *grammatically*; the capacity of putting his own meaning clearly down upon paper. But, in the composing of a king's speech, it is not *one* man, but *nine* men, whose judgement and practical talent are employed. A king's speech is, too, a very *short* piece of writing. The topics are all distinct. Very little is said upon each. There is no reasoning. It is all plain matter of fact, or of simple observation. The thing is done with all the advantages of abundant time for examination and re-examination. Each of the ministers has a copy of the speech to read, to examine, and to observe upon; and, when no one has anything left to suggest in the way of alteration or improvement, the speech is agreed to, and put into the mouth of the king.

Surely therefore, if in any human effort perfection can be expected, we have a right to expect it in a king's speech. You shall now see, then, what pretty stuff is put together, and delivered to the Parliament, under the name of king's speeches.

The speech which I am about to examine is, indeed, a speech of the Regent; but I might take any other of these speeches. I choose this particular speech, because the subjects of it are familiar in America as well as in England. It was spoken on the 8th of November, 1814. I shall take a sentence at a time, in order to avoid confusion.

'My lords and gentlemen, It is with *deep regret* that *I am again obliged* to announce the continuance of his Majesty's lamented indisposition.'

Even in this short sentence there is something *equivocal*; for it *may* be, that the prince's regret arises from *his being obliged* to announce, and not from the thing announced. If he had said, 'With deep regret I announce,' or, 'I announce with deep regret,' there would have been nothing equivocal. And in a composition like this, all ought to be as clear as the pebbled brook.

'It would have given me great satisfaction to have been enabled to communicate to you the *termination* of the war between this country and the United States of America.'

The double compound times of the verbs, in the first part of the sentence, make the words mean, that it would, before the prince came to the House, have given him great

satisfaction *to be* enabled to communicate ; whereas, he meant, 'It would *now*, have given me great satisfaction *to be enabled* to communicate.' In the latter part of the sentence we have a little nonsense. What does *termination* mean ? It means, in this case, *end*, or *conclusion* ; and thus the prince wished to *communicate an end* to the wise men, by whom he was surrounded ! To communicate is *to impart* to another any thing that we have in our possession or within our power. And so the prince wished to *impart the end* to the noble lords and honourable gentlemen. He might wish to impart, or communicate, the *news*, or the *intelligence* of the *end* ; but he could not *communicate the end itself*. What should we say, if some one were to tell us, that an officer had arrived, and *brought* home the termination of a battle, and *carried* it to Carlton House and *communicated* it to the prince ? We should laugh at our informant's ignorance of grammar, though we should understand what he meant. And shall we, then, be so partial and so unjust as to reverence in kings' councillors that which we should laugh at in one of our neighbours ? To act thus would be, my dear son, a base abandonment of our reason, which is, to use the words of Dr. Watts, the common gift of God to man.

'*Although* this war originated in *the most* unprovoked aggression on the part of *the Government* of the United States, and was calculated to promote the designs of the common enemy of Europe against the rights and independence of *all other nations*, I never have ceased to entertain a sincere desire to bring it to a conclusion *on just and honourable terms*.'

The *the most* would lead us to suppose, that there had been *more than one* aggression, and that the war originated in the most unprovoked of *them* ; whereas the prince's meaning was, that the aggression was *an* unprovoked one, unprovoked in the superlative degree ; and that, therefore, it was *a most* unprovoked aggression. The words *all other nations*, may mean all nations *except England* ; or, all nations *out of Europe* ; or, all nations *other than the United States* ; or, all nations *except the enemy's own nation*. Guess you which of these is the meaning : I confess that I am wholly unable to determine the question. But what does the close of the sentence mean, when taken into view with

the *although* at the beginning? Does the prince mean, that he would be justified in wanting to make peace on *unjust* and *dishonourable* terms *because* the enemy had been the aggressor? He might, indeed, wish to make it on terms dishonourable, and even disgraceful, to the enemy; but could he possibly wish to make it on *unjust* terms? Does he mean, that an aggression, however wicked and unprovoked, would give him *a right* to do *injustice*? Yet if he do not mean this, what does he mean? Perhaps (for there is no certainty) he may mean, that he wishes to bring the war to a conclusion as soon as he can get *just and honourable terms from the enemy*: but, then, what is he to do with the *although*? Let us try this. 'I am ready,' say you, 'to make peace, *if you will give me just terms, although you are the aggressor.*' To be sure you are, *whether I be the aggressor or not*! All that you can possibly have the face to ask of me *is justice*; and, therefore, why do you connect your wish for peace with this *although*? Either you mean, that my aggression gives you *a right* to demand of me *more than justice*, or you talk *nonsense*. Nor must we overlook the word '*government*', which is introduced here. In the sentence before, the prince wished to communicate the end of the war between '*this country and the United States*'; but in this sentence we are at war with '*the Government of the United States.*' This was a poor trick of sophistry, and as such we will let it pass with only observing, that such low trickery is not very becoming in men selected from '*a noble, honourable, and reverend assembly*'.

W. COBBETT.—*A Grammar of the English Language.*

THE ENGLISH GARDEN OF EDEN

ARTHUR YOUNG calls the vale between Farnham and Alton *the finest ten miles in England*. Here is a river with fine meadows on each side of it, and with rising grounds on each outside of the meadows, those grounds having some hop-gardens and some pretty woods. But, though I was born in this vale, I must confess, that the ten miles between Maidstone and Tunbridge (which the Kentish folk call the *Garden of Eden*) is a great deal finer; for here, with a river

LANGUAGE

EVERY man's language varies, according to the extent of his knowledge, the activity of his faculties, and the depth or quickness of his feelings. Every man's language has, first, its *individualities*; secondly, the common properties of the *class* to which he belongs; and thirdly, words and phrases of *universal* use. The language of Hooker, Bacon, Bishop Taylor, and Burke differs from the common language of the learned class only by the superior number and novelty of the thoughts and relations which they had to convey. The language of Algernon Sidney differs not at all from that, which every well-educated gentleman would wish to write, and (with due allowances for the undeliberateness, and less connected train of thinking natural and proper to conversation) such as he would wish to talk. Neither one nor the other differ half so much from the general language of cultivated society, as the language of Mr. Wordsworth's homeliest composition differs from that of a common peasant. For 'real', therefore, we must substitute *ordinary*, or *lingua communis*. And this, we have proved, is no more to be found in the phraseology of low and rustic life than in that of any other class. Omit the peculiarities of each and the result, of course, must be common to all. And assuredly the omissions and changes to be made in the language of rustics, before it could be transferred to any species of poem, except the drama or other professed imitation, are at least as numerous and weighty, as would be required in adapting to the same purpose the ordinary language of tradesmen and manufacturers. Not to mention, that the language so highly extolled by Mr. Wordsworth varies in every county, nay, in every village, according to the accidental character of the clergyman, the existence or non-existence of schools; or even, perhaps, as the excise-man, publican, and barber happen to be, or not to be, zealous politicians, and readers of the weekly newspaper *pro bono publico*. Anterior to cultivation the *lingua communis* of every country, as Dante has well observed, exists everywhere in parts, and nowhere as a whole.

S. T. COLERIDGE.—*Biographia Literaria*.

HIGH WISDOM

REMEMBER first of all, virtuous reader, that it is high wisdom and great perfection thyself to know and then thyself to despise. Thou must know that thou hast nothing that good is of thyself, but of God. For the gifts of nature and all other temporal gifts of this world, which be lawfully and truly obtained, well considered, be come to thee by the infinite goodness and grace of God, and not of thyself. But in especial it is necessary for thee to know that God of his great grace hath made thee his image, having regard to thy memory, understanding, and free will, and that God is thy Maker and thou his wretched creature; and that thou art redeemed of God by the passion of Christ Jesu, and that God is thy helper, thy refuge, and thy deliverer from all evil, and to consider and know the goodly order which God of his infinite wisdom hath ordained thee to be ordered by. As to have these temporal goods for the necessity of thy body: the body and sensual appetites to be ordered by thy soul, thy soul to be ordered by reason and grace: by reason and grace to know thy duty to God and to thy neighbour, and by all common reason if thou keep this convenient order to God and his creatures, they shall keep their order to thee. But if thou break thine order to them, of likelihood they shall break their order to thee.

J. COLET.—*The Order of a good Christian Man's Life.*

THE CHIEF END OF COMEDY

To make delight the main business of comedy is an unreasonable and dangerous principle. It opens the way to all licentiousness, and confounds the distinction between mirth and madness. For if diversion is the chief end, it must be had at any price. No serviceable expedient must be refused, though never so scandalous. And thus the worst things are said, and the best abused; religion is insulted, and the most serious matters turned into ridicule. As if the blind side of an audience ought to be caressed, and their folly and atheism entertained in the first place. Yes, if the palate is pleased, no matter though the body is

poisoned ! For can one die of an easier disease than diversion ? But raillery apart, certainly mirth and laughing without respect to the cause, are not such supreme satisfactions. A man has sometimes pleasure in losing his wits. Frenzy and possession will shake the lungs and brighten the face ; and yet I suppose they are not much to be coveted. However, now we know the reason of the profaneness and obscenity of the stage, of their hellish cursing and swearing, and, in short, of their great industry to make God and goodness contemptible : 'tis all to satisfy the company, and make people laugh ! A most admirable justification ! What can be more engaging to an audience than to see a poet thus atheistically brave ? To see him charge up to the cannon's mouth, and defy the vengeance of heaven to serve them ? Besides, there may be somewhat of convenience in the case. To fetch diversion out of innocence is no such easy matter. There's no succeeding, it may be, in this method, without sweat and drudging. Clean wit, inoffensive humour, and handsome contrivance require time and thought. And who would be at this expense, when the purchase is so cheap another way ? 'Tis possible a poet may not always have sense enough by him for such an occasion. And since we are upon supposals, it may be the audience is not to be gained without straining a point and giving a loose to conscience : and when people are sick, are they not to be humoured ? In fine, we must make them laugh, right or wrong, for delight is the chief end of comedy. Delight ! He should have said debauchery : that's the English of the word and the consequence of the practice.

J. COLLIER.—*Immorality of the English Stage.*

LOVE—BEFORE FIRST SIGHT

'Tis strange now, but all accounts agree, that just here Leonora, who had run like a violent stream against Aurelian hitherto, now retorted with as much precipitation in his favour. I could never get anybody to give me a satisfactory reason, for her sudden and dexterous change of opinion just at that stop, which made me conclude she could not help

it ; and that Nature boiled over in her at that time when it had so fair an opportunity to show itself. For Leonora it seems was a woman beautiful and otherwise of an excellent disposition, but in the bottom a very woman. This last objection, this opportunity of persuading man to disobedience, determined the matter in favour of Aurelian more than all his excellencies and qualifications, take him as Aurelian or Hippolito, or both together.

Well, the spirit of contradiction and of Eve was strong in her ; and she was in a fair way to love Aurelian, for she liked him already. . . .

I would not have the reader now be impertinent and look upon this to be farce, or a whim of the author's, that a woman should proceed so far in her approbation of a man whom she never saw, that it is impossible, therefore ridiculous to suppose it. Let me tell such a critic that he knows nothing of the sex, if he does not know that a woman may be taken with the character and description of a man, when general and extraordinary, that she may be prepossessed with an agreeable idea of his person and conversation ; and though she cannot imagine his real features or manner of wit, yet she has a general notion of what is called a fine gentleman, and is prepared to like such a one who does not disagree with that character. Aurelian, as he bore a fair character, so was he extremely deserving to make it good, which otherwise might have been to his prejudice ; for oftentimes, through an imprudent indulgence to our friend's merit, we give so large a description of his excellences, that people make more room in their expectation than the intrinsic worth of the man will fill, which renders him so much the more despicable as there is emptiness to spare. 'Tis certain, though the women seldom find that out ; for though they do not see so much in a man as was promised, yet they will be so kind to imagine he has some hidden excellencies which time may discover to them, so are content to allow him a considerable share of their esteem, and take him into favour upon tick.

W. CONGREVE.—*Incognita*.

AN ANTE-MARITAL AGREEMENT

MRS. MILLAMANT.—D'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married ; positively I won't be called names.

MIRABELL.—Names !

MRS. MILLAMANT.—Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis ; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there together again ; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together ; but let us be very strange and well bred : let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while ; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

MIRABELL.—Have you any more conditions to offer ? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MRS. MILLAMANT.—Trifles !—As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please ; to write and receive letters without interrogatories or wry faces on your part ; to wear what I please ; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste ; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance ; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please ; dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate ; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIRABELL.—Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account.—Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband ?

MRS. MILLAMANT.—You have free leave ; propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIRABELL.—I thank you.—*Imprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidante, or intimate of your own sex; no she friend, to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask—then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out—and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up, and prove my constancy.

MRS. MILLAMANT.—Detestable *imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

MIRABELL.—*Item*, I article that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins, and I know not what—hogs' bones, hares' gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in what d'ye call it court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and penny-worths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, &c. . . . I denounce against all strait-lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit—but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee: as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of clary—but for cowslip wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow.—These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

W. CONGREVE.—*The Way of the World.*

ETHICAL DOCTRINE

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required, a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!—that world, Palemon, which even now transported you, when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to anything below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe.

Let us not therefore wonder, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin.

But much less let us account it strange if, either by outward shock, or some interior wound from hostile matter, particular animals are deformed. . . . 'Tis then alone that monstrous shapes are seen: nature still working as before and not perversely or erroneously, not faintly or with feeble endeavours, but o'erpowered by a superior rival, and by another nature's justly conquering force.

Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathizes often with its close partner. Who is there can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds

enclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs ?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis *good* which is predominant ; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.

A. A. COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.—*The Moralists.*

THE USE OF FORKS AT TABLE

I OBSERVED a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meal, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at the table do cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, their forks being for the most part made of iron or steel, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home : being once quipped for that frequent using of my fork by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Laurence Whitaker, who in his

merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause.

T. CORYATE.—*Coryat's Crudities*.

OF BOOKS

I MAKE no doubt but that I oft happen to speak of things that are much better and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade. This here is purely an essay of my natural parts, and not of those acquired: and whoever shall take me tripping in my ignorance will not in any sort displease me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my writings, who am not so to myself, nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things but to lay open myself. They may, peradventure, one day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as my fortune has been able to bring me in place where they have been explained, but I have utterly forgot them: and if I am a man of some reading, I am a man of no retention. So that I can promise no certainty, if not to make known to what certain mark the knowledge I now have does rise. Therefore let nobody insist upon the matter I write, but my method in writing. Let them observe in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise, or relieve the invention, which is always my own. For I make others say for me what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them. And had I designed to raise their estimate by their number, I had made them twice as many. They are all, or within a very few, so famed and ancient authors, that they seem, methinks, themselves sufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the trouble. In reasons, comparisons, and arguments, if I transplant any into my own soil, and confound them amongst my own, I purposely conceal the author, to awe the temerity of those precipitous censures, that fall upon all sorts of writings; particularly the late ones, of men yet living, and in the vulgar tongue,

which put every one into a capacity of censuring, and which seem to convince the authors themselves of vulgar conception and design. I will have them wound Plutarch through my sides, and rail against Seneca when they think they rail at me. I must shelter my own weakness under these great reputations ; I shall love any that can plumb me, that is, by clearness of understanding and judgement, and by the sole distinction of the force and beauty of discourse. For I, who, for want of memory, am at every turn at a loss to pick them out of their national livery, am yet wise enough to know, by the measure of my own abilities, that my soil is incapable of producing any of those rich flowers, that I there find set and growing ; and that all the fruits of my own growth are not worth any one of them. For this, indeed, I hold myself very responsible, though the confession makes against me ; if there be any vanity and vice in my writings, which I do not of myself perceive, nor can discern, when pointed out to me by another ; for many faults escape the eye, but the infirmity of judgement consists in not being able to discern them when, by another, laid open to us. Knowledge and truth may be in us without judgement and judgement also without them ; but the confession of ignorance is one of the fairest and surest testimonies of judgement that I know : I have no other officer to put my writings in rank and file, but only Fortune. As things come into my head, I heap them one upon another, which sometimes advance in whole bodies, sometimes in single files : I am content that every one should see my natural and ordinary pace, as ill as it is. I suffer myself to jog on, at my own rate and ease. Neither are these subjects, which a man is not permitted to be ignorant in, or casually, and at a venture, to discourse of. I could wish to have a more perfect knowledge of things, but I will not buy it so dear as it will cost. My design is to pass over easily, and not laboriously, the remainder of my life. There is nothing that I will cudgel my brains about ; no, not knowledge, of what price soever. I seek, in the reading of books, only to please myself, by an irreproachable diversion ; or if I study, 'tis for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to die, and live well.

C. COTTON.—*Translation of Montaigne's Essays.*

THIS BUSY WORLD AND I

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself. It grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind ; neither my mind nor my body nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world or glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. . . .

I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace) ; and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me ; they were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question : I believe I can tell the particular little chance which filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there : for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers ; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made a eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university ; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up

every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest ; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and the French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it ; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach if it did with my courage ; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniencies for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses ; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect.

Well then ; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary fortunes.

A. COWLEY.—*Of Myself.*

THE ART OF AGRICULTURE

THE antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier, and if any man object, that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; because (says he) the Most High has created it. We were all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth, out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance. . . .

A man would think, when he's in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing, for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mummerly and madness; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think, though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now of good breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children as soon as they are able to walk? But did ever any father provide a tutor for his son to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law: there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it. First, aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, pasturage.

Thirdly, gardens, orchards, vineyards, and woods. Fourthly, all parts of rural economy, which would contain the government of bees, swine, poultry, decoys, ponds, &c., and all that which Varro calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the sports of the field, which ought to be looked upon not only as pleasures, but as parts of housekeeping and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad.

A. COWLEY.—*Of Agriculture.*

OCCASIONAL TRIFLES

MY dear Friend—When I wrote the lines in question, I was, as I almost always am, so pressed for time, that I was obliged to put them down in a great hurry. Perhaps I printed them wrong. If a full stop be made at the end of the second line, the appearance of inconsistency, perhaps, will vanish: but should you still think them liable to that objection, they may be altered thus:—

In vain to live from age to age
We modern bards endeavour;
But write in Patty's book one page,
You gain your point for ever.

Trifling enough, I readily confess they are; but I have always allowed myself to trifle occasionally; and on this occasion had not, nor have at present, time to do more. By the way, should you think this amended copy worthy to displace the former, I must wait for some future opportunity to send you them properly transcribed for the purpose. . . .

Your demand of more original composition from me, will, if I live, and if it please God to afford me health, in all probability be sooner or later gratified. In the meantime, you need not—and if you turn the matter in your thoughts a little, you will perceive that you need not—think me unworthily employed in preparing a new edition of Milton. His two principal poems are of a kind that call for an editor who believes the gospel, and is well grounded in all evangelical doctrine. Such an editor they have never had yet, though only such a one can be qualified for the office.

W. COWPER.—*Letters* [1792: to the Rev. John Newton].

IN AT THE DEATH

ONE day last week, Mrs. Unwin and I, having taken our morning walk and returning homeward through the wilderness, met the Throckmortons. A minute after we had met them, we heard the cry of hounds at no great distance, and mounting the broad stump of an elm which had been felled, and by the aid of which we were enabled to look over the wall, we saw them. They were all at that time in our orchard; presently we heard a terrier, belonging to Mrs. Throckmorton, which you may remember by the name of Fury, yelping with much vehemence, and saw her running through the thickets within a few yards of us at her utmost speed, as if in pursuit of something which we doubted not was the fox. Before we could reach the other end of the wilderness, the hounds entered also; and when we arrived at the gate which opens into the grove, there we found the whole weary cavalcade assembled. The huntsmen dismounting, begged leave to follow his hounds on foot, for he was sure, he said, that they had killed him: a conclusion which I suppose he drew from their profound silence. He was accordingly admitted, and with a sagacity that would not have dishonoured the best hound in the world, pursuing precisely the same track which the fox and the dogs had taken, though he had never had a glimpse of either after their first entrance through the rails, arrived where he found the slaughtered prey. He soon produced dead reynard, and rejoined us in the grove with all his dogs about him. Having an opportunity to see a ceremony, which I was pretty sure would never fall in my way again, I determined to stay and to notice all that passed with the most minute attention. The huntsman having by the aid of a pitchfork lodged reynard on the arm of an elm, at the height of about nine feet from the ground, there left him for a considerable time. The gentlemen sat on their horses contemplating the fox, for which they had toiled so hard, and the hounds assembled at the foot of the tree, with faces not less expressive of the most rational delight, contemplated the same object. The huntsman remounted: cut off a foot, and threw it to the hounds;—one of them swallowed it whole like a bolus. He then once more alighted, and drawing

down the fox by the hinder legs, desired the people, who were by this time rather numerous, to open a lane for him to the right and left. He was instantly obeyed, when throwing the fox to the distance of some yards, and screaming like a fiend, 'tear him to pieces'—at least six times repeatedly, he consigned him over absolutely to the pack, who in a few minutes devoured him completely. Thus, my dear, as Virgil says, what none of the gods could have ventured to promise me, time itself, pursuing its accustomed course, has of its own accord presented me with. I have been in at the death of a fox, and you now know as much of the matter as I, who am as well informed as any sportsman in England.

W. COWPER.—*Letters* [1788: to Lady Hesketh].

THE CANDIDATE CANVASSING

MY DEAR FRIEND—It being his majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard side, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element, as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry,

and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour, were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a ribbon from his button-hole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more.

W. COWPER.—*Letters* [1784: to the Rev. John Newton].

AN APPEAL TO BURKE

SIR,—I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, Sir, procure me pardon: I am one of those outcasts on

the world, who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread. Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last, I came to London with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life, till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only: I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions; when I wanted bread they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

Time, reflection, and want, have shown me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light; and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications. . . .

Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstration of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress; it is, therefore, with a distant hope I venture to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, Sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

I will call upon you, Sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and everyone near and dear to me are distressed in my distress.

G. CRABBE.

THE SCRIPTURE IN THE VULGAR TONGUE

Bible
copy

FOR two sundry sorts of people it seemeth much necessary that something be said in the entry of this book by the way of a preface or prologue: whereby hereafter, it may be both the better accepted of them which hitherto could not well bear it, and also the better used of them which heretofore have misused it. For truly some there are, that be too slow and need the spur; some other seem too quick and need more of the bridle. Some lose their game by short shooting, some by overshooting. Some walk too much on the left hand; some too much on the right. In the former sort be all they, that refuse to read or to hear read, the Scripture in the vulgar tongue, much worse they that also let, or discourage the other from the reading or hearing thereof. In the latter sort be they which by their inordinate reading, indiscreet speaking, contentious disputing, or otherwise by their licentious living, slander and hinder the word of God most of all other, whereof they would seem to be greater furtherers. These two sorts, albeit they be most far unlike the one to the other yet they both deserve in effect like reproach. Neither can I well tell, whether of them I may judge the more offender, him that doth obstinately refuse so godly and goodly knowledge, or him that so ungodly and so ungoodly doth abuse the same.

And as touching the former, I would marvel much, that any man should be so mad, as to refuse in darkness, light; in hunger, food; in cold, fire. For the word of God is light: *Lucerna pedibus meis verbum tuum*. Food: *Non in solo pane vivit homo, sed in omni verbo Dei*. Fire: *Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo, nisi ut ardeat?* I would marvel, I say, at this, save that I consider, how much custom and usage may do. So that if there were a people, as some write *De Cimmeriis*, which never saw the sun, by reason that they be situated far toward the North Pole, and be enclosed and overshadowed with high mountains; it is credible and like enough, that if by the power and will of God the mountains should sink down, and give place that the light of the sun might have entrance to them, at the first some of them would be offended therewith. And the old proverb affirmeth, that after tillage of corn was

first found, many delighted more to feed of mast and acorns, wherewith they had been accustomed, than to eat bread made of good corn. Such is the manner and custom, that it causeth us to bear all things well and easily wherewith we have been accustomed, and to be offended with all things thereunto contrary. And therefore I can well think them worthy pardon which at the coming abroad of Scripture doubted and drew back. But such as will persist still in their wilfulness, I must needs judge not only foolish, froward, and obstinate, but also peevish, perverse, and indurate.

T. CRANMER.—*A Prologue or
Preface to the Bible.*

CROMWELL AND OXFORD

To the Reverend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and other Members of the Convocation.

Edinburgh, 4th Feb. 1650.

Honoured Gentlemen,

I have received, by the hands of those worthy Persons of your University sent by you into Scotland, a Testimony of very high respect and honour, in your choosing me to be your Chancellor. Which deserves a fuller return, of deep resentment, value, and acknowledgement, than I am any ways able to make. Only give me leave a little to expostulate on your and my own behalf. I confess it was in your freedom to elect, and it would be very uningenious in me to reflect upon your action; only (though somewhat late) let me advise you of my unfitness to answer the ends of so great a Service and Obligation, with some things very obvious.

I suppose a principal aim in such elections hath not only respected abilities and interest to serve you, but freedom as to opportunities of time and place. As the first may not be well supposed, so the want of the latter may well become me to represent to you. You know where Providence hath placed me for the present; and to what I am related if this call were off,—I being tied to attendance in another Land as much out of the way of serving

you as this, for some certain time yet to come appointed by the Parliament. The known esteem and honour of this place is such, that I should wrong it and your favour very much, and your freedom in choosing me, if, either by pretended modesty or in any unbenign way, I should dispute the acceptance of it. Only I hope it will not be imputed to me as a neglect towards you, that I cannot serve you in the measure I desire.

I offer these exceptions with all candour and clearness to you, as leaving you most free to mend your choice in case you think them reasonable; and shall not reckon myself the less obliged to do all good offices for the University. But if these prevail not, and that I must continue this honour,—until I can personally serve you, you shall not want my prayers That that seed and stock of Piety and Learning so marvellously springing up amongst you, may be useful to that great and glorious Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; of the approach of which so plentiful an effusion of the Spirit upon those hopeful plants is one of the best presages. And in all other things I shall, by the Divine assistance, improve my poor abilities and interests in manifesting myself, to the University and yourselves,

Your most cordial friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

A FAMILIAR LETTER

For my beloved Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These

Carrick, 2nd April, 1650.

Dick Cromwell,—I take your Letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually:—let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this! You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in

Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even Life Eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; no, but inward; transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and participating of, the Divine Nature (Second Peter, i. 4). It's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (Philippians, iii. 8-10). How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History: it's a Body of History; and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of Story.—Intend [endeavour] to understand the Estate I have settled: it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my Brother Mayor will be helpful to you in all this.

You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you To love your Wife! The Lord teach you how to do it;—or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though Marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles that of Christ and His Church. If *you* can truly love your wife, what love doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein,—who 'gave Himself' for it and to it!—Commend me to your Wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her every way fruitful. I thank her for her loving Letter.

I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann &c. in my Letter to my Brother Mayor. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my present thoughts are but To lodge such a sum for my two little girls;—it's in his hand as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous.—Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest,

Your loving Father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[CROSS, MARY ANN.—See 'ELIOT, GEORGE'.]

THE LARVA OF RELIGION

MOREOVER, had a religious regard to the Deity been a mere figment or invention of politicians, to promote their own ends, and keep men in obedience and subjection under them, then would they doubtless have so framed and contrived it, as that it should have been every way flexible and compliant; namely, by persuading the world that whatsoever was commanded by themselves, was agreeable to the Divine will, and whatever was forbidden by their laws, was displeasing to God Almighty, and would be punished by him; God ruling over the world no otherwise than by and in these civil sovereigns as his vicegerents, and as the only prophets and interpreters of his will to men. So that the civil law of every country, and the arbitrary will of sovereigns, should be acknowledged to be the only measure of just and unjust (there being nothing naturally such), the only rule of conscience and religion: for, from religion thus modelled, civil sovereigns might think to have an absolute power, or an infinite right of doing or commanding whatsoever they pleased, without exception, nothing being unlawful to them, and their subjects being always obliged, in conscience, without the least scruple, to obey.

But this is but a mere *larva* of religion, and would be but a mocking of God Almighty, and indeed this is the only religion that can be called a political figment. Neither could the generality of mankind be ever yet thus persuaded, that the arbitrary will of civil sovereigns was the only rule of justice and conscience; and that God Almighty could command nothing, nor reveal his will concerning religion to mankind otherwise than by these, as his prophets and interpreters. True religion and conscience are no such waxen things, servilely addicted to the arbitrary wills of men, but immorigerous, stiff, and inflexible; they respecting the Deity only, his eternal or everlasting laws, and his revealed will; with which whensoever human laws clash (a thing not impossible) they include, that then God ought to be obeyed and not men. For which cause the profane politicians declare open war against this religion, as a thing utterly inconsistent with civil sovereignty; because it introduces a fear greater than the fear of the Leviathan,

namely, that of him who can inflict eternal punishments after death ; as also because it clashes with that monstrous, infinite, and unlimited power of theirs, which is such a thing, as is not attributed by genuine Theists to God Almighty himself ; a power of making their mere arbitrary will the rule of justice, and not justice the rule of their will.

R. CUDWORTH.—*The True Intellectual System of the Universe.*

THE BENEFITS OF A FREE PRESS

WHAT calamities are the people saved from, by having public communication left open to them ? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from ; I will tell you, also, to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case, sedition speaks aloud and walks abroad ; the demagogue goes forth ; the public-eye is upon him, he frets his busy hour upon the stage ; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward ? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the torch. If you doubt of the horrid consequence of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot nor the machinations of the slave have any slumber—the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both : the decisive instant is precipitated without warning—by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other, and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries—one cannot read it without horror—there are officers whose province it is to have the water which is to be drunk.

by their rulers sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution. You have it at that memorable period, when the Monarch [James II] found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly—when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot—when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies while soundness or sanity remained in them ; but at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example ! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone ! As the advocate of society, therefore—of peace—of domestic liberty—and the lasting union of the two countries—I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture ; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the Crown.

J. P. CURRAN.

A TROPICAL THUNDERSTORM

WHILE we were in the latitude of Cuba, we had a specimen of a true tropical thunderstorm. Before midnight it was dead calm, and a heavy black cloud had shrouded the whole sky. When our watch came on deck at twelve o'clock it was as black as Erebus ; not a breath was stirring ; the sails hung heavy and motionless from the yards ; and the perfect stillness, and the darkness, which was almost palpable, were truly appalling. Not a word was spoken, but every one stood as though waiting for something to

happen. In a few minutes the mate came forward, and in a low tone, which was almost a whisper, told us to haul down the jib. The fore and mizzen topgallant sails were taken in, in the same silent manner; and we lay motionless upon the water, with an uneasy expectation, which, from the long suspense, became actually painful. Soon the mate came forward again and gave an order to clew up the main topgallant sail; and so infectious was the awe and silence that the clewlines and buntlines were hauled up without any of the customary singing out at the ropes. An English lad and myself went up to furl it; and we had just got the bunt up when the mate called to us something, we did not hear what; but, supposing it to be an order to bear a hand, we hurried, and made all fast, and came down, feeling our way among the rigging. When we got down we found all hands looking aloft, and there, directly over where we had been standing, upon the main topgallant mast-head, was a ball of light, which sailors name a *corposant* (*corpus sancti*). They were all watching it carefully, for sailors have a notion that if the *corposant* rises in the rigging it is a sign of fair weather, but if it comes lower down there will be a storm. Unfortunately, as an omen, it came down, and showed itself on the topgallant yard-arm.

In a few minutes it disappeared and showed itself again on the fore topgallant yard, and, after playing about for some time, disappeared again, when the man on the fore-castle pointed to it upon the flying-jibboom-end. But our attention was drawn from watching this by the falling of some drops of rain. In a few minutes low grumbling thunder was heard, and some random flashes of lightning came from the south-west. Every sail was taken in but the topsail. A few puffs lifted the topsails, but they fell again to the mast, and all was as still as ever. A moment more and a terrific flash and peal broke simultaneously upon us, and a cloud appeared to open directly over our heads, and let down the water in one body like a falling ocean. We stood motionless and almost stupefied, yet nothing had been struck. Peal after peal rattled over our heads with a sound which actually seemed to stop the breath in the body.

R. H. DANA.—*Two Years
before the Mast.*

THE DANGER OF INNOVATION

LET us go no further but look upon the wonderful architecture of this state of England, and see whether they were deformed times that could give it such a form : where there is no one the least pillar of majesty but was set with most profound judgement, and borne up with the just conveniency of prince and people : no court of justice but laid by the rule and square of Nature, and the best of the best commonwealths that ever were in the world : so strong and substantial as it hath stood against all the storms of factions, both of belief and ambition, which so powerfully beat upon it, and all the tempestuous alterations of humorous times whatsoever : being continually, in all ages, furnished with spirits fit to maintain the majesty of her own greatness, and to match in an equal concurrency all other kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

But this innovation, like a viper, must ever make way into the world's opinion, through the bowels of her own breeding, and is always born with reproach in her mouth ; the disgracing others is the best grace it can put on, to win reputation of wit ; and yet it is never so wise as it would seem, nor doth the world ever get so much by it as it imagineth ; which being so often deceived, and seeing it never performs so much as it promises, methinks men should never give more credit unto it. For, let us change never so often, we cannot change man ; our imperfections must still run on with us. And therefore the wiser nations have taught men always to use *moribus legibusque presentibus etiam si deteriores sint*. The Lacedemonians, when a musician, thinking to win himself credit by his new invention and be before his fellows, had added one string more to his crowd, brake his fiddle, and banished him the city, holding the innovator, though in the least things, dangerous to a public society. It is but a fantastic giddiness to forsake the way of other men, especially where it lies tolerable.

But shall we not tend to perfection ? Yes, and that ever best by going on in the course we are in, where we have advantage, being so far onward, of him that is but now setting forth ; for we shall never proceed, if we be ever beginning,

nor arrive at any certain port, sailing with all winds that blow, *non convalescit planta quae saepius transfertur*, and therefore let us hold on in the course we have undertaken, and not still be wandering. Perfection is not the portion of man; and if it were, why may we not as well get to it this way as another? and suspect these great undertakers, lest they have conspired with envy to betray our proceedings, and put us by the honour of our attempts, with casting us back upon another course, of purpose to overthrow the whole action of glory. . . . I thank God that I am none of these great scholars, if thus their high knowledges do but give them more eyes to look out into uncertainty and confusion, accounting myself rather beholding to my ignorance that hath set me in so low an under-room of conceit with other men, and hath given me as much distrust, as it hath done hope, daring not adventure to go alone, but plodding on the plain tract I find beaten by custom and the time, contenting me with what I see in use.

S. DANIEL.—*A Defence of Ryme.*

NATURAL SELECTION

AUTHORS of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far-distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped, shows that the greater number of species of each genus, and all the species of many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can

so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely-spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

C. DARWIN.—*On the Origin of Species.*

WHY BOOKS ARE WRITTEN

MEN are chiefly provoked to the toil of compiling books by love of fame, and often by officiousness of conscience, but seldom with expectation of riches ; for those that spend time in writing to instruct others may find leisure to inform themselves how mean the provisions are which busy and studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies : and learned men, to whom the rest of the world are but infants, have the same foolish affection in nourishing others' minds as pelicans in feeding their young, which is at the expense of the very substance of life. 'Tis then apparent they proceed by the instigation of fame or conscience ; and I believe many are persuaded by the first (of which I am one), and some are commanded by the second. Nor is the desire of fame so vain as divers have rigidly imagined, fame being, when belonging to the living, that which is more gravely called a steady and necessary reputation, and without hereditary power or acquired greatness can never quietly govern the world. 'Tis of the dead a musical glory, in which God, the author of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share : for the remembered virtues of great men are chiefly such of his works, mentioned by King David, as perpetually praise him ; and the good fame of the dead prevails by example much more than the reputation of the living, because the latter is always suspected

by our envy, but the other is cheerfully allowed and religiously admired ; for admiration, whose eyes are ever weak, stands still and at gaze upon great things acted far off, but when they are near walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our sons a solid inheritance, and not unuseful to remote posterity ; and to our reason, 'tis the first, though but a little, taste of eternity.

Those that write by the command of conscience, thinking themselves able to instruct others, and consequently obliged to it, grow commonly the most voluminous, because the pressures of conscience are so incessant that she is never satisfied with doing enough ; for such as be newly made the captives of God (many appearing so to themselves when they first begin to wear the fetters of conscience) are like common slaves when newly taken, who, terrified with a fancy of the severity of absolute masters, abuse their diligence out of fear, or do ill rather than appear idle. And this may be the cause why libraries are more than double lined with spiritual books or tracts of morality.

SIR W. D'AVENANT.—*Preface to Gondibert.*

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ARTS

THE next scene which appeared was one of varied business and imagery. I saw a man, who bore in his hands the same instruments as our modern smith's, presenting a vase, which appeared to be made of iron, amidst the acclamations of an assembled multitude engaged in triumphal procession before the altars dignified by the name of Apollo at Delphi ; and I saw in the same place men who carried rolls of papyrus in their hands and wrote upon them with reeds containing ink made from the soot of wood mixed with a solution of glue. ' See,' the genius said, ' an immense change produced in the condition of society by the two arts of which you here see the origin ; the one, that of rendering iron malleable, which is owing to a single individual, an obscure Greek ; the other, that of making thought permanent in written characters, an art which has gradually arisen from the hieroglyphics which you may observe on yonder pyramids. You will now see human life more replete with power and activity.' Again,

another scene broke upon my vision. I saw the bronze instruments, which had belonged to the former state of society, thrown away; malleable iron converted into hard steel, this steel applied to a thousand purposes of civilized life; I saw bands of men who made use of it for defensive armour and for offensive weapons; I saw these iron-clad men, in small numbers, subduing thousands of savages, and establishing amongst them their arts and institutions; I saw a few men, on the eastern shores of Europe, resisting, with the same materials, the united forces of Asia; I saw a chosen band die in defence of their country, overcome by an army a thousand times as numerous; and I saw this same army, in its turn, caused to disappear, and destroyed or driven from the shores of Europe by the brethren of that band of martyred patriots; I saw bodies of these men traversing the sea, founding colonies, building cities, and wherever they established themselves, carrying with them their peculiar arts. Towns and temples arose containing schools, and libraries filled with the rolls of the papyrus. The same steel, such a tremendous instrument of power in the hands of the warrior, I saw applied, by the genius of the artist, to strike forms even more perfect than those of life out of the rude marble; and I saw the walls of the palaces and temples covered with pictures, in which historical events were pourtrayed with the truth of nature and the poetry of mind.

SIR H. DAVY.—*Consolations in Travel.*

A SHORT WAY WITH DISSENTERS

IT is in vain to trifle in this matter—the light, foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, &c., it is their glory and advantage; if the gallows instead of the compter, and the gallies instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be so many sufferers, the spirit of martyrdom is over: they that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged.

If one severe law were made, and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher hanged, we should soon see

an end of the tale : they would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again.

To talk of 5s. a month for not coming to the sacrament, and 1s. per week for not coming to church, this is such a way of converting people as never was known ; this is selling them a liberty to transgress for so much money. If it be not a crime, why do not we give them full licence ? and if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the government.

If it be a crime of the highest consequence both against the peace and welfare of the nation, the glory of God, the good of the Church, and the happiness of the soul, let us rank it among capital offences, and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it.

We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming, but an offence against God and the Church, against the welfare of the world, and the dignity of religion, shall be bought off for 5s. This is such a shame to a Christian government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.

If men sin against God, affront his ordinances, rebel against his Church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors, let them suffer as such capital crimes deserve, so will religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united.

D. DEFOE.—*The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.*

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYED

IT would have made a stoic smile, to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner ; there was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island ; I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command. I could hang, draw, give liberty and take it away ; and no rebels among all my subjects. Then to see how like a king I dined too, all alone, attended by my servants : Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, and had found no species to multiply his kind upon, sat always at my right hand, and two cats, one on one side of the table,

and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour. . . .

Had any one in England been to meet such a man as I was, it must either have frightened them, or raised a great deal of laughter ; and as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire, with such an equipage, and in such a dress : be pleased to take a sketch of my figure, as follows :

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck ; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh, under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goat's skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs ; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same ; the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs ; stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes ; but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat's skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles ; and in a kind of a frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, and one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder ; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin too ; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot ; at my back I carried my basket, and on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy ugly goat's skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun ; as for my face, the colour of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long ; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut

it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks whom I saw at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did; of these mustachioes or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as, in England, would have passed for frightful.

D. DEFOE.—*Robinson Crusoe.*

HER SECOND TIME ON EARTH

MRS. VEAL died the 7th of September at twelve o'clock at noon of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal were there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder; and, though she was ill, she put on her hood and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal were there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, 'I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours.' They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if that had been the case. In comes Captain Watson while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her it was skowered. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, 'You have seen her indeed; for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was skowered'; and Mrs. Watson owned

that she described the gown exactly ; ' for,' said she, ' I helped her make it up.' This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition ; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth.

D. DEFOE.—*A true Relation of the Apparition
of one Mrs. Veal.*

SITTING ON THE STAGE

WHETHER therefore the gatherers of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage ; I mean not into the lords' room, which is now but the stage's suburbs, no ; those boxes by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women and gentlemen-ushers that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the rear ; and much new satin is there damned, by being smothered to death in darkness. But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of Cambyzes himself must our feathered estrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning ; what large comings-in are pursed up by sitting on the stage ? First a conspicuous eminence is gotten ; by which means, the best and most essential parts of a gallant, good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tolerable beard, are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage, you have a signed patent to engross the whole commodity of censure, may lawfully presume to be a girder, and stand at the helm to steer the passage of scenes ; yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, overweening coxcomb.

By sitting on the stage, you may, without travelling for it, at the very next door ask whose play it is ; and by that quest of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much

mistaking ; if you know not the author, you may rail against him ; and peradventure so behave yourself that you may enforce the author to know you. . . .

Marry, let this observation go hand in hand with the rest ; or rather, like a country serving-man, some five yards before them. Present not yourself on the stage, especially at a new play, until the quaking Prologue hath by rubbing got colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he is upon point to enter ; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripes or three-footed stool in one hand, and a testoon [sixpence] mounted between a forefinger and a thumb in the other ; for, if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar, when the belly of the house is but half full, your apparel is quite eaten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured than if it were served up in the Counter amongst the poultry : avoid that as you would the bastome [thrashing]. It shall crown you with rich commendation, to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy ; and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high that all the house may ring of it : your lords use it ; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too ; your inn-a-court man is zany to the knights, and, many very scurvily, comes likewise limping after it : be thou a beagle to them all, and never lin snuffing till you have scented them : for by talking and laughing, like a ploughman in a morris, you heap Pelion upon Ossa, glory upon glory : as first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players, and only follow you ; the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and, when he meets you in the streets, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you ; he will cry, ' he 's such a gallant,' and you pass : secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seem not to resort thither to taste vain pleasures with a hungry appetite ; but only as a gentleman to spend a foolish hour or two, because you can do nothing else : thirdly, you mightily disrelish the audience, and disgrace the author.

T. DEKKER.—*The Gull's Hornbook.*

THE APPEAL OF CONSCIENCE

At the very first sight of Conscience they all rose up, receiving her with all the graceful compliments that were due to so divine and excellent a creature: every one of them hasting with a kind of grave ceremony to take her by the hand and seat her highest at the board.

Then all being silent and their eyes fixed only upon her face with an expectation of some speech from her, she drew out of her bosom the prisoners' supplication, read it openly, and repeating the particular numbers of all such miserable men as lay in prison, she fetched a deep sigh, and then brake into this passionate abruption: 'O,' quoth Conscience, 'if amongst you (but I hope you are none of them) there be any under whom men suffer the cruelty of English execution (worse than the German wheel), imprisonment: let Conscience yet persuade you to send Mercy to speak to them at their iron grates. . . . The omnipotent builder of the heavens oftentimes squares out his platforms by your lines and your measures: for if man commiserates man, the Master and chief Almoner of mercy extends compassion to him; if not, not. It is one of the main petitions which you tie your souls to every morning: dally not with the great Treasurer of heaven and earth, to ask one thing and mean another: so your own turns be served, you care for nobody else; not to forgive when you are forgiven is to tell a lie to Him that is all truth; you make a promise and break it, you beg a blessing and take up a curse: such equivocation runs hand in hand with condemnation.

'Be men, be Christians, be citizens. Citizens possess generosity, affability, meekness, love, piety, pity; this is the blazon of a noble coat: make it the escutcheon of your arms: mercy is the best motto, clemency a crest; no herald can give a braver. Release men made captives to you by the laws of this kingdom, and the laws which are set down in the Upper House of the Celestial Parliament will make you free denizens in a more glorious kingdom. A kingdom where there is no change of kings, no alteration of state, no loss of peers, no wars, no revenges, no citizens flying for fear of infection, none dying of them that stay, no prisoners to write petitions to Conscience, yet

Conscience sits there in glory : there is true majesty, true honour, true peace, true health : there is all life, all happiness, all immortality.'

She ended ; they arose, and one of the company, who was a well-willer to prisoners, hastened home to write down what he heard Conscience utter.

T. DEKKER.—*English Villainies.*

THE INN OF MANY MURDERS

THOMAS of Reading having many occasions to come to London, as well about his own affairs as also the King's business, being in a great office under his Majesty, it chanced on a time that his Host and Hostess of Colebrooke, who through covetousness had murdered many of the guests, and having every time he came thither great store of his money to lay up, appointed him to be the next fat pig that should be killed : For it is to be understood, that when they plotted the murder of any man, this was always their term, the man to his wife, and the woman to her husband : Wife, there is now a fat pig to be had, if you want one.

Whereupon she would answer thus, I pray you put him in the hogsty till to-morrow.

This was when any man came thither alone without others in his company, and they saw he had great store of money.

This man should be then laid in the chamber right over the kitchen, which was a fair chamber, and better set out than any other in the house : the best bedstead therein, though it were little and low, yet was it most cunningly carved, and fair to the eye, the feet whereof were fast nailed to the chamber floor, in such sort, that it could not in any wise fall, the bed that lay therein was fast sewed to the sides of the bedstead : Moreover, that part of the chamber whereupon this bed and bedstead stood, was made in such sort, that by the pulling out of two iron pins below in the kitchen, it was to be let down and taken up by a drawbridge, or in manner of a trap door ; moreover, in the kitchen, directly under the place where this should fall, was a mighty great cauldron, wherein they used to

seethe their liquor when they went to brewing. Now, the men appointed for the slaughter, were laid into this bed, and in the dead time of the night, when they were sound asleep, by plucking out the foresaid iron pins, down would the man fall out of his bed into the boiling cauldron, and all the clothes that were upon him : where being suddenly scalded and drowned, he was never able to cry or speak one word.

Then had they a little ladder ever standing ready in the kitchen, by the which they presently mounted into the said chamber, and there closely take away the man's apparel, as also his money, in his mail or capcase : and then lifting up the said falling floor which hung by hinges, they made it fast as before.

The dead body would they take presently out of the cauldron and throw it down the river, which ran near unto their house, whereby they escaped all danger.

T. DELONEY.—*Thomas of Reading.*

THE SECRET OF PROSE COMPOSITION

THE two capital secrets in the art of prose composition are these : first, the philosophy of transition and connexion, or the art by which one step in an evolution of thought is made to arise out of another : all fluent and effective composition depends on the *connexions* : secondly, the way in which sentences are made to modify each other ; for the most powerful effects in written eloquence arise out of this reverberation, as it were, from each other in a rapid succession of sentences : and, because some limitation is necessary to the length and complexity of sentences, in order to make this interdependency felt ; hence it is that the Germans have no eloquence. The construction of German prose tends to such immoderate length of sentences that no effect of intermodification can ever be apparent. Each sentence, stuffed with innumerable clauses of restriction, and other parenthetical circumstances, becomes a separate section—an independent whole.

T. DE QUINCEY.—*Autobiography.*

STYLE AS A FINE ART

It is certain that style, or (to speak by the most general expression) the management of language, ranks amongst the fine arts, and is able therefore to yield a separate intellectual pleasure quite apart from the interest of the subject treated. So far it is already one error to rate the value of style as if it were necessarily a secondary or subordinate thing. On the contrary, style has an *absolute* value, like the product of any other exquisite art, quite distinct from the value of the subject about which it is employed, and irrelatively to the subject; precisely as the fine workmanship of Scopas the Greek, or of Cellini the Florentine, is equally valued by the connoisseur, whether embodied in bronze or marble, in an ivory or a golden vase. . . .

Light to *see* the road, power to *advance along* it—such being amongst the promises and proper functions of style, it is a capital error, under the idea of its ministeriality, to undervalue this great organ of the advancing intellect—an organ which is equally important considered as a tool for the culture and *popularization* of truth, and also (if it had no use at all in that way) as a mode *per se* of the beautiful, and a fountain of intellectual pleasure. The vice of that appreciation, which we English apply to style, lies in representing it as a mere ornamental accident of written composition—a trivial embellishment, like the mouldings of furniture, the cornices of ceilings, or the arabesques of tea-urns. On the contrary, it is a product of art the rarest, subtlest, and most intellectual; and, like other products of the fine arts, it is then finest when it is most eminently disinterested—that is, most conspicuously detached from gross palpable uses. Yet, in very many cases, it really *has* the obvious uses of that gross palpable order; as in the cases just noticed, when it gives light to the understanding, or power to the will, removing obscurities from one set of truths, and into another circulating the life-blood of sensibility. In these cases, meantime, the style is contemplated as a thing separable from the thoughts; in fact, as the *dress* of the thoughts—a robe that may be laid aside at pleasure.

T. DE QUINCEY.—*Language.*

DREAMS OF AN OPIUM-EATER

THE scene was an Oriental one ; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judæan palms, there sat a woman ; and I looked, and it was—Ann ! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly ; and I said to her at length, ‘ So, then, I have found you at last.’ I waited ; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last ; the same, and yet, again, how different ! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light of mighty London fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted !), her eyes were streaming with tears. The tears were now no longer seen. Sometimes she seemed altered ; yet again sometimes *not* altered ; and hardly older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe. Suddenly her countenance grew dim ; and, turning to mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us ; in a moment all had vanished ; thick darkness came on ; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in London, walking again with Ann—just as we had walked, when both children, eighteen years before, along the endless terraces of Oxford Street.

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem ; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife,

an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. ‘Deeper than ever plummet sounded,’ I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, ‘I will sleep no more!’

T. DE QUINCEY.—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.*

THE HIGH COURT OF CHANCERY

ON such an afternoon, if ever, the Lord High Chancellor ought to be sitting here—as here he is—with a foggy glory round his head, softly fenced in with crimson cloth and curtains, addressed by a large advocate with great whiskers, a little voice, and an interminable brief, and outwardly directing his contemplation to the lantern in the roof, where he can see nothing but fog. On such an afternoon, some score of members of the High Court of Chancery bar

ought to be—as here they are—mistily engaged in one of the ten thousand stages of an endless cause, tripping one another up on slippery precedents, groping knee-deep in technicalities, running their goat-hair and horse-hair warded heads against walls of words, and making a pretence of equity with serious faces, as players might. On such an afternoon, the various solicitors in the cause, some two or three of whom have inherited it from their fathers, who made a fortune by it, ought to be—as are they not?—ranged in a line, in a long matted well (but you might look in vain for Truth at the bottom of it), between the registrar's red table and the silk gowns, with bills, cross-bills, answers, rejoinders, injunctions, affidavits, issues, references to masters, masters' reports, mountains of costly nonsense, piled before them. Well may the court be dim, with wasting candles here and there; well may the fog hang heavy in it, as if it would never get out; well may the stained glass windows lose their colour, and admit no light of day into the place; well may the uninitiated from the streets, who peep in through the glass panes in the door, be deterred from entrance by its owl-like aspect, and by the drawl languidly echoing to the roof from the padded dais where the Lord High Chancellor looks into the lantern that has no light in it, and where the attendant wigs are all stuck in a fog-bank!

C. DICKENS.—*Bleak House*.

AT DO-THE-BOYS HALL

AFTER some further conversation between the master and mistress relative to the success of Mr. Squeers's trip, and the people who had paid, and the people who had made default in payment, a young servant girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his great-coat pockets of letters to different boys, and other small documents, which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced, with an anxious and timid expression, at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively, and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. Heaven knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame; and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

'What are you bothering about there, Smeke?' cried Mrs. Squeers; 'let the things alone, can't you?'

'Eh!' said Squeers, looking up. 'Oh! it's you, is it?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control, by force, the nervous wandering of his fingers; 'Is there ——'

'Well!' said Squeers.

'Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me?'

'Devil a bit,' replied Squeers testily.

The lad withdrew his eyes, and, putting his hand to his face, moved towards the door.

'Not a word,' resumed Squeers, 'and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here, all these years, and no money paid after the first six—nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?'

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

'I'll tell you what, Squeers,' remarked his wife as the door closed, 'I think that young chap's turning silly.'

'I hope not,' said the schoolmaster; 'for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink, anyway. I should think he'd have wit enough for us though, if he was. But come; let's have supper, for I am hungry and tired, and want to get to bed.'

C. DICKENS.—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

BLOOD-STAINS

'THIS,' said the fellow, producing one, 'this is the infallible and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot, or spatter, from silk, satin, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombazeen, or woollen stuff. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, any stains, all come out at one rub with the infallible and invaluable composition. If a lady stains her honour, she has only need to swallow one cake and she's cured at once—for it's poison. If a gentleman wants to prove this, he has only need to bolt one little square, and he has put it beyond question—for it's quite as satisfactory as a pistol-bullet, and a great deal nastier in the flavour, consequently the more credit in taking it. One penny a square. With all these virtues, one penny a square!'

There were two buyers directly, and more of the listeners plainly hesitated. The vendor observing this, increased in loquacity.

'It's all bought up as fast as it can be made,' said the fellow. 'There are fourteen water-mills, six steam-engines, and a galvanic battery, always a-working upon it, and they can't make it fast enough, though the men work so hard that they die off, and the widows is pensioned directly, with twenty pound a-year for each of the children, and a premium of fifty for twins. One penny a square! Two halfpence is all the same, and four farthings is received with joy. One penny a square! Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, mud-stains, blood-stains! Here is a stain upon the hat of a gentleman in company, that I'll take clean out before he can order me a pint of ale.'

‘Hah!’ cried Sikes, starting up. ‘Give that back.’

‘I’ll take it clean out, sir,’ replied the man, winking to the company, ‘before you can come across the room to get it. Gentlemen all, observe the dark stain upon this gentleman’s hat, no wider than a shilling, but thicker than a half-crown. Whether it is a wine-stain, fruit-stain, beer-stain, water-stain, paint-stain, pitch-stain, mud-stain, or blood-stain’——

The man got no further, for Sikes with a hideous imprecation overthrew the table, and tearing the hat from him, burst out of the house.

C. DICKENS.—*Oliver Twist*.

MRS. SAPSEA : IN MEMORIAM

MR. SAPSEA, in a grandiloquent state of absence of mind, seems to refill his visitor’s glass, which is full already ; and does really refill his own, which is empty.

‘Miss Brobity’s Being, young man, was deeply imbued with homage to Mind. She revered Mind, when launched, or, as I say, precipitated, on an extensive knowledge of the world. When I made my proposal, she did me the honour to be so overshadowed with a species of Awe, as to be able to articulate only the two words, “O Thou!” meaning myself. Her limpid blue eyes were fixed upon me, her semi-transparent hands were clasped together, pallor overspread her aquiline features, and, though encouraged to proceed, she never did proceed a word further. I disposed of the parallel establishment by private contract, and we became as nearly one as could be expected under the circumstances. But she never could, and she never did, find a phrase satisfactory to her perhaps-too-favourable estimate of my intellect. To the very last (feeble action of liver), she addressed me in the same unfinished terms.’

Mr. Jasper has closed his eyes as the auctioneer has deepened his voice. He now abruptly opens them, and says, in unison with the deepened voice, ‘Ah!’——rather as if stopping himself on the extreme verge of adding—‘men!’

‘I have been since,’ says Mr. Sapsea, with his legs stretched out, and solemnly enjoying himself with the wine and the fire, ‘what you behold me ; I have been since a solitary mourner ; I have been since, as I say, wasting my evening conversation on the desert air. I will not say

that I have reproached myself ; but there have been times when I have asked myself the question : What if her husband had been nearer on a level with her ? If she had not had to look up quite so high, what might the stimulating action have been upon the liver ? ’

Mr. Jasper says, with an appearance of having fallen into dreadfully low spirits, that he ‘supposes it was to be’.

‘We can only suppose so, sir,’ Mr. Sapsea coincides. ‘As I say, Man proposes, Heaven disposes. It may or may not be putting the same thought in another form ; but that is the way I put it.’

Mr. Jasper murmurs assent.

‘And now, Mr. Jasper,’ resumes the auctioneer, producing his scrap of manuscript, ‘Mrs. Sapsea’s monument having had full time to settle and dry, let me take your opinion, as a man of taste, on the inscription I have (as I before remarked, not without some little fever of the brow) drawn out for it. Take it into your own hand. The setting out of the lines requires to be followed with the eye, as well as the contents with the mind.’

Mr. Jasper complying, sees and reads as follows :

ETHELINDA

Reverential Wife of

MR. THOMAS SAPSEA,

AUCTIONEER, VALUER, ESTATE AGENT, &c.,
of this city.

Whose Knowledge of the World,
Though somewhat extensive,
Never brought him acquainted with

A SPIRIT

More capable of
Looking up to him.

STRANGER, PAUSE

and ask thyself the Question,

CANST THOU DO LIKEWISE ?

If Not,

WITH A BLUSH RETIRE.

C. DICKENS.—*The Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

THE PROFITABLENESS OF STUDY

I CANNOT agree to his [Sir T. Browne's] resolution of shutting his books, and giving over the search of knowledge, and resigning himself up to ignorance, upon the reason that moveth him, as though it were extreme vanity to waste our days in the pursuit of that, which by attending but a little longer, (till Death hath closed the eyes of our body, to open those of our soul), we shall gain with ease, we shall enjoy by infusion, and is an accessory of our glorification. It is true, as soon as Death hath played the midwife to our second birth, our soul shall then see all truths more freely than our corporeal eyes at our first birth see all bodies and colours by the natural power of it, as I have touched already, and not only upon the grounds our author giveth. Yet far be it from us to think that time lost, which in the mean season we shall laboriously employ, to warm ourselves with blowing a few little sparks of that glorious fire, which we shall afterwards, in one instant, leap into the middle of, without danger of scorching; and that for two important reasons, besides several others too long to mention here; the one, for the great advantage we have by learning in this life; the other, for the huge contentment that the acquisition of it here (which applieth a strong affection to it) will be unto us in the next life. The want of knowledge in our first mother, which exposed her to be easily deceived by the serpent's cunning, was the root of all our ensuing misery and woe. It is true (which we are taught by irrefragable authority) that *omnis peccans ignorat*: and the well-head of all the calamities and mischiefs in all the world, consisteth of the troubled and bitter waters of ignorance, folly, and rashness; to cure which, the only remedy and antidote is the salt of true learning, the bitter wood of study, painful meditation, and orderly consideration. I do not mean such study as armeth wrangling champions for clamorous schools, where the ability of subtle disputing to and fro, is more prized than the retrieving of truth; but such as filleth the mind with solid and useful notions, and doth not endanger the swelling it up with windy vanities. Besides, the sweetest companion and entertainment of a well-tempered mind is to converse familiarly with the naked and bewitching

beauties of those mistresses, those verities and sciences, which, by fair courting of them, they gain and enjoy ; and every day bring new fresh ones to their seraglio, where the ancientest never grow old or stale. Is there any thing so pleasing or so profitable as this ?

SIR K. DIGBY.—*Observations upon
'Religio Medici'.*

THE JEWS

‘ You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews : that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organized and principally carried on by Jews ; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the history of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place ; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl ; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone.

‘ I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure ; then I know that monarchs are serious.

‘ A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connexions, which have

generally supplied it ; and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian minister of finance, Count Cancrin ; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain ; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel ; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Aragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French council ; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of hosts ?

‘ And is Soult a Hebrew ? ’

‘ Yes, and others of the French marshals, and the most famous ; Massena, for example ; his real name was Manasseh : but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the president of the council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes. . . .

‘ Favoured by nature and by nature’s God, we produced the lyre of David ; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel ; they are our Olynthians, our Philippias. Favoured by nature we still remain ; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles ; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled ; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled ; we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which, every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence

only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public ; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs ; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies ; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the school-men, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides ? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza !

‘ But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to Divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it ; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music ; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognized as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past ; though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that are not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate ; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, are of Hebrew race ; and little do your men of fashion, your muscadins of Paris, and your dandies

of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering homage to "the sweet singers of Israel!"

B. DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—
Coningsby.

THE CONVERSATION OF MEN OF GENIUS

THE student or the artist who may shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in his works, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity that his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speak* correctly that language of which he was such a master. When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say—'I am not the less Peter Corneille!'

Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; it was said that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, of the Port-Royal Society, said of a scintillant wit—'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase.' Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, 'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.'

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers;

but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he laboured at some future *Spectator*! Mediocrity can *talk*; but it is for genius to *observe*.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to 'a silent parson in a tie-wig'.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyère, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying, that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

I. D'ISRAELI.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

THE LOVER'S WALK AT THE LEASOWES

WE now, through a small gate, enter what is called The Lover's Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantageously at full length; which though not large, is so agreeably shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is overhung with most stately oaks and beeches; and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill. Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that overhangs both walk and water, which has been called the Assignment Seat....

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very properly styled *The Lover's Walk*, is terminated with an ornamented urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age. . . .

Hence we proceed to the rustic building before-mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here *The Temple of Pan*, having a trophy of the tibia and syrinx, and this inscription over the entrance :

Pan primus calamos cera coniungere plures
Edocuit ; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.

Imitation

Pan, god of shepherds, first inspired our swains
Their pipes to frame, and tune their rural strains :
Pan from impending harm the fold defends,
And Pan the master of the fold befriends.

Hence, mounting once more to the right through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightsome high natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have seen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a seat with this inscription :

Divini gloria ruris !

Explanation

O glory of the sylvan scene divine !

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magnificent scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it into two distinct parts ; the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right. In regard to the former, if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highest idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness : he would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say that the horizon or brim is as finely varied as the cavity. It would

be idle here to mention the Clee Hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mountains, or Caer Caradock, at a prodigious distance ; which, though they finish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leasowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods, and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other.

R. DODSLEY.—*A Description of
the Leasowes.*

MERCY AND COMPASSION

THAT which is mercy in God, in us is compassion. And in us it hath two steps. To rest upon the first, which is but a sadness and sorrow for another's misery, is but a dull, lazy, and barren compassion. Therefore it is elegantly expressed in the psalm, *Iucundus homo, qui miseretur et commodat* ; for that is the second and highest step in compassion, alacrity, and cheerfulness to help.

And as God, delighting most in mercy, hath proposed to Himself most ways for the exercise thereof, so hath He provided man of most occasions of that virtue. Every man contributes to it by being agent or patient. Certainly we were all miserable if none were ; for we wanted the exercise of the profitablest virtue. For though a judge may be just, though none transgress ; and we might be merciful, though none wanted, by keeping ever a disposition to be such if need were ; yet what can we hope would serve to awake us then, which snore now under the cries of the wretched, the testimony of our own consciences, the liberal promises of reward from God, and His loud threatenings of such omissions ?

Amongst the rules of state, it is taught and practised for one, that they which advance and do good, must do it immediately from themselves, that all the obligation may be towards them. But when they will destroy or do hurt, they must do it instrumentally by others, to remove and alienate the envy. Accordingly when princes communicate to any *iura regalia*, by that they are authorized to appre-

hend, accuse, pursue, condemn, execute, and despoil, but not to pardon. God doth otherwise ; for, for our first sin, Himself hath inflicted death and labour upon us. And as it were to take from us all occasion of evil, He doth all the evil of which His nature is capable, which is but *malum poenae*. But of the treasures of His mercy, He hath made us the stewards by dispensing to one another. . . .

Give then thy counsel to the ignorant, thy prayers to the negligent, but most thy strength to the oppressed and dejected in heart, for surely 'oppression maketh a wise man mad.' How impetuously will it then work upon a weaker ! Let no greatness retard thee from giving, as though thou wert above want. Alas ! our greatness is hydroptic not solid ; we are not firm, but puffed and swollen ; we are the lighter and the less for such greatness. Alcibiades bragged how he could walk in his own ground ; all this was his, and no man a foot within him ; and Socrates gave him a little map of the world, and bid him show him his territory there ; and there an ant would have overstrid it. Let no smallness retard thee ; if thou beest not a cedar to help towards a palace, if thou beest not amber, bezoar, nor liquid gold, to restore princes ; yet thou art a shrub to shelter a lamb or to feed a bird ; or thou art a plaintain to ease a child's smart, or a grass to cure a sick dog. Love an asker better than a giver : which was good Agapetus's counsel to Justinian : yea, rather prevent the asking ; and do not so much join and concur with misery, as to suffer it to grow to that strength, that it shall make thy brother ask, and put him to the danger of a denial.

J. DONNE.—*Essays in Divinity*.

EXPOSTULATIONS TO MY GOD

IF I were but mere dust and ashes, I might speak unto the Lord, for the Lord's hand made me of this dust, and the Lord's hand shall recollect these ashes ; the Lord's hand was the wheel, upon which this vessel of clay was framed, and the Lord's hand is the urn, in which these ashes shall be preserved. I am the dust and the ashes of the temple of the Holy Ghost ; and what marble is so

precious ? But I am more than dust and ashes. I am my best part, I am my soul. And being so, the breath of God, I may breathe back these pious expostulations to my God, My God, my God, why is not my soul as sensible as my body ? Why hath not my soul these apprehensions, these presages, these changes, those antedates, those jealousies, those suspicions of a sin, as well as my body of a sickness ? Why is there not always a pulse in my soul, to beat at the approach of a temptation to sin ? Why are there not always waters in mine eyes, to testify my spiritual sickness ? I stand in the way of temptations naturally, necessarily, all men do so : for there is a snake in every path, temptations in every vocation : but I go, I run, I fly into the ways of temptation, which I might shun ; nay, I break into houses where the plague is ; I press into houses of temptation, and tempt the Devil himself, and solicit and importune them, who had rather be left unsolicited by me. I fall sick of sin, and am bedded and bedrid, buried and putrefied in the practice of sin, and all this while have no presage, no pulse, no sense of my sickness ; O height, O depth of misery, where the first symptom of the sickness is hell, and where I never see the fever of lust, of envy, of ambition, by any other light, than the darkness and horror of hell itself ; and where the first messenger that speaks to me doth not say, *Thou mayst die*, no, nor *Thou must die*, but *Thou art dead* : and where the first notice that my soul hath of her sickness, is irrecoverableness, irremediableness : but, O my God, Job did not charge thee foolishly, in his temporal afflictions, nor may I in my spiritual. Thou hast imprinted a pulse in our soul, but we do not examine it ; a voice in our conscience, but we do not hearken unto it. We talk it out, we jest it out, we drink it out, we sleep it out ; and when we wake, we do not say with Jacob, *Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not* ; but though we might know it, we do not, we will not. But will God pretend to make a watch, and leave out the spring ? to make so many various wheels in the faculties of the soul, and in the organs of the body, and leave out grace, that should move them ? or will God make a spring, and not wind it up ? infuse his first grace, and not second it with more, without which, we can no more use his first grace, when we have it, than we could dispose ourselves

by nature to have it ? But alas, that is not our case ; we are all prodigal sons, and not disinherited ; we have received our portion, and misspent it, not been denied it. We are God's tenants here, and yet here, he, our Landlord, pays us rents, not yearly, nor quarterly, but hourly and quarterly ; every minute he renews his mercy, but we *will not understand, lest that we should be converted, and he should heal us.*

J. DONNE.—*Devotions upon emergent Occasions.*

DEATH : THE HIGHWAY OF MORTALITY

IF on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then, undoubtedly, thou hadst reason to grudge at so severe and partial a law. But since it is a necessity, from which never an age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which these which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing-availing stubbornness, oppose to so inevitable and necessary a condition ? This is the highway of mortality, our general home : behold what millions have trod it before thee ! what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run ! In so universal a calamity (if death be one), private complaints cannot be heard : with so many royal palaces, it is small loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twinneth forth, and again upwindeth our life), and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee ? Thy death is a piece of the order of this *All*, a part of the life of this world ; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this orb of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like a still flowing and ebbing sea, with diverse waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current ; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself doth abide : man a long line of years hath continued, this man every hundred is swept away.

This air-encircled globe is the sole region of death, the grave where everything that taketh life must rot, the lists of Fortune and Change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it, which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever many. The never-agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren turn one in another, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery. Nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies, that mother of months, and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her great nearness unto us) to participate of our alterations, never seeing us twice with that same face, now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes again in the perfection and fullness of her beauty shining over us. Death here no less than life doth act a part; the taking away of what is old being the making way for what is young. This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes; the first are washen out that new may be written in. They which forewent us did leave a room for us; and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the various wonders of his amazing frame, should we take it to heart, when he thinketh time, to dislodge? This is his unalterable and inevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume of any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills, whose very willing giveth being to all that it wills; and adoring the orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which allwhere and always are so perfectly established, that who would essay to alter and amend any of them, he should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us they have bestowed upon us and freely granted, and what they have not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

W. DRUMMOND.—*A Cypresse Grove.*

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH POETRY

It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular. In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and, therefore, speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgo any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgement; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, 'Not being of God, he could not stand.'

Chaucer followed Nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us, but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgement, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our

ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine : but this opinion is not worth confuting ; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers, in every verse which we call *heroic*, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. . . .

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other ; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity : their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding ; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous ; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different : the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this ; there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*. We have our forefathers and great-granddames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days : their general characters are still remaining

in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though everything is altered.

J. DRYDEN.—*Fables Ancient and Modern.*

DRAMATIC POETS

BEAUMONT and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study: Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgement in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*: for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but, above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his serious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.

J. DRYDEN.—*An Essay of
Dramatic Poesy.*

A LAYMAN'S CREED

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence both of himself, and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of divinity, I could answer that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things ; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this : I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own ; I lay no unhallowed hand upon the Ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance : In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England ; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated, though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause, against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind ; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions, in a subject which is above it : but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorized, or at least, uncondemned by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper, before it was published, to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State : and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance ; 'tis true he had too good a taste to like it all ; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second

view, which I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own.

J. DRYDEN.—*Preface to 'Religio Laici'.*

FRUIT OF OLD AGE

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and in some measure acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance He has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of words and harmony of numbers, which were wanting (especially the last) in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the

crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold, to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire open to me; but since the Revolution I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled?—to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

. . . . Cynthus aurem
Vellit et admonuit . . .

'Tis enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the meantime I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet, have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Aeneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me; but how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion!

J. DRYDEN.—*Postscript to the
Translation of the Aeneis.*

PLAYING TEXTS

THERE are but two things wherein I count the clergy chiefly concerned (as to university improvements) that I shall venture at present to make inquiry into.

And the first is this, whether or no it were not highly useful (especially for the clergy who are supposed to speak English to the people) that English exercises were imposed upon lads, if not in public schools, yet at least privately. Not, but I am abundantly satisfied that Latin is the all in

all and the very cream of the jest : as also, that oratory is the same in all languages. . . . But yet it seems somewhat beyond the reach of ordinary youth, so to apprehend those general laws as to make a just and allowable use of them in all languages, unless exercised particularly in them.

Now we know the language that the very learned part of this nation must trust to live by, unless it be to make a bond or prescribe a purge (which possibly may not oblige or work so well in any other language as Latin) is the English. . . . And yet for the most part an ordinary cheese-monger or plumb-seller that scarce ever heard of a university, will write much better sense and more to the purpose than these young philosophers, who injudiciously hunting only for words, make themselves learnedly ridiculous.

The second inquiry that may be made is this, whether or no punning, quibbling, and that which we call joking, and such other delicacies of wit, might not be very conveniently omitted. For one may desire but to know this one thing : in what profession shall that sort of wit prove of advantage. As for law, where nothing but the most reaching subtlety and the closest arguing is allowed of, it is not to be imagined that blending now and then a piece of dry verse, and wreathing here and there an old Latin saying into a dismal jingle, should give title to an estate, or clear out an obscure evidence. And as little can it be serviceable in physic, which is made up of severe reason and well-tried experiments. And as for divinity—he that has in youth allowed himself this liberty of academic wit, by this means has so thinned his judgement, becomes so prejudiced against sober sense, and so altogether disposed to trifling, that so soon as he gets hold of a text he presently thinks he has caught one of his old school questions ; and so falls a-flinging it out of one hand into another, tossing it this way and that ; lets it run a little upon the line, then *Tantalus*, *High Jingo*, *Come again* ; here catching at a word, there lie nibbling and sucking at an *and*, a *by*, a *quis* or a *quid*, a *sic* and a *sicut* ; and thus minces the text so small, that his parishioners until he rendezvous it again, can scarce tell what 's become of it.

J. EACHARD.—*Grounds and Occasions
of the Contempt of the Clergy.*

A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

Is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the University hath set him thus forward ; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which and his table-book he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which taken up at St. Mary's he utters in the country. And if he write brachigraphy [shorthand], his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading ; for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his college more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the only thing he has made in it himself is the faces. He takes on against the Pope without mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine. Yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind I must needs say very orthodox. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His style is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is that he never looks upon book, and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice a Sunday : for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered. He has more tricks with a sermon than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils [marginal notes], and his school-divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit gets him in with some town-precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facing, and his ruff, next his hair, the

shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means, to a chambermaid ; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock. Next Sunday you shall have him again.

J. EARLE.—*Microcosmographie.*

A CHILD

Is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple ; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred notebook. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles upon his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest ; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember ; and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God ; and like his first father much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse. The one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchanged but one Heaven for another.

J. EARLE.—*Microcosmographie.*

THE IRISH HAYMAKER

As this man, whose name was Paddy M'Cormack, stood at the entrance of the gipsies' hut, his attention was caught by the name of O'Neill; and he lost not a word of all that passed. He had reason to be somewhat surprised at hearing Bampfylde assert it was O'Neill who had pulled down the rick of bark. 'By the holy poker,' said he to himself, 'the old fellow now is out there. I know more o' that matter than he does—no offence to his majesty: he knows no more of my purse, I'll engage now, than he does of this man's rick of bark and his dog: so I'll keep my tester in my pocket, and not be giving it to this king o' the gipsies, as they call him; who, as near as I can guess, is no better than a cheat. But there is one secret which I can be telling this conjuror himself; he shall not find it such an easy matter to do all what he thinks; he shall not be after ruining an innocent countryman of my own, whilst Paddy M'Cormack has a tongue and brains.'

Now Paddy M'Cormack had the best reason possible for knowing that Mr. O'Neill did not pull down Mr. Hill's rick of bark; it was M'Cormack himself, who, in the heat of his resentment for the insulting arrest of his countryman in the streets of Hereford, had instigated his fellow haymakers to this mischief; he headed them, and thought he was doing a clever, spirited action.

There is a strange mixture of virtue and vice in the minds of the lower class of Irish; or rather a strange confusion in their ideas of right and wrong, from want of proper education. As soon as poor Paddy found out that his spirited action of pulling down the rick of bark was likely to be the ruin of his countryman, he resolved to make all the amends in his power for his folly: he went to collect his fellow haymakers and persuaded them to assist him this night in rebuilding what they had pulled down.

They went to this work when everybody except themselves, as they thought, was asleep in Hereford. They had just completed the stack, and were all going away except Paddy, who was seated at the very top, finishing the pile, when they heard a loud voice cry out, 'Here they are; Watch! Watch!'

Immediately, all the haymakers, who could, ran off as fast as possible. It was the watch who had been sitting up at the cathedral who gave the alarm. Paddy was taken from the top of the rick, and lodged in the watchhouse till morning. 'Since I'm to be rewarded this way for doing a good action, sorrow take me,' said he, 'if they catch me doing another the longest day ever I live.'

MARIA EDGEWORTH.—*Popular Tales.*

ADAM BEDE

THE afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting. A scent of pine-wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite; the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak panelling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough grey shepherd-dog had made himself a pleasant bed, and was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen, who was carving a shield in the centre of a wooden mantelpiece. It was to this workman that the strong baritone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer singing—

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth . . .'

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigour—

'Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.'

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned muscular man nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey

of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow showed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand, with its broad finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name; but the jet-black hair, made the more noticeable by its contrast with the light paper cap, and the keen glance of the dark eyes that shone from under strongly marked, prominent and mobile eyebrows, indicated a mixture of Celtic blood. The face was large and roughly hewn, and when in repose had no other beauty than such as belongs to an expression of good-humoured honest intelligence.

It is clear at a glance that the next workman is Adam's brother. He is nearly as tall; he has the same type of features, the same hue of hair and complexion; but the strength of the family likeness seems only to render more conspicuous the remarkable difference of expression both in form and face. Seth's broad shoulders have a slight stoop; his eyes are grey; his eyebrows have less prominence and more repose than his brother's; and his glance, instead of being keen, is confiding and benignant. He has thrown off his paper cap, and you see that his hair is not thick and straight, like Adam's, but thin and wavy, allowing you to discern the exact contour of a coronal arch that predominates very decidedly over the brow.

The idle tramps always felt sure they could get a copper from Seth; they scarcely ever spoke to Adam.

GEORGE ELIOT.—*Adam Bede.*

THE INSPIRATION OF THE EAST

No art of religious symbolism has a deeper root in nature than that of turning with reverence towards the East. For almost all our good things—our most precious vegetables, our noblest animals, our loveliest flowers, our arts, our religious and philosophical ideas, our very nursery tales and romances, have travelled to us from the East. In an historical as well as in a physical sense, the East is the Land of the Morning. Perhaps the simple reason of this may be,

that when the Earth first began to move on her axis her Asiatic side was towards the sun—her Eastern cheek first blushed under his rays. And so this priority of sunshine, like the first move in chess, gave the East the precedence, though not the pre-eminence, in all things; just as the garden slope that fronts the morning sun yields the earliest seedlings, though those seedlings may attain a hardier and more luxuriant growth by being transplanted. But we leave this question to wiser heads—

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

(Excuse the novelty of the quotation.) We have not carried our reader's thoughts to the East that we may discuss the reason why we owe it so many good things, but that we may introduce him to a new pleasure, due, at least indirectly, to that elder region of the earth. We mean *The Shaving of Shagpat*, which is indeed an original fiction just produced in this western island, but which is so intensely Oriental in its conception and execution, that the author has done wisely to guard against the supposition of its being a translation, by prefixing the statement that it is derived from no Eastern source, but is altogether his own. *The Shaving of Shagpat* is a work of genius, and of poetical genius. It has none of the tameness which belongs to mere imitations manufactured with servile effort, or thrown off with simious facility. It is no patchwork of borrowed incidents. Mr. Meredith has not simply imitated Arabian fictions, he has been inspired by them; he has used Oriental forms, but only as an Oriental genius would have used them who had been 'to the manner born'. Goethe, when he wrote an immortal work under the inspiration of Oriental studies, very properly called it 'West-östliche'—West-eastern—because it was thoroughly Western in spirit, though Eastern in its forms. But this double epithet would not give a true idea of Mr. Meredith's work, for we do not remember that throughout our reading we were once struck by an incongruity between the thought and the form, once startled by the intrusion of the chill north into the land of the desert and the palm. Perhaps more lynx-eyed critics, and more learned Orientalists, than we, may detect discrepancies to which we are blind, but our experience will at least indicate what is likely to be the

average impression. In one particular, indeed, Mr. Meredith differs widely from his models, but that difference is a high merit: it lies in the exquisite delicacy of his love incidents and love scenes. In every other characteristic—in exuberance of imagery, in picturesque wildness of incident, in significant humour, in aphoristic wisdom, *The Shaving of Shagpat* is a new Arabian Night. To two-thirds of the reading world this is sufficient recommendation.

GEORGE ELIOT.—On ‘*The Shaving of Shagpat*’.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO QUEEN MARY

March 16, 1554.

IF any ever did try this old saying ‘that a king’s word was more than another man’s oath’, I most humbly beseech your Majesty to verify it in me, and to remember your last promise and my last demand that I be not condemned without answer and due proof; which it seems that now I am; for without cause proved, I am by your Council from you commanded to go into the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor, than a true subject; which though I know I deserve it not, yet in the face of all this realm appears that it is proved. I pray God I may die the shamefullest death that ever any died, afore I may mean any such thing; and to this present hour I protest afore God (who shall judge my truth whatsoever malice shall devise) that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person in any way, or dangerous to the State by any means. And therefore I humbly beseech your Majesty to let me answer afore yourself, and not suffer me to trust to your councillors; yea, and afore I go to the Tower (if it be possible) if not, afore I be further condemned; howbeit, I trust assuredly your Highness will give me leave to do it afore I go, for that thus shamefully I may not be cried out on as I now shall be, yea and without cause. Let conscience move your Highness to take some better way with me than to make me be condemned in all men’s sight afore my known desert. Also I most humbly beseech your Highness to pardon this my boldness, which my

innocency procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindness, which I trust will not see me cast away without desert, which what it is I would desire no more of God but that you truly knew. Which thing I think and believe you shall never by report know, unless by yourself you hear. I have heard in my time of many cast away, for want of coming to the presence of their prince; and in late days I heard my Lord of Somerset say that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him he had never suffered, but persuasions were made to him so great that he was brought in belief that he could not live safely if the admiral lived; and that made him give consent to his death. Though these persons are not to be compared to your Majesty, yet I pray God that evil persuasions persuade not one sister against the other, and all for that they have heard false report, and not hearken to the truth known. Therefore, once again kneeling with humbleness of my heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your Highness, which I would not be so bold as to desire, if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true. And as for the traitor Wyatt he might peradventure write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him. And as for the copy of my letter sent to the French King, I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter, by any means. And to this truth I will stand in till my death.

I humbly crave but only one word of answer from yourself.

Your Highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to the end.

ELIZABETH.

SWIMMING

THERE is an exercise which is right profitable in extreme danger of wars, but by cause there seemeth to be some peril in the learning thereof: and also it hath not been of long time much used, specially among noblemen: perchance some readers will little esteem it, I mean swimming. But notwithstanding if they revolve the imbecility of our nature, the hazards and dangers of battle, with the

examples which shall hereafter be showed, they will, I doubt not, think it as necessary to a captain or man of arms as any that I have yet rehearsed. The Romans who above all things had most in estimation martial prowess : they had a large and spacious field without the city of Rome, which was called Marcus' Field, in Latin *Campus Martius*, wherein the youth of the city was exercised. This field adjoined to the river of Tiber to the intent that as well men as children should wash and refresh them in the water after their labours, as also learn to swim. And not men and children only, but also the horses, that by such usage they should more aptly and boldly pass over great rivers, and be more able to resist or cut the waves, and not be afraid of pirries [hurricanes] or great storms. For it hath been oftentimes seen that by the good swimming of horse many men have been saved, and contrarywise by a timorous royle [stumbling horse] where the water hath uneth [scarcely] come to his belly, his legs hath foltred [stumbled], whereby many a good and proper man hath perished. What benefit received the holy city of Rome by the swimming of Horatius Cocles ! which is a noble history and worthy to be remembered.

After the Romans had expelled Tarquin their king, as I have before remembered [called to mind], he desired aid of Porsena, king of Tuscany, a noble and valiant prince, to recover eftsoons his realm and dignity ; who with a great and puissant host besieged the city of Rome, and so suddenly and sharply assaulted it that it lacked but little that he had not entered into the city with his host over the bridge called Sublicius ; where encountered with him this Horatius with a few Romans. And whiles this noble captain, being alone with an incredible strength, resisted all the host of Porsena that were on the bridge, he commanded the bridge to be broken behind him, wherewithal the Tuscans thereon standing fell into the great river of Tiber, but Horatius all armed leapt into the water and swam to his company, albeit that he was stricken with many arrows and darts, and also grievously wounded. Notwithstanding by his noble courage and feat of swimming he saved the city of Rome from perpetual servitude, which was likely to have ensued by the return of the proud Tarquin.

How much profited the feat in swimming to the valiant Julius Caesar ! who at the battle of Alexandria on a bridge being abandoned of his people for the multitude of his enemies which oppressed them, when he might no longer sustain the shot of darts and arrows, he boldly leapt into the sea, and, diving under the water, escaped the shot and swam the space of two hundred *passus* [about 350 yards] to one of his ships, drawing his coat-armour with his teeth after him that his enemies should not attain it, and also that it might somewhat defend him from their arrows : and that more marvel was, holding in his hand above the water certain letters which a little before he had received from the Senate. . . .

Now behold what excellent commodity is in the feat of swimming, since no king, be he never so puissant or perfect in the experience of wars, may assure himself from the necessities which fortune soweth among men that be mortal.

SIR T. ELYOT.—*The Governor.*

CIVILIZATION

CIVILIZATION depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as in great. Thus, all our strength and success in the work of our hands depend on our borrowing the aid of the elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad axe chopping upward chips from a beam. How awkward ! at what disadvantage he works ! But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down the axe ; that is to say, the planet itself splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness, and shirking to endure from his hand-sawyers, until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a waterfall ; and the river never tires of turning his wheel : the river is good-natured, and never hints an objection.

We had letters to send : couriers could not go fast enough, nor far enough ; broke their wagons, foundered their horses ; bad roads in spring, snow-drifts in winter, heats in summer ; could not get the horses out of a walk.

But we found out that the air and earth were full of electricity; and always going our way,—just the way we wanted to send. *Would he take a message?* Just as lief as not; had nothing else to do; would carry it in no time. Only one doubt occurred, one staggering objection,—he had no carpet-bag, no visible pockets, no hands, not so much as a mouth, to carry a letter. But, after much thought and many experiments, we managed to meet the conditions, and to fold up the letter in such invisible compact form as he could carry in those invisible pockets of his, never wrought by needle and thread,—and it went like a charm.

I admire still more than the saw-mill the skill which, on the sea-shore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind corn, and which thus engages the assistance of the moon, like a hired hand, to grind, and wind, and pump, and saw, and split stone, and roll iron.

Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labour, to hitch his wagon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. That is the way we are strong, by borrowing the might of the elements. The forces of steam, gravity, galvanism, light, magnets, wind, fire, serve us day by day, and cost us nothing. . . .

In strictness, the vital refinements are the moral and intellectual steps. The appearance of the Hebrew Moses, of the Indian Buddh,—in Greece, of the Seven Wise Masters, of the acute and upright Socrates, and of the Stoic Zeno,—in Judaea, the advent of Jesus,—and in modern Christendom, of the realists Huss, Savonarola, and Luther, are casual facts which carry forward races to new convictions, and elevate the rule of life. In the presences of these agencies, it is frivolous to insist on the invention of printing or gunpowder, of steam-power or gas-light, percussion-caps and rubber-shoes, which are toys thrown off from that security, freedom, and exhilaration which a healthy morality creates in society. These arts add a comfort and smoothness to house and street life; but a purer morality, which kindles genius, civilizes civilization, casts backward all that we held sacred into the profane, as the flame of oil throws a shadow when shined upon by the flame of the Bude-light. Not the less the popular measures of progress will ever be the arts and the laws.

But if there be a country which cannot stand any one of these tests,—a country where knowledge cannot be diffused without perils of mob-law and statute-law,—where speech is not free,—where the post-office is violated, mail-bags opened, and letters tampered with,—where public debts and private debts outside of the State are repudiated,—where liberty is attacked in the primary institution of social life,—where the position of the white woman is injuriously affected by the outlawry of the black woman,—where the arts, such as they have, are all imported, having no indigenous life,—where the labourer is not secured in the earnings of his own hands,—where suffrage is not free or equal,—that country is, in all these respects, not civil, but barbarous; and no advantages of soil, climate, or coast can resist these suicidal mischiefs.

Morality and all the incidents of morality are essential; as, justice to the citizen and personal liberty. Montesquieu says: 'Countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile, but as they are free'; and the remark holds not less, but more true, of the culture of men, than of the tillage of land. And the highest proof of civility is, that the whole public action of the State is directed on securing the greatest good of the greatest number.

R. W. EMERSON.—*Society and Solitude.*

CONFORMITY AND CONSISTENCY

WHOSO would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. . . .

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live

after our own ; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. . . .

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.—‘Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.’—Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood ? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. . . .

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him ; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works ; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you, and all men, and all events. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else ; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much, that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age ; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design ;—and posterity seems to follow his steps as a train of clients. A man Caesar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius, that he is

confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man ; as, Monachism, of the Hermit Antony ; the Reformation, of Luther ; Quakerism, of Fox ; Methodism, of Wesley ; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called 'the height of Rome' ; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

R. W. EMERSON.—*Essays.*

THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other ; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth, becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says,—he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight ; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which nature cannot

repair. Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball ; I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me ; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances,—master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

R. W. EMERSON.—*Nature*.

THE VALUE OF THE PRESENT MOMENT

WRITE it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday. 'Tis the old secret of the gods that they come in low disguises. 'Tis the vulgar great who come dizen'd with gold and jewels. Real kings hide away their crowns in their wardrobes, and affect a plain and poor exterior. In the Norse legend of our ancestors, Odin dwells in a fisher's hut, and patches a boat. In the Hindoo legends, Hari dwells a peasant among peasants. In the Greek legend, Apollo lodges with the shepherds of Admetus ; and Jove liked to rusticate among the poor Ethiopians. So, in our history, Jesus is born in a barn, and his twelve peers are fishermen. 'Tis the very principle of science that Nature shows herself best in leasts ; 'twas the maxim of Aristotle and Lucretius ; and, in modern times, of Swedenborg and of Hahnemann. The order of changes in the egg determines the age of fossil strata. So it was the rule of our poets, in the legends of fairy lore, that the fairies largest in power were the least in size. In the Christian graces, humility stands highest of all, in the form of the Madonna ; and in life, this is the secret of the wise. We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang

of gipsies and pedlars. In daily life, what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have used well. 'A general', said Bonaparte, 'always has troops enough, if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them.' Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings you, for one more ambitious. The highest heaven of wisdom is alike near from every point, and thou must find it, if at all, by methods native to thyself alone.

That work is ever the more pleasant to the imagination which is not now required. How wistfully, when we have promised to attend the working committee, we look at the distant hills and their seductions!

The use of history is to give value to the present hour and its duty. That is good which commends to me my country, my climate, my means and materials, my associates. I knew a man in a certain religious exaltation, who 'thought it an honour to wash his own face'. He seemed to me more sane than those who hold themselves cheap.

Zoologists may deny that horse-hairs in the water change to worms; but I find that whatever is old corrupts, and the past turns to snakes. The reverence for the deeds of our ancestors is a treacherous sentiment. Their merit was not to reverence the old, but to honour the present moment; and we falsely make them excuses of the very habit which they hated and defied.

R. W. EMERSON.—*Society and Solitude.*

THE INDIAN CHIEF

It may and must be true that Mr. Hastings has repeatedly offended against the rights and privileges of Asiatic government, if he was the faithful deputy of a power which could not maintain itself for an hour without trampling upon both. He may and must have offended against the laws of God and nature, if he was the faithful viceroy of an empire wrested in blood from the people to whom God and nature had given it. He may and must have preserved that unjust dominion over timorous and

abject nations by a terrifying, overbearing, insulting superiority, if he was the faithful administrator of your government, which, having no root in consent or affection—no foundation in similarity of interests—no support from any one principle which cements men together in society, could only be upheld by alternate stratagem and force. The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron ; and our empire in the East would, long since, have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority—which Heaven never gave—by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject, and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself among reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. ‘Who is it,’ said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—‘who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean ? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer ? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure ? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, gave ours to us ; and by this title we will defend it,’ said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.

T. ERSKINE, afterwards BARON ERSKINE.

THE FIRE OF LONDON

Sept. 7, 1666.—I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space no less than six acres by measure was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which, being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable, that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church,

all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust ; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling ; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy ; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest ; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably sur-heated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss ; and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city. There was, in truth,

some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining ; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

J. EVELYN.—*Diary.*

OF THE ORIGINAL OF SCULPTURE

WE shall not with Epigenes in Pliny depose that this art had its being from Eternity ; because it is not sense, and would contradict its invention ; but, if that may pass which St. Augustine affirms, that the protoplast, our father Adam, or, as others, his good genius the angel Raziel, were the first inventor of letters, sculpture may derive its pedigree from the infancy of the world, and contend for its pre-eminence with most of the antiquities which it so much celebrates. For, that there went several books about (some whereof had been long since read in the primitive Church) bearing his venerable name ; as that which Epiphanius and others cite, *ex libro Behu, de Poenitentia Adae, Adae Revelatio*, &c., we have no reason to contradict : and Tho. Aquinas in his treatise *De ente et essentia*, speaks of a volume of plants described by Adam ; and there are traditions of a whole natural history, with several other works of this most learned of all men living, as Suidas doubts not to call him ; nor do we think that his unhappy fall did so much concern his rare and infused habits, as

not to leave him the most accomplished and perfectly instructed in all those arts which were so highly necessary and therefore thus early invented ; though whether these books of his were so miraculously found out, and preserved by the renowned Trismegistus, we leave to the more credulous. But that letters, and consequently sculpture, was long before the flood we make no scruple of. Suidas, whom but now we mentioned, is peremptory, ascribing (as was affirmed) both letters and all the rest of the sciences to Adam *τούτου πάντα εὑρήματα*, &c. We shall not add hereunto what the Rabbins assert he composed of the precepts given him in Paradise, with the like trash ; but pass from these conjectures to others of the antediluvian patriarchs mentioned by Josephus, Cedrenus, and some other authors, concerning the sculptures in stone and brick erected at Joppa, containing, as some depose, the sidereal and celestial sciences, proof against the two most devouring and subverting elements, and lasting some thousands of years after the universal cataclysm. The Ethiopians are said at this day to glory much in possessing the books of Seth and Enoch, as those who have lately written of the Abyssines relate. Origen, St. Augustine, and Jerome have likewise made honourable mention of them ; and Tertullian plainly reproves those who in his time thought they could not be preserved ; Noah being himself one of the great-nephews of Seth, and the probability that these ancient men of renown would transmit to posterity the glorious actions and achievements which they had performed, especially Cham (that is Zoroaster), a spirit so universally curious and flourishing above an hundred years before this public calamity.

J. EVELYN.—*Sculptura.*

KING LEAR

WHEN this Lear, or Leyth after some writers, was fallen into impotent age, to know the mind of his three daughters, he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him ; the which calling her gods to record, said, she loved him more than her own soul. With this answer the father being well contented, demanded of Ragan, the second daughter, how well she loved him ; to whom she answered,

and affirming with great oaths, said that she could not with her tongue express the great love that she bare to him, affirming furthermore that she loved him above all creatures. After these pleasant answers had of those two daughters, he called before him Cordeilla the youngest; the which, understanding the dissimulation of her two sisters, intending to prove her father, said, Most reverend father, where my two sisters have dissembled with thee, with their pleasant words fruitless, I, knowing the great love and fatherly zeal that toward me ever before this time thou hast borne (for the which I may not speak to thee otherwise than as my conscience leadeth me), therefore I say to thee, father, I have loved thee ever as my father, and shall continually, while I live, love thee as my natural father. And if thou wilt further be inquisitive of the love that I to thee bear, I ascertain thee that as much as thou art worthy to be beloved, even so much I love thee, and no more.

The father with this answer being discontent married his two elder daughters, that one unto the Duke of Cornwall, and that other unto the Duke of Albania or Scotland, and divided with them two in marriage his land of Britain after his death, and the one half in hand during his natural life: and for the third, Cordeilla, reserved nothing. It so fortun'd after, that Aganippus which the Chronicle of England named Agamp, and king of France, heard of the beauty and womanhood of Cordeilla, and sent unto her father and asked her in marriage. To whom it was answered that the king would gladly give to him his daughter, but for dower he would not depart with: for he had all promised unto his other two daughters. Aganippus, thus by his messengers informed, remembered the virtues of the forenamed Cordeilla, and without promise of dower married the said Cordeilla.

Then it followeth in the story, after this Lear was fallen in age, these foresaid two dukes, thinking long or the lordship of Britain was fallen to their hands, arose against their father, as testifieth Gaufride, and bereft him the governance of the land, upon certain conditions to be continued for term of life; the which in process of time more and more were minished as well by Magleyr as by Hemyon, husbands of the forenamed Gonorilla and Ragan. But most displeased Lear the unkindness of his two daugh-

ters, considering their words to him before spoken and sworn, and now found and proved them all contrary.

For the which he being of necessity constrained, fled his land and sailed into Gallia for to be comforted of his daughter Cordeilla; whereof she having knowledge, of natural kindness comforted him: and after showing all the manner to her husband, by his agreement received him and his to her lord's court, where he was cherished after her best manner. Long it were to show unto you the circumstance of the utterance of the unkindness of his two daughters and of the words of comfort given to him by Aganippus and Cordeilla, or of the counsayle and purveyance made by the said Aganippus and his lords for restoring of Lear again to his dominion: but finally he was by the help of the said Aganippus restored again to his lordship, and, so possessed, lived as ruler and governor thereof by the space of three years after; in which season died Aganippus. And when this Lear had ruled this land by the term of forty years, as affirmeth diverse chronicles, he died and was buried at his town of Kaerlier or Leicester, leaving after him, for to inherit the land, his daughter Cordeilla.

R. FABYAN.—*Chronicles of England and France.*

PULPIT ORATORY

THE excess which is in the defect of preaching has made the pulpit slighted; I mean the much bad oratory we find it guilty of. It is a wonder to me how men can preach so little, and so long: so long a time, and so little matter; as if they thought to please by the inculcation of their vain tautologies. I see no reason that so high a princess as Divinity is should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue; nor that he which speaks from the Father of Languages should deliver his embassy in an ill one. A man can never speak too well while he speaks not too obscure. Long and distended clauses are both tedious to the ear and difficult for the retaining. A sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the

memory of man can fathom. I see not but that divinity, put into apt significant, might ravish as well as poetry. The weighty lines men find upon the stage, I am persuaded, have been the lures to draw away the pulpit's followers. We complain of drowsiness at a sermon; when a play of doubled length leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in ourselves. If we saw divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be performed by humanity. . . .

They are sermons but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. He answered well that, after often asking, said still, that action was the chiefest part of an orator. Surely the oration is most powerful where the tongue is eloquent, and speaks in a native decency, even in every limb. A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is Seneca's opinion: fit words are better than fine ones: I like not those that are injudiciously made; but such as be expressively significant, that lead the mind to something beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus must not look to speak thus every day. A *kembed* oration will cost both labour and the rubbing of the brain. And *kembed* I wish it, not *frizzled* nor *curled*. Divinity should not lascivate. Unwormwooded jests I like well; but they are fitter for the tavern than the majesty of the temple. Christ taught the people with authority. Gravity becomes the pulpit. I admire the valour of some men that, before their studies, dare ascend the pulpit; and do there take more pains than they have done in their library. But having done this, I wonder not that they there spend sometimes three hours, but [only] to weary the people into sleep. And this makes some such fugitive divines that, like cowards, they run away from their text. Words are not all, nor matter is not all, nor gesture; yet, together they are. 'Tis much moving in an orator when the soul seems to speak as well as the tongue. St. Augustine says, Tully was admired more for his tongue than his mind; Aristotle more for his mind than his tongue: but Plato for both. And surely nothing decks an oration more than a judgement able well to conceive and utter. I know God hath chosen by weak things to confound the wise: yet I see not but, in all times, a washed language hath much prevailed. And even the Scriptures (though I know not

the Hebrew) yet I believe are penned in a tongue of deep expression, wherein almost every word hath a metaphorical sense, which does illustrate by some allusion. How political is Moses in his Pentateuch ! How philosophical Job ! How massy and sententious is Solomon in his proverbs ! how quaint and flamingly amorous in the Canticles ! how grave and solemn in his Ecclesiastes ; that in the world, there is not such another dissection of the world as it ! How were the Jews astonished at Christ's doctrine ! How eloquent a pleader is Paul at the bar ; in disputation how subtle ! And he that reads the Fathers shall find them as if written with a crisped [fine] pen. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a philosopher or a poet come in and wait, and give a trencher at this banquet. Saint Paul is precedent for it. I wish no man to be too dark and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain ; and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a total neglect of his hearers. Some stomachs rise at sweetmeats. He prodigals a mine of excellency that lavishes a terse oration to an aproned auditory. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him but a non-intelligent. They that speak to children assume a pretty lisping. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a magic in the tongue, can charm the wild man's motions. Eloquence is a bridle, wherewith a wise man rides the monster of the world, the people. He that hears has only those affections that thy tongue will give him.

O. FELLTHAM.—*Resolves : Divine,
Moral, Political.*

A MOVING SPECTACLE

THE following was the aspect of the bloody field : in one place lay on the ground, all pale and almost breathless, the vanquished Blifil ; near him stood the conqueror Jones, almost covered with blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the property of the Reverend Mr. Thwackum ; in a third place stood the said Thwackum, like King Porus, sullenly submitting to the conqueror : the last figure in the piece was Western

the Great, most gloriously forbearing the vanquished foe. Blifil, in whom there was little sign of life, was at first the principal object of the concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs. Western, who had drawn from her pocket a bottle of hartshorn, and was herself about to apply it to his nostrils, when on a sudden the attention of the whole company was diverted from poor Blifil, whose spirit, if it had any such design, might have now taken an opportunity of stealing off to the other world without any ceremony : for now a more melancholy and a more lovely object lay motionless before them : this was no other than the charming Sophia herself, who, from the sight of blood, or from fear of her father, or from some other reason, had fallen down in a swoon, before any one could get to her assistance. Mrs. Western first saw her, and screamed. Immediately two or three voices cried out, 'Miss Western is dead !' Hartshorn, water, every remedy, were called for, almost at one and the same instant.

The reader may remember that, in our description of this grove, we mentioned a murmuring brook, which brook did not come there, as such gentle streams flow through vulgar romances, with no other purpose than to murmur : no ; fortune had decreed to ennoble this little brook with a higher honour than any of those which wash the plains of Arcadia ever deserved. Jones was rubbing Blifil's temples, for he began to fear he had given him a blow too much, when the words 'Miss Western is dead !' rushed at once on his ear. He started up, left Blifil to his fate, and flew to Sophia, whom, while all the rest were running against each other, backward and forward, looking for water in the dry paths, he caught up in his arms, and then ran away with her over the field to the rivulet above mentioned : where, plunging himself into the water, he contrived to besprinkle her face, head, and neck very plentifully.

Happy was it for Sophia, that the same confusion which prevented her other friends from serving her, prevented them likewise from obstructing Jones : he had carried her half-way before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually restored her to life before they reached the water-side. She stretched out her arms, opened her eyes, and cried, 'Oh, heavens !' just as her father, aunt, and the parson came up. Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely

burden in his arms, now relinquished his hold ; but gave her at the same instant a tender caress, which, had her senses been then perfectly restored, could not have escaped her observation : as she expressed, therefore, no displeasure at this freedom, we suppose she was not sufficiently recovered from her swoon at the time. This tragical scene was now converted into a sudden scene of joy : in this our hero was most certainly the principal character ; for as he probably felt more ecstatic delight in having saved Sophia than she herself received from being saved, so neither were the congratulations paid to her equal to what were conferred on Jones, especially by Mr. Western himself, who, after having once or twice embraced his daughter, fell to hugging and kissing Jones : he called him the preserver of Sophia, and declared there was nothing except her or his estate, which he would not give him ; but, upon recollection, he afterwards excepted his fox-hounds, the ‘Chevalier’, and ‘Miss Slouch’, for so he called his favourite mare.

H. FIELDING.—*The History of Tom Jones.*

JONATHAN WILD’S MAXIMS

JONATHAN WILD had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them ; for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONESTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. . . . He laid down several maxims as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As—

1. Never to do more mischief to another than was

necessary to the effecting his purpose ; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.

2. To know no distinction of men from affection ; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.

3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.

4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.

5. To forgive no enemy ; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.

6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.

7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.

8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.

9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit ; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.

10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.

11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.

12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited ; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.

13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery ; as in gaming any man may be a loser who does not play the whole game.

14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.

15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study.

H. FIELDING.—*Jonathan Wild.*

THE ART OF DIVIDING BOOKS

THERE are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing ; though perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood by any who are not initiated into the science of authoring. To mention, therefore, but one which is most obvious, it prevents spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down its leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers who (though they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their study after half an hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his work into twenty-four books (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters to which he had very particular obligations), but, according to the opinion of some very sagacious critics, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time (probably by subscription). He was the first inventor of the art which hath so long lain dormant, of publishing by numbers ; an art now brought to such perfection, that even dictionaries are divided and exhibited piecemeal to the public ; nay, one bookseller hath (to encourage learning and ease the public) contrived to give them a dictionary in this divided manner for only fifteen shillings more than it would have cost entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books, an argument of his modesty ; for by that, doubtless, he would insinuate that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek ; for the same reason, our Milton went originally no farther than ten ; till, being puffed up by the praise of his friends, he put himself on the same footing with the Roman poet.

I shall not, however, enter so deep into this matter as some very learned critics have done. . . .

I will dismiss this chapter with the following observation : that it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver.

H. FIELDING.—*Joseph Andrews.*

A FAREWELL VOYAGE

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.

ON this day, the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun, I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learnt to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer the company of my little ones, during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

In two hours we arrived at Redriffe, and immediately went on board, and were to have sailed the next morning; but as this was the king's proclamation-day, and consequently a holiday at the Custom-house, the captain could not clear his vessel till the Thursday; for these holidays are as strictly observed as those in the popish calendar, and are almost as numerous. I might add, that both are opposite to the genius of trade, and consequently *contra bonum publicum*.

To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat; a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men, who though sufficiently strong for their burden, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my

readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pulleys. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my coach to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. Indeed so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house, for fear of the ill consequences of looking at me. In this condition I ran the gauntlope (so, I think, I may justly call it), through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me, by all manner of insults and jests on my misery.

H. FIELDING.—*Journal of a
Voyage to Lisbon.*

HUNTERS AND CHRISTIANS

WHAT life is more painful and laborious of itself than is the life of hunters which, most early in the morning, break their sleep and rise when other do take their rest and ease, and in his labour he may use no plain highways and the soft grass, but he must tread upon the fallows, run over the hedges, and creep through the thick bushes, and cry all the long day upon his dogs, and so continue without meat or drink until the very night drive him home; these labours be unto him pleasant and joyous, for the desire and love that he hath to see the poor hare chased with dogs. Verily, verily, if he were compelled to take upon

him such labours, and not for this cause, he would soon be weary of them, thinking them full tedious unto him; neither would he rise out of his bed so soon, nor fast so long, nor endure these other labours unless he had a very love therein. For the earnest desire of his mind is so fixed upon his game, that all these pains be thought to him but very pleasures. And therefore I may well say that love is the principal thing that maketh any work easy, though the work be right painful of itself, and that without love no labour can be comfortable to the doer. The love of this game delighteth him so much that he careth for no worldly honour, but is content with full simple and homely array. Also the goods of the world he seeketh not for, nor studieth how to attain them. For the love and desire of his game so greatly occupieth his mind and heart. The pleasures also of his flesh he forgetteth by weariness and wasting of his body in earnest labour. All his mind, all his soul, is busied to know where the poor hare may be found. Of that is his thought, and of that is his communication, and all his delight is to hear and speak of that matter, every other matter but this, is tedious for him to give ear unto; in all other things he is dull and unlusty, in this only quick and stirring. For this also to be done, there is no office so humble, nor so vile, that he refuseth not to serve his own dogs himself, to bathe their feet, and to anoint them where they be sore, yea and to cleanse their stinking kennel where they shall lie and rest them. Surely if religious persons had so earnest a mind and desire to the service of Christ, as have these hunters to see a course at a hare, their life should be unto them a very joy and pleasure. For what other be the pains of religion but these that I have spoken of. That is to say, much fasting, crying, and coming to the choir, forsaking of worldly honours, worldly riches, and fleshly pleasures, and communication of the world, humble service, and obedience to his sovereign, and charitable dealing to his sister, which pains, in every point, the hunter taketh and sustaineth more largely for the love that he hath to his game, than doth many religious persons for the love of Christ.

J. FISHER.—*The Ways to Perfect Religion* made by John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, being Prisoner in the Tower of London.

BOAT RACING AT OXFORD

SHORTLY after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walked along the fields past the church, crossed the boat-house ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon the opposite bank. Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the laced Fellow-commoner sprinkled among them here and there—reading men and sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective crews—all these, conversing on all topics, from the slang in *Bell's Life* to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the banks, where, at the farthest visible bend of the river, was a little knot of ladies gathered up on a green knoll, faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was heard at length some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until 'They are off—they are coming!' suspended other conversation among ourselves: and suddenly the head of the first boat turned the corner, and then another close upon it, and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might, but in perfect rhythm and order; and the crowd upon the bank turning round to follow along with them, cheering, 'Bravo, St. John's,' 'Go it, Trinity,' and waving hats and caps—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the boathouse; where we arrived just in time to see the ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting awhile to hear how it was the winner had won, and the loser had lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus, one under each arm (Lycion having strayed into better company elsewhere), and walked home with them across the meadow that lies between the river and the town, whither the dusky troops of gownsmen were evaporating, while twilight gathered over all, and the nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus.

E. FITZGERALD.—*Euphranor*.

OF BOOKS

I MAKE no doubt but it shall often befall me to speak of things which are better, and with more truth, handled by such as are their crafts-masters. Here is simply an essay of my natural faculties, and no whit of those I have acquired. And he that shall tax me with ignorance shall have no great victory at my hands; for hardly could I give others reasons for my discourses that give none unto myself, and am not well satisfied with them. He that shall make search after knowledge, let him seek it where it is: there is nothing I profess less. These are but my fantasies by which I endeavour not to make things known, but myself. They may haply one day be known unto me, or have been at other times, according as fortune hath brought me where they were declared or manifested. But I remember them no more. And if I be a man of some reading, yet I am a man of no remembering, I conceive no certainty, except it be to give notice how far the knowledge I have of it doth now reach. Let no man busy himself about the matters, but on the fashion I give them. Let that which I borrow be surveyed, and then tell me whether I have made good choice of ornaments to beautify and set forth the invention which ever comes from me. For I make others to relate (not after mine own fantasy, but as it best falleth out) what I cannot so well express, either through unskill of language or want of judgement. I number not my borrowings, but I weigh them. And if I would have made their number to prevail, I would have had twice as many. They are all, or almost all, of so famous and ancient names, that methinks they sufficiently name themselves without me. If in reasons, comparisons, and arguments, I transplant any into my soil, or confound them with mine own, I purposely conceal the author, thereby to bridle the rashness of these hasty censures that are so headlong cast upon all manner of compositions, namely, young writings of men yet living; and in vulgar that admit all the world to talk of them, and which seemeth to convince the conception and public design alike. I will have them to give Plutarch a bob upon mine own lips, and vex themselves in wronging Seneca in me. My weakness

must be hidden under such great credits. I will love him that shall trace or unfeather me ; I mean through clearness of judgement, and by the only distinction of the force and beauty of my discourses. For myself, who for want of memory am ever to seek how to try and refine them by the knowledge of their country, know perfectly, by measuring mine own strength, that my soil is no way capable of some over-precious flowers that therein I find set, and that all the fruits of my increase could not make it amends. This am I bound to answer for if I hinder myself, if there be either vanity or fault in my discourses that I perceive not or am not able to discern if they be showed me. For many faults do often escape our eyes ; but the infirmity of judgement consisteth in not being able to perceive them when another discovereth them unto us. Knowledge and truth may be in us without judgement, and we may have judgement without them : yea, the acknowledgement of ignorance is one of the best and surest testimonies of judgement that I can find. I have no other sergeant of band to marshal my rhapsodies than fortune. And look how my humours or conceits present themselves, so I shuffle them up. Sometimes they press out thick and threefold, and other times they come out languishing one by one. I will have my natural and ordinary pace seen as loose and as shuffling as it is. As I am, so I go on plodding. And besides, these are matters that a man may not be ignorant of, and rashly and casually to speak of them. I would wish to have a more perfect understanding of things, but I will not purchase it so dear as it cost. My intention is to pass the remainder of my life quietly and not laboriously, in rest and not in care. There is nothing I will trouble or vex myself about, no, not for science itself, what esteem soever it be of. I do not search and toss over books but for an honest recreation to please, and pastime to delight myself : or if I study, I only endeavour to find out the knowledge that teacheth or handleth the knowledge of myself, and which may instruct me how to die well and how to live well.

J. FLORIO.—*Translation of
Montaigne's Essays.*

CHILL PENURY REPRESSED

POVERTY only is not the cause why the commons of France rise not against their sovereign lord. For there were never people in that land more poor than were in our time the commons of the country of Caux, which was almost desert for lack of tillers, as it now well appeareth by the new husbandry that is done there, namely in grubbing and stocking of trees, bushes, and groves grown while we were there lords of the country. And yet the foresaid commons of Caux made a marvellous great rising, and took our towns, castles, and fortresses, and slew our captains and soldiers at such a time when we had but a few men-of-war lying in that country. Which proveth that it is cowardice and lack of hearts and courage that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising, and not poverty, which courage no Frenchman hath like to the Englishman. It hath been often seen in England that three or four thieves for poverty have set upon seven or eight true men, and robbed them all. But it hath not been seen in France that seven or eight thieves have been hardy to rob three or four true men. Wherefore it is right seldom that Frenchmen be hanged for robbery, for they have no hearts to do so terrible an act. There be therefore more men hanged in England in a year for robbery and manslaughter than there be hanged in France for such cause of crime in seven years. There is no man hanged in Scotland in seven years together for robbery: and yet they be oftentimes hanged for larceny and stealing of goods in the absence of the owner thereof. But their hearts serve them not to take a man's goods while he is present, and will defend it, which manner of taking is called robbery. But the Englishmen be of another courage. For if he be poor, and see another man having riches, which may be taken from him by might, he will not spare to do so, but if that poor man be right true. Wherefore it is not poverty, but it is lack of heart and cowardice that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising.

SIR J. FORTESCUE.—*On the Monarchy of England.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

I HAVE always deprecated universal suffrage, not so much on account of the confusion to which it would lead, as because I think that we should in reality lose the very object which we desire to obtain ; because I think it would, in its nature, embarrass and prevent the deliberative voice of the country from being heard. I do not think that you augment the deliberative body of the people by counting all the heads ; but that, in truth, you confer on individuals, by this means, the power of drawing forth numbers, who, without deliberation, would implicitly act upon their will. My opinion is, that the best plan of representation is that which shall bring into activity the greatest number of independent voters ; and that that is defective which would bring forth those whose situation and condition take from them the power of deliberation. I can have no conception of that being a good plan of election which should enable individuals to bring regiments to the poll. I hope gentlemen will not smile if I endeavour to illustrate my position by referring to the example of the other sex. In all the theories and projects of the most absurd speculation, it has never been suggested that it would be advisable to extend the elective suffrage to the female sex. And yet, justly respecting, as we must do, the mental powers, the acquirements, the discrimination, and the talents, of the women of England, in the present improved state of society—knowing the opportunities which they have for acquiring knowledge—that they have interests as dear and as important as our own, it must be the genuine feeling of every gentleman who hears me, that all the superior classes of the female sex of England must be more capable of exercising the elective suffrage with deliberation and propriety than the uninformed individuals of the lowest class of men to whom the advocates of universal suffrage would extend it. And yet, why has it never been imagined that the right of election should be extended to women ? Why ! but because by the law of nations, and perhaps also by the law of nature, that sex is dependent on ours ; and because, therefore, their voices would be governed by the relation in which they stand in society. Therefore it is, sir, that, with the exception of companies,

in which the right of voting merely affects property, it has never been in the contemplation of the most absurd theorists to extend the elective franchise to the other sex. The desideratum to be obtained is independent voters, and that, I say, would be a defective system that should bring regiments of soldiers, of servants, and of persons whose low condition necessarily curbed the independence of their minds. That, then, I take to be the most perfect system which shall include the greatest number of independent electors, and exclude the greatest number of those who are necessarily, by their condition, dependent.

C. J. Fox.—*Parliamentary Reform* (May 26, 1797).

THE PROTECTOR AND THE FRIENDS

AFTER this, as I was going out of town, having two friends with me, when we were gone little more than a mile out of the city, there met us two troopers, belonging to Col. Hacker's regiment; and they took me and the friends that were with me, and brought us back to the Mews, and there kept us prisoners a little while. But the Lord's power was so over them, that they did not have us before any officer, but after a while set us at liberty again. The same day, taking boat, I went down to Kingston, and from thence went afterward toward Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came at him, as he rode in the head of his Life-Guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, according as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house. So I went back to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court again, to have spoken further with him. But when I came he was sick, and Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me, The Doctors were not willing I should come in to speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him any more.

G. Fox.—*Journal*.

THE BURNING OF CRANMER

BUT when he came to the place where the holy bishops and martyrs of God, Hugh Latimer and Ridley, were burnt before him for the confession of the truth, kneeling down, he prayed to God ; and not long tarrying in his prayers, putting off his garments to his shirt, he prepared himself to death. His shirt was made long, down to his feet. His feet were bare ; likewise his head, when both his caps were off, was so bare, that not one hair could be seen upon it. His beard was long and thick, covering his face with marvellous gravity. Such a countenance of gravity moved the hearts both of his friends and of his enemies.

Then the Spanish friars, John and Richard, of whom mention was made before, began to exhort him, and play their parts with him afresh, but with vain and lost labour. Cranmer, with steadfast purpose abiding in the profession of his doctrine, gave his hand to certain old men, and others that stood by, bidding them farewell. And when he had thought to have done so likewise to Ely, the said Ely drew back his hand, and refused, saying it was not lawful to salute heretics, and specially such a one as falsely returned unto the opinions that he had forsworn. And if he had known before that he would have done so, he would never have used his company so familiarly : and chid those sergeants and citizens which had not refused to give him their hands. This Ely was a priest lately made, and student in divinity, being then one of the fellows of Brasennose.

Then was an iron chain tied about Cranmer, whom when they perceived to be more steadfast than that he could be moved from his sentence, they commanded the fire to be set unto him. And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable (saving that once with the same hand he wiped his face), that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His body did so abide the burning of the flame with such constancy and steadfastness, that standing always in one place without moving of his body, he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound ; his eyes were lifted up into

heaven, and oftentimes he repeated 'his unworthy right hand', so long as his voice would suffer him; and using often the words of Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

This fortitude of mind, which perchance is rare and not used among the Spaniards, when Friar John saw, thinking it came not of fortitude but of desperation (although such manner examples which are of the like constancy have been common here in England) ran to the Lord Williams of Thame, crying that the Archbishop was vexed in mind and died in great desperation. But he, which was not ignorant of the Archbishop's constancy, being unknown to the Spaniards, smiled only, and as it were by silence rebuked the friar's folly.

J. FOXE.—*Acts and Monuments*.

[FRANCIS, SIR PHILIP.—See JUNIUS]

THE WHISTLE

A True Story—Written to his Nephew

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect : *He pays, indeed, says I, too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth ; *Poor man, says I, you do indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations ; *Mistaken man, says I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure : you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison ; *Alas, says I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband ; *What a pity it is, says I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.*

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

B. FRANKLIN.—*Essays.*

THE NURSE OF SNOW AND FIRE

THE Sicilian 'monarch of mountains' stands apart from all rivalry, from all neighbourhood. Aetna stands inland, yet he has so largely influenced the history of the coast that we cannot speak of him as purely inland. The nurse of snow and fire stands geographically isolated from the lesser and older mountains of the island. *Mongibello* is

not the mightiest of a class with others of its class leading up to it ; it is not the loftiest peak of a range with other points of the same mass gathering round it. The Mount of Mounts stands alone, without fellow, almost without vassal. It is a fortress soaring over a subject land, untouched and unapproached by aught save its own bastions and outposts. Rising as it does in its solitary greatness, far above all the heights of Sicily, above all the heights of Southern Europe, its bulk is so vast, its base covers so wide an expanse of ground, the slope of its sides is so gentle, that, from most points, the tore of snow which parts the fruitful lower stage from the fiery summit is needed to remind us how far loftier it is than all the other heights of the island. From Catania above all, the overwhelming nearness of the terrible and bountiful neighbour seems to take away somewhat from its seeming height. Aetna is better seen alike from yet nearer points and from more distant.

By the historian of Sicily Aetna must be taken for granted as something that was there, something that soared over all as it does now, ages before any times with which history has to deal. To him it has been there from the beginning. It has had no small share in the making of his island and in working out its destinies. Its fire-floods are recorded as far back as our annals take us, and it needs no great scientific knowledge to see that they were busily at work in days of which not even the traditions have come down to us. Aetna sent forth his floods to make, in the peninsula of Naxos, the first home of the Greek ; he sent them forth to change the shape of the coast of Catania in days when Sicily had no better king than the second Charles of Spain. He has been mighty to destroy, but he has also been mighty to create and to render fruitful. If his fiery streams have swept away cities, and covered fields, they have given the cities a new material for their buildings ; they have given the fields a fresh soil rich above all others in the gifts alike of Liber and of Libera. Sicily, and all to whom Sicily is a care, feel, under the shadow of the great mountain of the south, as under the shelter of an awful yet bounteous lord.

E. A. FREEMAN.—*History of Sicily.*

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

A CHANGE was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.

J. A. FROUDE.—*History of England.*

THE LAST OF THE ARMADA

WHEN morning once more dawned on the miserable Armada, they again saw on their weather beam, almost within cannon shot, and clinging to them like their shadow, the dreaded English fleet. It was the eve of St. Lawrence's day, Philip's patron saint, whose precious shoulder bone he had added to the treasures of the Escorial. But St. Lawrence, though he might save his worshippers' souls in the other world, seemed to want either power or will to

aid them in the present. To windward was the enemy, to leeward and clear within sight the seas were breaking on the endless shoals which fringe the low coast of Holland. The lead gave but seven fathoms, and for each mile they sailed the depth grew less and less, as the north-west wind edged them nearer to the line of muddy foam. Crippled as they were, their masts would not bear a weight of sail sufficient to draw them off. To tack was impossible; there was still room to wear round, but only to fall into the enemy's hands or venture another engagement. Pilots they had none. Their most experienced officers were gone. De Valdez and Francisco of Toledo were prisoners; Pimentel had been flung on the coast of Flanders; Monçada lay dead at Calais; Diego Florez, the Castilian Admiral, had lost heart and nerve. The men generally were sick with despondency, and a seaman, taken afterwards in Ireland, said if the English had that day offered to board them, they would all have struck. Sidonia in his extremity summoned the young Miguel de Oquendo to advise him.

'Señor Oquendo,' he exclaimed, 'what are we to do? We are lost—what are we to do?'

Oquendo gave a brave man's answer.

'Let Diego Florez talk of being lost!' he said. 'Let your Excellency bid me order up the cartridges.'

An opportune shift of wind came to the Duke's relief, sent, as was fondly imagined, by 'the Lord'. Swinging suddenly to the east it smoothed the sea, and lifted him away from the banks to the open water. The English being no longer to windward fell back, and the Spaniards, with scanty sail, and refitting as they could their shattered spars and stays, crawled out of danger. . . .

The Spaniards, finding that they were not attacked, and observing that the number of their pursuers was reduced, flattered themselves that the English too must have suffered severely in the action of Monday, and that if they were afraid themselves, they were also an object of fear. The ignominy of returning to Spain, having accomplished nothing, became more obvious the more it was considered, and Sidonia once more began to gather up his courage, and to think again of trying to recover Calais. But the black south-wester scattered his reviving spirits. Without pilots, in a strange sea, with the autumn storms prematurely upon

him, and with no friendly port for which to run, he became utterly unmanned. The very elements had turned against him, the special prerogative of the Almighty, and he could think of nothing now but of hastening home by the ocean road, where, let the dangers be what they might, there were no English enemies in his path.

On, therefore, the Armada sped before the rising breeze, the English still following in expectation every moment that they would bear up and engage, and unable to believe that Castilians would yield so easily, and go back to their own country with dishonour and shame. Harder and harder blew the wind, and as the sea rose, their distressed condition became more apparent. The pursuing fleet began now to pass drowned and drowning bodies of mules and horses flung over to save the scanty water-casks. More than one poor crippled ship dropped behind as her spars snapped, or the water made its way through her wounded seams in the straining seas. The Spaniards 'stricken', it was now plain, 'with a wonderful fear,' made no attempt to succour their consorts, but passed on leaving them to founder.

J. A. FROUDE.—*History of England.*

THE ILIAD

THE *Iliad* is from two to three thousand years older than *Macbeth*, and yet it is as fresh as if it had been written yesterday. We have there no lessons save in the emotions which rise in us as we read. Homer had no philosophy; he never struggles to impress upon us his views about this or that; you can scarcely tell indeed whether his sympathies are Greek or Trojan; but he represents to us faithfully the men and women among whom he lived. He sang the Tale of Troy, he touched his lyre, he drained the golden beaker in the halls of men like those on whom he was conferring immortality. And thus, although no Agamemnon, king of men, ever led a Grecian fleet to Ilium; though no Priam sought the midnight tent of Achilles; though Ulysses and Diomed and Nestor were but names, and Helen but a dream, yet through Homer's power of representing men and women, those old Greeks

will still stand out from amidst the darkness of the ancient world with a sharpness of outline which belongs to no period of history except the most recent. For the mere hard purposes of history, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are the most effective books which ever were written. We see the Hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcinous, we see Nausicaa among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the market-place dealing out genial justice. Or again, when the wild mood is on, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armour as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord, we know what we should see there; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope.

J. A. FROUDE.—*Short Studies on Great Subjects.*

OF JESTING

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

1. *It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.* The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing school to dance before her. 'Pish,' said the queen, 'it is his profession, I will not see him.' She liked it not where it was a master quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

2. *Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's Word.* Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font, or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the Crown, though he only meant his own house, having

a crown for the sign ; more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge and pray to God to forgive thee.

3. *Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.* Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

4. *Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh.* Abuse not any that are departed ; for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

5. *Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend.* Oh, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches ! Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

6. *He that relates another man's wicked jests with delight, adopts them to be his own.* Purge them therefore from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey ; take out the string in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

7. *He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.* Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

8. *No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.* No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off, like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, *at the end of my legs.* But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*. And let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

T. FULLER.—*The Holy State and the Profane State.*

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, Young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the University, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, Others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, They are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, Being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

1. *His genius inclines him with delight to his profession.* Some men had as lief be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school as Cooper's *Dictionary* and Scapula's *Lexicon* are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of his goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, God hewed out this stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

2. *He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books;* and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death ; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.
2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping !
3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless ; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts who are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.
4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

T. FULLER.—*The Holy State and
the Profane State.*

A MERRY DIGRESSION

AND now a little to solace myself and the reader with a merry digression, after much sorrow and sad stories. King Richard did one thing in Palestine which was worth all the cost and pains of his journey ; namely, he redeemed from the Turks a chest full of holy relics (which they had gotten at the taking of Jerusalem), so great, as four men could scarce carry any way. And though some know no more than Aesop's cock how to prize these pearls, let them learn the true value of them from the Roman jewellers. First, they must carefully distinguish between public and private relics : in private ones some forgery may be suspected, lest *quid* be put for *quo* ; which made St. Augustine put in that wary parenthesis, *Si tamen martyrum*, If so be they be the relics of martyrs. But as for public ones approved by the Pope, and kept in churches (such no doubt as these of King Richard's were), oh let no Christian be such an infidel as to stagger at the truth thereof ! If any object that the head of the same saint is showed at several places ; the whole answer is by a synecdoche, that a part is put for the whole. As for the common exception against the cross, that so many several pieces thereof are shown, which put together would break the back of Simon of Cyrene to bear them, it is answered, *Distrahitur, non diminuitur*, and, like the loaves in the gospel, it is miraculously multiplied in the dividing. If all these fail, Baronius hath a razor shaveth all scruple clear away ; for, saith he, *Quicquid sit, fides purgat facinus* ; so that he worshippeth the false relics of a true saint, God taketh his good intention in good worth, though he adore the hand of Esau for the hand of Jacob. But enough of these fooleries.

T. FULLER — *History of the Holy War.*

To clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog in the top of them : the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.—T. FULLER.—*The Holy State and the Profane State.*

THE PLACING : A.D. 1760

It was a great affair ; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch, that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery ; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me ; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glar on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The serjeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was ; we were, therefore, obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us, in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair day, with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon, they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful ; and Thomas Thorl the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, he got up and protested, and said, ' Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a-doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest,—' This will do well enough, timber to timber ; ' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

J. GALT.—*Annals of the Parish.*

THE RETURN OF THE WHALER

It was a pretty scene, though it was too familiar to the eyes of all who then saw it for them to notice its beauty. The sun was low enough in the west to turn the mist that filled the distant valley of the river into golden haze. Above, on either bank of the Dee, there lay the moorland heights swelling one behind the other ; the nearer, russet brown with the tints of the fading bracken ; the more distant, grey and dim against the rich autumnal sky. The red and fluted tiles of the gabled houses rose in crowded irregularity on one side of the river, while the newer suburb was built in more orderly and less picturesque fashion on the opposite cliff. The river itself was swelling and chafing with the incoming tide till its vexed waters rushed over the very feet of the watching crowd on the staithes, as the great sea waves encroached more and more every minute. The quay side was unsavourily ornamented with glittering fish-scales, for the hauls of fish were cleansed in the open air, and no sanitary arrangements existed for sweeping away any of the relics of this operation.

The fresh salt breeze was bringing up the lashing, leaping tide from the blue sea beyond the bar. Behind the returning girls there rocked the white-sailed ship, as if she were all alive with eagerness for her anchors to be heaved.

How impatient her crew of beating hearts were for that moment, how those on land sickened at the suspense, may be imagined, when you remember that for six long summer months those sailors had been as if dead from all news of those they loved ; shut up in terrible, dreary Arctic seas from the hungry sight of sweethearts and friends, wives and mothers. No one knew what might have happened. The crowd on shore grew silent and solemn before the dread of the possible news of death that might toll in upon their hearts with this uprushing tide. The whalers went out into the Greenland seas full of strong, hopeful men ; but the whalers never returned as they sailed forth. On land there are deaths among two or three hundred men to be mourned over in every half-year's space of time. Whose bones had been left to blacken on the grey and terrible icebergs ? Who lay until the sea should give up

its dead? Who were those who should come back to Monkshaven never, no, never more?

Many a heart swelled with passionate, unspoken fear, as the first whaler lay off the bar on her return voyage.

Molly and Sylvia had left the crowd in this hushed suspense. But fifty yards along the staithe they passed five or six girls with flushed faces and careless attire, who had mounted a pile of timber, placed there to season for ship-building, from which, as from the steps of a ladder or staircase, they could command the harbour. They were wild and free in their gestures, and held each other by the hand, and swayed from side to side, stamping their feet in time, as they sang—

‘Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my laddie’s in!’

‘What for are ye going off now?’ they called out to our two girls. ‘She’ll be in in ten minutes!’ and without waiting for the answer which never came, they resumed their song.

Old sailors stood about in little groups, too proud to show their interest in the adventures they could no longer share, but quite unable to keep up any semblance of talk on indifferent subjects.

ELIZABETH C. GASKELL.—*Sylvia’s Lovers.*

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

WE were sitting—Miss Matty and I—much as usual; she in the blue chintz easy-chair, with her back to the light, and her knitting in her hand—I reading aloud the *St. James’s Chronicle*. A few minutes more, and we should have gone to make the little alterations in dress usual before calling time (twelve o’clock) in Cranford. I remember the scene and the date well. We had been talking of the Signor’s rapid recovery since the warmer weather had set in, and praising Mr. Hoggins’s skill, and lamenting his want of refinement and manner—(it seems a curious coincidence that this should have been our subject, but so it was)—when a knock was heard; a caller’s knock—three distinct

taps—and we were flying (that is to say, Miss Matty could not walk very fast, having had a touch of rheumatism) to our rooms, to change cap and collars, when Miss Pole arrested us by calling out as she came up the stairs, ‘Don’t go—I can’t wait—it is not twelve, I know—but never mind your dress—I must speak to you.’ We did our best to look as if it was not we who had made the hurried movement, the sound of which she had heard; for, of course, we did not like to have it supposed that we had any old clothes that it was convenient to wear out in the ‘sanctuary of home’, as Miss Jenkyns once prettily called the back parlour, where she was tying up preserves. So we threw our gentility with double force into our manners, and very genteel we were for two minutes while Miss Pole recovered breath, and excited our curiosity strongly by lifting up her hands in amazement, and bringing them down in silence, as if what she had to say was too big for words, and could only be expressed by pantomime.

‘What do you think, Miss Matty? What *do* you think? Lady Glenmire is to marry—is to be married, I mean—Lady Glenmire—Mr. Hoggins—Mr. Hoggins is going to marry Lady Glenmire!’

‘Marry!’ said we. ‘Marry! Madness!’

‘Marry!’ said Miss Pole, with the decision that belonged to her character. ‘I said marry! as you do; and I also said, “What a fool my lady is going to make of herself!” I could have said “Madness!” but I controlled myself, for it was in a public shop that I heard of it. Where feminine delicacy is gone to, I don’t know! You and I, Miss Matty, would have been ashamed to have known that our marriage was spoken of in a grocer’s shop, in the hearing of shopmen!’

‘But,’ said Miss Matty, sighing as one recovering from a blow, ‘perhaps it is not true. Perhaps we are doing her injustice.’

‘No!’ said Miss Pole. ‘I have taken care to ascertain that. I went straight to Mrs. Fitz-Adam, to borrow a cookery-book which I knew she had; and I introduced my congratulations à propos of the difficulty gentlemen must have in housekeeping; and Mrs. Fitz-Adam bridled up, and said that she believed it was true, though how and where I could have heard it she did not know. She said her brother and Lady Glenmire had come to an under-

standing at last. "Understanding!" such a coarse word! But my lady will have to come down to many a want of refinement. I have reason to believe Mr. Hoggins sups on bread-and-cheese and beer every night!

'Marry!' said Miss Matty once again. 'Well! I never thought of it! Two people that we know going to be married. It's coming very near!'

ELIZABETH C. GASKELL.—*Cranford*.

A PASTORAL TRAGEDY

I HAVE just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's which he lent me. It overlooks a common hayfield, where, under the shade of a haystack, sat two lovers—as constant as ever were found in romance—beneath a spreading bush. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brave woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pails. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood, for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haystack; and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together, to secure her. Immediately, there was heard so loud a crash, as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety called to one another: those that were

nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay : they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies—only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave !

J. GAY.—*Letters.*

JULIAN THE APOSTATE

THE generality of princes, if they were stripped of their purple and cast naked into the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscurity. But the personal merit of Julian was, in some measure, independent of his fortune. Whatever had been his choice of life, by the force of intrepid courage, lively wit, and intense application, he would have obtained, or at least he would have deserved, the highest honours of his profession ; and Julian might have raised himself to the rank of minister, or general, of the state in which he was born a private citizen. If the jealous caprice of power had disappointed his expectations ; if he had prudently declined the paths of greatness, the employment of the same talents in studious solitude would have placed, beyond the reach of kings, his present happiness and his immortal fame. When we inspect, with minute or perhaps malevolent attention, the portrait of Julian, something seems wanting to the grace and perfection of the whole figure. His genius was less powerful and sublime than that of Caesar ; nor did he possess the consummate prudence of Augustus. The virtues of Trajan appear more steady and natural, and the philosophy of Marcus is more simple and consistent. Yet Julian sustained adversity with firmness, and prosperity with moderation. After an interval of one hundred and twenty years from the death of Alexander Severus, the Romans

beheld an emperor who made no distinction between his duties and his pleasures ; who laboured to relieve the distress, and to revive the spirit, of his subjects ; and who endeavoured always to connect authority with merit, and happiness with virtue. Even faction, and religious faction, was constrained to acknowledge the superiority of his genius, in peace as well as in war ; and to confess, with a sigh, that the apostate Julian was a lover of his country, and that he deserved the empire of the world.

E. GIBBON.—*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

FINIS

I HAVE presumed to mark the moment of conception : I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my *History*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five quartos. (1) My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. (2) Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and the printer : the faults and the merits are exclusively my own.

E. GIBBON.—*Autobiography.*

A RETROSPECT

WHEN I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. The far greater part of the globe is overspread with barbarism or slavery : in the civilized world, the most numerous class is condemned to ignorance and poverty ; and the double fortune of my birth in a free and enlightened country, in an honourable and wealthy family, is the lucky chance of an unit against millions. The general probability is about three to one that a new-born infant will not live to complete his fiftieth year. I have now passed that age, and may fairly estimate the present value of my existence in the threefold division of mind, body, and estate.

(1) The first and indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience, unsullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

—Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

I am endowed with a cheerful temper, a moderate sensibility, and a natural disposition to repose rather than to activity : some mischievous appetites and habits have perhaps been corrected by philosophy or time. The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure ; and I am not sensible of any decay of the mental faculties. The original soil has been highly improved by cultivation ; but it may be questioned whether some flowers of fancy, some grateful errors, have not been eradicated with the weeds of prejudice. (2) Since I have escaped from the long perils of my childhood, the serious advice of a physician has seldom been requisite. ' The madness of superfluous health ' I have never known, but my tender constitution has been fortified by time, and the inestimable gift of the sound and peaceful slumbers of infancy may be imputed both to the mind and body. (3) I have already described the merits of my society and situation ; but these enjoyments would be tasteless or bitter if their possession were not assured by an annual and adequate supply. According to the scale of Switzer-

land, I am a rich man ; and I am indeed rich, since my income is superior to my expense, and my expense is equal to my wishes. My friend Lord Sheffield has kindly relieved me from the cares to which my taste and temper are most adverse : shall I add, that since the failure of my first wishes, I have never entertained any serious thoughts of a matrimonial connexion ?

I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow, and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution. My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson ; twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my *History*, and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world, to which I should not otherwise have been entitled. The freedom of my writings has indeed provoked an implacable tribe ; but, as I was safe from the stings, I was soon accustomed to the buzzing of the hornets : my nerves are not tremblingly alive, and my literary temper is so happily framed, that I am less sensible of pain than of pleasure. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague indiscriminate praise ; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his moral sympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the present hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land ; that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of those who are yet unborn. I cannot boast of the friendship or favour of princes ; the patronage of English literature has long since been devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application.

The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more ; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may *possibly* be my last : but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years. I shall soon enter into the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgement and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His

choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or body; but I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.

E. GIBBON.—*Autobiography*.

APOLOGIZERS FOR SIN

WE may in the next place produce as illustrative of the general proposition before us those who represent the palliation of sin as charity; and brand with the character of censoriousness all opinions and descriptions of guilt conformable to the Scriptures.

The higher ranks of life may be those, in which this offence appears the most glaring: but it pervades, and perhaps equally overspreads, every class in society. From the mouth of these apologizers no sin receives its appropriate denomination. Some lighter phrase is ever on the lips to obscure or to cloke its enormity, perhaps to transform it into a virtue. Is profaneness noticed? It is an idle habit by which nothing is intended. Is extravagance named? It is a generous disregard of money. Is luxury mentioned? It is a hospitable desire to see our friends happy. What is worldly-mindedness? It is prudence. What is pride? It is proper spirit, a due attention to our own dignity. What is ambition? A laudable desire of distinction and pre-eminence; a just sense of our own excellence and desert. What is devotedness to fashion? It is a due regard to the customs of the polite world. What is over-reaching? It is understanding our business. What is servility? It is skill in making our way to advancement. What are intemperance and sins of impurity?

They are indecorums, irregularities, human frailties, customary indiscretions, the natural and venial consequences of cheerfulness, company, and temptation ; the unguarded ebullitions of youth, which in a little time will satiate and cure themselves. Now all this is *candour* : all this is *charity*. If a reference be made to religion, these men immediately enlarge on the *mercy* of God. If constrained to speak of His threatenings, they advert to them distantly, briefly, with affected tenderness, as to a sort of law in dead letter held forth to terrify guilt and to confine it within reasonable bounds ; but a law which they intimate that the justice of the Deity will never permit him to enforce. To paint sin in its genuine colours : to denounce the wrath of God against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men : to proclaim from the word of inspiration that obstinate perseverance against light and knowledge in any one unholy disposition or practice will exclude from the kingdom of Heaven : to unfold the terrors of hell, of everlasting damnation, of the lake of inextinguishable fire, of the abodes of those whose smoke ascendeth for ever and ever : this is pharisaical punctiliousness, intolerable rigour, illiberal superstition, the frenzy of bigotry, the bitterness of misanthropy. The sons of *candour* and *charity* turn away with contempt. Nay, they profess to be roused with honest indignation against persons who thus misrepresent the counsels of a God, who would have all men to be saved : and stand forth in defence of his attributes injured and degraded by merciless preachers, who assume to themselves the character of His ambassadors, while they bar the gates of Heaven against the workmanship of His hands.

T. GISBORNE.—*Sermons*.

THE POLITY OF THE HEROIC AGE

AMONG the leading political ideas exhibited in the Homeric Poems will be found the following :—

Authority to rule is derived from heaven, and the abuse of this authority, the corruption and the crimes of rulers, are marked by divine judgements on a land.

Equality is not dreamt of ; but liberty is highly prized.

A strong sense of responsibility weighs upon the mind of any ruler not utterly corrupt.

The possessions and honours of kings are not unconditional, but are held by them in trust for the performance of public duties ; among these, in order that they may set an example to the people in time of danger.

The gravest matters affecting the public interest are debated and decided in the Assemblies of the people.

Discussion is conducted in general by persons enjoying weight from their age, station, birth, or ability ; in a word, by the class possessed of leisure and social influence ; but the deliberation and assent of the Assemblies are free.

A public opinion readily forms and freely circulates among the people, approving or condemning the acts of those in authority.

Publicity attends all judicial and deliberative proceedings ; but a council of chiefs often privately prepares matter for the Assembly.

The will of the Assembly takes effect in the act of the Executive.

Speech is the great accomplishment of man ; and is the main instrument of government in peace, as the sword is in war. These two powers, representing the moral and martial force respectively, stand in a position of honour peculiar to themselves.

W. E. GLADSTONE.—*Juventus Mundi.*

ENGLAND AND FOREIGN POLICY

SIR, I say the policy of the noble lord tends to encourage and confirm in us that which is our besetting fault and weakness both as a nation and as individuals. Let an Englishman travel where he will as a private person, he is found in general to be upright, high-minded, brave, liberal, and true ; but with all this, foreigners are too often sensible of something that galls them in his presence, and I apprehend it is because he has too great a tendency to self-esteem—too little disposition to regard the feelings, the habits, and the ideas of others. Sir, I find this characteristic too plainly legible in the policy of the noble lord, I doubt not that use will be made of our present debate

to work upon this peculiar weakness of the English mind. The people will be told that those who oppose the motion are governed by personal motives, have no regard for public principle, no enlarged ideas of national policy. You will take your case before a favourable jury, and you think to gain your verdict ; but, Sir, let the House of Commons be warned—let it warn itself—against all illusions. There is in this case also a course of appeal. There is an appeal, such as the hon. and learned member for Sheffield has made, from the one House of Parliament to the other. There is a further appeal from this House of Parliament to the people of England ; but, lastly, there is also an appeal from the people of England to the general sentiment of the civilized world ; and I, for my part, am of opinion that England will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and her pride if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral supports which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford—if the day shall come in which she may continue to excite the wonder and the fear of other nations, but in which she shall have no part in their affection and their regard.

No, Sir, let it not be so : let us recognize, and recognize with frankness, the equality of the weak with the strong ; the principles of brotherhood among nations, and of their sacred independence. When we are asking for the maintenance of the rights which belong to our fellow-subjects resident in Greece, let us do as we would be done by, and let us pay all the respect to a feeble state, and to the infancy of free institutions, which we should desire and should exact from others towards their maturity and their strength. Let us refrain from all gratuitous and arbitrary meddling in the internal concerns of other states, even as we should resent the same interference if it were attempted to be practised toward ourselves. If the noble lord has indeed acted on these principles, let the government to which he belongs have your verdict in its favour ; but if he has departed from them as I contend, and as I humbly think and urge upon you that it has been too amply proved, then the House of Commons must not shrink from the performance of its duty, under whatever expectations of momentary obloquy or reproach, because we shall have

done what is right ; we shall enjoy the peace of our own consciences, and receive, whether a little sooner or a little later, the approval of the public voice, for having entered our solemn protest against a system of policy which we believe, nay, which we know, whatever may be its first aspect, must of necessity in its final results be unfavourable even to the security of British subjects resident abroad, which it professes so much to study—unfavourable to the dignity of the country, which the motion of the hon. and learned member asserts that it preserves—and equally unfavourable to that other great and sacred object which also it suggests to our recollection, the maintenance of peace with the nations of the world.

W. E. GLADSTONE.—*Speech in the House of Commons.*

PLAINNESS OF SPEECH

THE Preacher should use plain words : so the end, edification, requires. He that affects hard ones speaks in an unknown tongue, and is a barbarian to his auditors ; they hear the sound, but are not edified : of all the vanities of speech, there is none more contemptible than this, and none is more exploded among the wise, not only in preaching, but in all matters of solemn discourse and ordinary conversation. It is commonly the error of the youth, and may be pardoned to such, in moral and philosophical subjects ; but in men set apart to instruct the people in things of spiritual and eternal concernment, 'tis not to be endured. If you here ask me, what I mean by hard words ? I will presume that you cannot think I intended to condemn all that are borrowed from the Greek, Latin, or more modern languages. No, the English is a mixed speech, made up of divers tongues, and we cannot speak without using foreign words : so that those that talk of pure English, if they mean unmixed by it, dream of chimaeras : our language hath in all ages been enlarging by the introduction of borrowed words, which when they are once brought into common use, they may be spoken without blame of affectation ; yea, there is sometimes vanity and affectation in avoiding them. You know a great instance of this in

a late writer, who, to shun the Latinisms of immensity, eternity, penetrability, &c., uses these—all-placeness, all-timeness, thorow-fareness, and abundance such like. This English is far more unintelligible than that Latin which custom of speech hath made easy and familiar. . . .

To this head of hard words I may refer another vanity, which is an affected use of scraps of Greek and Latin, things of no service to the vulgar, by whom they are not understood; and by the wise they are now generally despised. I suppose I need not caution you, in more words, against this antiquated pedantry.

J. GLANVILL.—*Concerning Preaching.*

THEY ARE FREE—WHO WILL BE FREE

I DO not mean to allude to all the writers who have written on the subject of female manners—it would, in fact, be only beating over the old ground, for they have, in general, written in the same strain; but attacking the boasted prerogative of man—the prerogative that may emphatically be called the iron sceptre of tyranny, the original sin of tyrants, I declare against all power built on prejudices, however hoary.

If the submission demanded be founded on justice—there is no appealing to a higher power—for God is Justice itself. Let us then, as children of the same parent, if not bastardized by being the younger born, reason together, and learn to submit to the authority of reason—when her voice is distinctly heard. But, if it be proved, that this throne of prerogative only rests on a chaotic mass of prejudices, that have no inherent principle of order to keep them together, or on an elephant, tortoise, or even the mighty shoulders of a son of the earth, they may escape, who dare to brave the consequence, without any breach of duty, without sinning against the order of things.

Whilst reason raises man above the brutal herd, and death is big with promises, they alone are subject to blind authority who have no reliance on their own strength. They are free—who will be free!—

The being who can govern itself has nothing to fear in life; but if anything is dearer than its own respect, the

price must be paid to the last farthing. Virtue, like everything valuable, must be loved for herself alone ; or she will not take up her abode with us. She will not impart that peace, 'which passeth understanding,' when she is merely made the stilts of reputation ; and respected, with pharisaical exactness, because 'honesty is the best policy'.

That the plan of life which enables us to carry some knowledge and virtue into another world, is the one best calculated to insure content in this, cannot be denied ; yet few people act according to this principle, though it be universally allowed that it admit not of dispute. Present pleasure, or present power, carry before it these sober convictions ; and it is for the day, not for life, that man bargains with happiness. How few !—how very few ! have sufficient foresight, or resolution, to endure a small evil at the moment, to avoid a greater hereafter.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.—*A Vindication of the Rights of Woman.*

DUELLING : ITS CAUSE AND CURE

IN about an hour and a half he [Tyrrel] returned. No precaution had been taken against this incident, for nothing could be more unexpected. In the interval he had intoxicated himself with large draughts of brandy. In a moment he was in a part of the room where Mr. Falkland was standing, and with one blow of his muscular arm levelled him with the earth. The blow however was not stunning, and Mr. Falkland rose again immediately. It is obvious to perceive how unequal he must have been to this species of contest. He was scarcely risen, before Mr. Tyrrel repeated his blow. Mr. Falkland was now upon his guard, and did not fall. But the blows of his adversary were redoubled with a rapidity difficult to conceive, and Mr. Falkland was once again brought to the earth. In this situation Mr. Tyrrel kicked his prostrate enemy, and stooped apparently with the intention of dragging him along the floor. All this passed in a moment, and the gentlemen present had not time to recover their surprise. They now interfered, and Mr. Tyrrel once more quitted the apartment. . . .

Mr. Collins was a man of no vulgar order ; and his reflections on this subject were uncommonly judicious. . . .

‘ How would a man of true discernment in such a case reply to his brutal assailant ? “ I make it my boast that I can endure calamity and pain : shall I not be able to endure the trifling inconvenience that your folly can inflict upon me ? Perhaps a human being would be more accomplished if he understood the science of personal defence ; but how few would be the occasions upon which he would be called to exert it ! How few persons would he encounter so unjust and injurious as you, if his own conduct were directed by the principles of reason and benevolence ! Besides, how narrow would be the use of this science, when acquired ! It will scarcely put the man of delicate make and petty stature upon a level with the athletic pugilist ; and, if it did in some measure secure me against the malice of a single adversary, still my person and my life, so far as mere force is concerned, would always be at the mercy of two. Further than immediate defence against actual violence, it could never be of use to me. The man who can deliberately meet his adversary for the purpose of exposing the person of one or both of them to injury, tramples upon every principle of reason and equity. Duelling is the vilest of all egotism, treating the public, which has a claim to all my powers and exertions, as if it were nothing, and myself, or rather an unintelligible chimera I annex to myself, as if it were entitled to my exclusive attention. I am unable to cope with you : what then ? Can that circumstance dishonour me ? No ; I can only be dishonoured by perpetrating an unjust action. My honour is in my own keeping, beyond the reach of all mankind. Strike ! I am passive. No injury that you can inflict shall provoke me to expose you or myself to unnecessary evil. I refuse that ; but I am not therefore pusillanimous : when I refuse any danger or suffering by which the general good may be promoted, then brand me for a coward ! ” ’

These reasonings, however simple and irresistible they must be found by a dispassionate inquirer, are little reflected on by the world at large, and were most of all uncongenial to the prejudices of Mr. Falkland.

W. GODWIN.—*Caleb Williams.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO 'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD'

THERE are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey, as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside. Such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one, whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

O. GOLDSMITH.—*The Vicar of Wakefield.*

SUMPTUARY EDICTS

WHEN Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour: their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my

only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command ; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.—‘ Surely, my dear, you jest,’ cried my wife, ‘ we can walk it perfectly well : we want no coach to carry us now.’ ‘ You mistake, child,’ returned I, ‘ we do want a coach ; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.’—‘ Indeed,’ replied my wife, ‘ I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children handsome and neat about him.’—‘ You may be as neat as you please,’ interrupted I, ‘ and I shall love you the better for it ; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children,’ continued I, more gravely, ‘ those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut ; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.’

This remonstrance had the proper effect ; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress ; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones ; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

O. GOLDSMITH.—*The Vicar of Wakefield.*

FASHION IN THE PARK

If fashion gives the word every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and the playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance shows as little variety or taste, as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the same artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner. A lady of no quality can be distinguished from a lady of some quality only by the redness of her hands ; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her granddaughter. I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind a damsel, tossed out in all the gaiety of fifteen ; her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligée. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face ; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself, and I shall be sixty-two the twelfth of next November !

After the transports of our first salute were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap, if cap it might be called that cap was none, consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom that had felt no hand but the hand of time, these twenty years, rose suing but in vain to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties ; for, as Tasso says of the rosebud, '*Quanto si mostra men tanto è più bella,*' I should think hers most pleasing when least discovered.

As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not with any civility refuse ; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

When we made our entry at the park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender as we seemed to be, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came I perceived we brought good

humour in our train. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a hoarse laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine, while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and like two mice on a string, endeavouring to revenge the impertinences of others upon ourselves. 'I am amazed, cousin Jeffrey,' says Miss, 'that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the park upon us, with your great wig so frizzed, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs.' I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, 'I could heartily wish, madam,' replied I, 'that for your sake my muff was cut into a tippet.'

O. GOLDSMITH.—*The Bee*.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds

DEAR SIR—I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgement, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that

the depopulation it deplures is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe these miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.—I am, Dear Sir, your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IN THIS WEAK PIPING TIME OF PEACE

THE exercise that is now among us, is banqueting, playing, piping, and dancing, and all such delights as may win us to pleasure, or rock us asleep. Oh what a wonderful change is this! Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to riot, our bows into *bolles*, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome, and England to Italy, you

shall find the theatres of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Experto crede*, I have seen somewhat, and therefore, I think, may say the more.

In Rome when plays or pageants are shown, Ovid chargeth his pilgrims to creep close to the saints whom they serve, and show their double diligence to lift the gentlewomen's robes from the ground, for soiling in the dust, to sweep motes from their kirtles, to keep their fingers in use, to lay their hands at their backs for an easy stay ; to look upon those whom they behold, to praise that which they commend, to like everything that pleaseth them, to present them pomegranates to pick as they sit ; and when all is done, to wait on them mannerly to their houses. In our assemblies at plays in London, you shall see such heaving and shoving, such itching and shouldering to sit by women ; such care of their garments, that they be not trod on ; such eyes to their laps, that no chips light in them ; such pillows to their backs, that they take no hurt ; such masking in their ears, I know not what : such giving them pippins to pass the time ; such playing at *foote saunt* without cards ; such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour, to watch their conceits.

S. GOSSON.—*The School of Abuse.*

THE CHARACTER OF CHATHAM

THE Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed Majesty ; and one of his sovereigns [George III] thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great ; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his subject was England—his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him ; with one hand he smote the

house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite ; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished ; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent—those sensations which soften, and allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him ; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories—but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents : his eloquence was an era in the senate. Peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom—not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music, of the spheres. Like Murray [Lord Mansfield], he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation ; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion, but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was, in this man, something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its history.

H. GRATTAN.

NETLEY ABBEY

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton, and as I would wish to treat everybody according to their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you, that my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window. The town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood; and directly across its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight, at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey: there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye: only, on either hand, they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way. I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey (there were such things seen

near it), though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge ; but of these things I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

PS. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history ; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue ; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper ; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before ? I hardly believe it.

T. GRAY.—*Letters* [1764 : to the Rev. N. Nichols.]

BURNHAM BEECHES

THE description of a road which your coachwheels have so often honoured it would be needless to give you ; suffice it that I arrived safely at my uncle's who is a great hunter in imagination ; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing : and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices ; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff ; but just such hills as people who love their necks

as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate ;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats ME I (*il penseroso*) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning.

T. GRAY.—*Letters* [1737 : to Mr. Walpole].

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE

I OWN I have not, as yet, anywhere met with those grand and simple works of Art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for : but those of Nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining : Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday : You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement ; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Héloïse were not forgot upon this occasion. If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance along the trees ; *il me semble que j'ai vu ce chien de visage là quelque part*. You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said ; it seemed to have a cadence like verse. In your next you will be so good to let me know what it was. The week we have since

passed among the Alps has not equalled the single day upon that mountain, because the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties; the savage rudeness of the view is inconceivable without seeing it: I reckoned in one day thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height.

T. GRAY.—*Letters* [1739: to Mr. West].

THE LAUREATESHIP

THOUGH I very well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me 'I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things,' I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office and call me *Sinecure* to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be sergeant-trumpeter or pinmaker to the palace. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my lord mayor, not to the king. Emsden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate.

T. GRAY.—*Letters* [1757: to Mr. Mason].

SHAKESPEARE—'AN UPSTART CROW'

IF woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. . . . Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave, those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholden,—is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholden,—shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions! I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse: yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen; but let their own work serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other newcomers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them; for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemers' house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and making men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust, as

the deathsmen of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears: and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember *Robert Greene*, whom they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain: these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall; for man's time of itself is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and the want of where-with to sustain it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not, then (I beseech ye), to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin; for a whole book cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words,

*Desirous that you should live, though
himself be dying,*
ROBERT GREENE.

[*Greene's Groatsworth of Wit; bought with a million of
Repentance.*]

ADVICE TO A MARRIED WOMAN

IN this estate of minds, only governed by the unwritten laws of Nature, you did at the beginning live happily together. Wherein there is a lively image of that Golden Age, which the allegories of the poets figure unto us. For there Equality guided without absoluteness, Earth yielded fruit without labour, Desert perished in reward, the names of Wealth and Poverty were strange, no owing in particular, no private improving of humours, the traffic being love for love; and the exchange all for all: exorbitant abundance being never curious in those self-seeking arts, which tear up the bowels of the Earth for the private use of more than milk and honey. Notwithstanding, since in the vicissitudes of things and times, there must of necessity follow a Brazen Age, there ought to be a discreet care in love in respect the advantage will else prove theirs that first usurp, and

breaking through the laws of Nature, strive to set down their own reaches of will.

Here Madame, had it been in your power, you should have framed that second way of peace, studying to keep him from evil, whose corruption could not be without misfortune to you. For there is no man, but doth first fall from his duties to himself, before he can fall away from his duty to others. This second way is, that where affection is made but the gold, to hold a jewel far more precious than itself: I mean respect and reverence; which two powers, well mixed, have exceeding strong and strange variety of working. For instance, take Coriolanus, who—Plutarch saith—loved worthiness for his mother's sake. And though true love contain them both, yet because our corruption hath, by want of differences, both confounded words and beings, I must vulgarly distinguish names, as they are current.

The ways to this respect and reverence (as shadows to the bodies of worth) are placed not in the sense, but understanding; where they stand upon diverse degrees and strengths of reason not to be approached with the flattering familiarity of inferior humours; as having no affinity with desire and remorse, high or low estate. Whence we see kings sometimes receive them not from their vassals, but rather pay them as tributes to them. In this mystery lies hidden that which some call (applying it to matters of Estate) the Art of Government; others the Art of men; whereby equality is made unequal and freedom brought into subjection. Example all Sovereign Estates commanding over other men born as free as their rulers, and those sovereigns ruled again by the advantage of worth in their inferiors. . . .

Therefore noble Lady, as the straight line shows both itself and the crooked: so doth an upright course of life yield all true ways of advantage, and by mastering our own affections, anatomizeth all inferior passions, making known the distinct branches out of which the higher powers of kindness, respect, and admiration do arise. A map, wherein we may by the same wisdom of moderation, choose for ourselves that which is least in the power of others. Besides, it plainly discovers that jealousy acknowledgeth advantage of worth, and so becomes the triumph

of libertines ; that grief is the punishment of wrong, or right ill-used ; curiosity ever returns ill news ; anger, how great soever it seems, is but a little humour, springing from opinion of contempt ; her causes less than vices, and so not worthy to be loved or hated ; but viewed, as lively images to show the strength and yet frailty of all passions : which passions being but diseases of the mind, do so disease-like thirst after false remedies and deceiving visions ; as the weak become terrified with those glow-worm lights, out of which wise subjects often fashion arts to govern absolute monarchs by. For Madame, as nourishment which feeds and maintains our life, is yet the perfect pledge of our mortality : so are these light-moved passions true and assured notes of little natures, placed in what great estates soever. Besides, by this practice of obedience, there grow many more commodities. Since first, there is no loss in duty ; so as you must at the least win of your flesh by it, and either make it easy for you to become unfortunate, or at least find an easy and honourable passage out of her intricate lines and circles. Again, if it be true, which the philosophers hold, that virtues and vices, disagreeing in all things else, yet agree in this ; that where there is one *in esse*, *in posse* there are all : then cannot any excellent faculty of the mind be alone, but it must needs have wisdom, patience, piety, and all other enemies of Chance to accompany it ; as against and amongst all storms, a calmed and calming *Mens adepta*.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.—*A Letter sent to an honourable Lady.*

‘ HER HOME IS ON THE DEEP ’

To harp no longer upon this string, and to speak a word of that just commendation which our nation do indeed deserve : it cannot be denied but as in all former ages they have been men full of activity, stirrers abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerless government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects, through the special assistance and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speak plainly, in com-

passing the vast globe of the earth more than once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For, which of the kings of this land before her Majesty, had their banners ever been seen in the Caspian Sea? which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia, as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? who ever saw before this regimen, an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishman at Goa before now? what English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? pass and repass the unpassable (in former opinion) strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the back side of Nova Hispania, further than any Christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas, and the Isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the Isle of Santa Helena, and last of all return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?

Lucius Florus in the very end of his history *De Gestis Romanorum* recordeth as a wonderful miracle, that the Seres (which I take to be the people of Cathay, or China), sent ambassadors to Rome, to entreat friendship, as moved with the fame of the majesty of the Roman Empire. And have not we as good cause to admire, that the Kings of the Moluccas, and Java major, have desired the favour of her Majesty, and the commerce and traffic of her people? Is it not as strange that the born naturals of Japan and the Philippines are here to be seen agreeing with our climate, speaking our language, and informing us of the state of their Eastern habitations? For mine own part, I take it as a pledge of God's further favour both unto us and them: to them especially, unto whose doors I doubt not in time shall be by us carried the incomparable treasure of the truth of Christianity, and of the Gospel, while we use and exercise common trade with their merchants.

R. HAKLUYT.—*The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation.*

COUNSEL TO HIS CHILDREN

CHILDREN—I thank God I came well to Farrington this Saturday about five of the clock, and because I have some leisure at my inn, I could not spend that time more to my own contentment and your benefit than by my letter to give you all good counsel. The subject whereof at this time shall be concerning speech ; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons doth occasionally happen by the well or ill managing of that part of human conversation. I shall write as I have leisure and opportunity, at other times, concerning other subjects.

1. Let your speech be true : never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. It is a great sin against God, that gave you a tongue to speak your mind, and not to speak a lie. It is a great offence against humanity itself ; for, where there is no truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker ; for, besides the base disreputation it casts upon him, it doth in time bring a man to that baseness of mind, that he can scarce tell how to tell truth or to avoid lying, even when he hath no colour of necessity for it ; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as another man cannot believe he tells a truth, so he himself scarce knows when he tells a lie.

2. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, you must not speak that absolutely, which you have but by hearsay or relation, you must not speak that as upon knowledge which you have but by conjecture or opinion only.

3. Let your words be few, especially when your betters, or strangers, or men of more experience or understanding are in place, for you do yourself at once two great mischiefs : (1) You betray and discover your own weakness and folly ; (2) You rob yourself of that opportunity, which you might otherwise have, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those that you silence by your impertinent talking.

4. Be not over-earnest, loud, or violent in talking, for it is unseemly and earnest and loud talking make you overshoot and lose your business ; when you should be considering and pondering your thoughts and how to

express them significantly and to the purpose, you are striving to keep your tongue going and to silence an opponent, not with reason but with noise. . . .

I have but little more to write at this time, but to wish and command you to remember my former counsels that I have often given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer to God upon your knees; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God in the Church. Keep yourselves still in some good employment; for idleness is the Devil's opportunity and the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Let the girls take care of such business of my family as is proper for them, and their recreations may be walking abroad in the fields in fair or frosty mornings, some work with their needle, reading of history or herbals, setting of flowers or herbs, practising their music, and such innocent and harmless exercises. Let the boys be diligent at their books, and when they have performed their tasks, I do not deny them such recreations as may be healthy, safe, and harmless. Be you all kind and loving, one to another, honouring your minister; be not bitter or harsh to my servants, be respectful to all, bear my absence patiently, and faithfully, and cheerfully. Do all things as if I were present among you and behold you, for you have a greater Father than I am, that always and in all places beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite the love and care and expense of your father for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience to him; and account it an honour that God hath given you an opportunity in my absence, by your care, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt that, by the laws of nature and gratitude, you owe unto me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want. Provide conveniently for the poor that come to my door.

And I pray God to fill all your hearts with His grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the advantage and comfort of serving Him; and that His blessing, and presence, and comfort, and direction, and providence, be with you and over you all. I am your ever loving father.

SIR M. HALE.—*Letter to his Children.*

HOW TO READ HISTORY

IN perusal of history, first, provide you some writers in chronology and cosmography. For if you be ignorant of the times and places when and where the things you read were done, it cannot choose but breed confusion in your reading, and make you many times grossly to slip and mistake in your discourse. When, therefore, you set to your book, have by you Helvicus, his *Chronology*, and a map of the country in which you are conversant; and repair unto them to acquaint you with time and place, when and where you are. If you be versing the ancient histories, then provide you Ptolemy's maps, or Ortelius, his *Conatus Geographici*: if the latter, then some of the modern cards. As for method of reading history, note, that there are in story two things especially considerable. First, the order of the story itself: and secondly, moral or statical observations for common life and practice.

For the latter of these, there needs no method in reading; all the method is in digesting your reading by bringing it into heads or commonplaces or indices or the like. For in this kind read what books and in what order ye list, it matters not; so your notes may be in some such order as may be useful for you. For the former that is the course and order of the story: the order of reading ought to be the same with the order of the things themselves; what was first done, that is to be read in the first place, what was next in the next place, and so forward; the succession and order of time and reading being the same. This if you mean to observe exactly (which I think it is not so necessary for you to do) you must range your authors according to the times wherein the things they writ were acted, and in the same order read them.

But before you come to read the acts of any people, as those that intend to go to bowls will first see and view the ground upon which they are to play, so it shall not be amiss for you first to take a general view of that ground, which you mean more particularly to traverse, by reading some short epitome. . . .

From the order of reading and the matters in reading to be observed, we come to the method of observation. What

order we are for our best use to keep in entering our notes into our paper-books.

The custom which hath most prevailed hitherto was commonplacing, a thing at the first original very plain and simple ; but by after-times much increased, some augmenting the number of the heads, others inventing quainter forms of disposing them : till at length commonplace books became like unto the Roman Breviary or Missal. It was a great part of clerkship to know how to use them. The vastness of the volumes, the multitude of heads, the intricacy of disposition, the pains of committing the heads to memory, and last, of the labour of so often turning the books to enter the observations in their due places, are things so expensive of time and industry, that although at length the work comes to perfection, yet it is but like the silver mines in Wales, the profit will hardly quit the pains. I have often doubted with myself whether or no there were any necessity of being so exactly methodical. First, because there hath not yet been found a method of that latitude, but little reading would furnish you with some things, which would fall without the compass of it. Secondly, because men of confused, dark and cloudy understandings, no beam or light of order and method can ever rectify ; whereas men of clear understanding, though but in a mediocrity, if they read good books carefully, and note diligently, it is impossible but they should find incredible profit, though their notes lie never so confusedly. The strength of our natural memory, especially if we help it, by revising our own notes ; the nature of things themselves, many times ordering themselves, and *tantum non*, telling us how to range them ; a mediocrity of care to see that matters lie not too chaos-like, will with very small damage save us this great labour of being over-superstitiously methodical. And what though peradventure something be lost, *Exilis domus est*, &c. It is a sign of great poverty of scholarship, where everything that is lost is missed ; whereas rich and well-accomplished learning is able to lose many things with little or no inconvenience.

J. HALES.—*Golden Remains*.

[HALIFAX, LORD.—See SAVILE.]

BALAAM'S ASS

THAT no man may marvel to see Balaam have visions from God and utter prophecies from Him, his very ass hath his eyes opened to see the angel, which his master could not, and his mouth opened to speak more reasonably than his master. There is no beast deserves so much wonder as this of Balaam, whose common sense is advanced above the reason of his rider ; so as for the time the prophet is brutish, and the beast prophetic. Who can but stand amazed at the eye, at the tongue of this silly creature ? For so dull a sight, it was much to see a bodily object that were not too apparent ; but to see that spirit which his rider discerned not, was far beyond nature. To hear a voice come from that mouth, which was used only to bray, it was strange and uncouth : but to hear a beast, whose nature is noted for incapacity, to out-reason his master, a professed prophet, is in the very height of miracles. Yet can no heart stick at these, that considers the dispensation of the Almighty in both. Our eye could no more see a beast, than a beast can see an angel, if He had not given this power to it. How easy is it for Him that made the eye of man and beast, to dim or enlighten it at His pleasure ! and if His power can make the very stones to speak, how much more a creature of sense. That evil spirit spake in the serpent to our first parents ; why is it more that a spirit should speak in the mouth of a beast ? How ordinarily did the heathen receive their oracles out of stones and trees ! Do not we ourselves teach birds to speak those sentences they understand not ? We may wonder, we cannot distrust, when we compare the act with the Author, which can as easily create a voice without a body as a body without a voice. Who now can hereafter plead his simplicity and dullness of apprehending spiritual things, when he sees how God exalts the eyes of a beast, to see a spirit ? Who can be proud of seeing visions, since an angel appeared to a beast ? neither was his skin better after it than others of his kind. Who can complain of his own rudeness and inability to reply in a good cause, when the very beast is enabled by God to convince his master ? There is no mouth into which God cannot put words ; and how oft doth He choose the weak and unwise to confound the learned and mighty !

What had it been better for the ass to see the angel, if he had rushed still on his sword? Evils were as good not seen, as not avoided; but now he declines the way, and saves his burden. It were happy for perverse sinners, if they could learn of this beast, to run away from foreseen judgements. The revenging angel stands before us: and though we know we shall as sure die as sin, yet we have not the wit or grace to give back, though it be with the hurt of a foot, to save the body; with the pain of the body, to save the soul.

I see what fury and stripes the impatient prophet bestows on this poor beast, because he will not go on; yet if he had gone on, himself had perished. How oft do we wish those things, the not obtaining whereof is mercy! We grudge to be stayed in the way to death, and fly on those which oppose our perdition.

I do not (as who would not expect?) see Balaam's hair stand upright, nor himself alighting and appalled at this monster of miracles: but, as if no new thing had happened, he returns words to the beast, full of anger, void of admiration; whether his trade of sorcery had so inured him to receive voices from his familiars in shape of beasts, that this even seemed not strange to him; or, whether his rage and covetousness had so transported him, that he had no leisure to observe the unnatural unusualness of the event. Some men make nothing of those things, which overcome others with horror and astonishment.

I hear the angel of God taking notice of the cruelty of Balaam to his beast: his first words to the unmerciful prophet are in expostulating of his wrong. We little think it, but God shall call us to an account for the unkind and cruel usages of His poor mute creatures. He hath made us lords, not tyrants; owners, not tormentors: he that hath given us leave to kill them for our use hath not given us leave to abuse them at our pleasure; they are so our drudges, that they are our fellows by creation. It was a sign the magician would easily wish to strike Israel with a curse, when he wished a sword to strike his harmless beast: it is ill falling into those hands whom beasts find unmerciful.

J. HALL.—*Contemplations.*

ON THE SIGHT OF A GREAT LIBRARY

WHAT a world of wit is here packed up together ! I know not, whether this sight doth more dismay, or comfort me : it dismays me, to think that here is so much that I cannot know ; it comforts me, to think that this variety yields so good helps, to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon : ' There is no end of making many books.' This sight verifies it. There is no end : it were pity there should. God hath given to man a busy soul ; the agitation whereof cannot but, through time and experience, work out many hidden truths : to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds like unto so many candles should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate : these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts ! that I can, at pleasure, summon whole synods of reverend fathers and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgements, in all points of question, which I propose ! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat. It is a wantonness, to complain of choice. No law binds us to read all : but the more we can take in and digest, the better-liking must the mind needs be. Blessed be God, that set up so many clear lamps in His Church : now, none, but the wilfully blind, can plead darkness. And blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers ; and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others.

J. HALL.—*Occasional Meditations.*

FREEDOM THREATENED

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By

a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished ; the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe ; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode ; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here ; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylae of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race ; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born ; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it ? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good ; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God ; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence ; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders ; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be clothed with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with

every auspicious omen ; advance with alacrity into the field, where God Himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid ; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary ; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God ; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit ; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms.

While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part ; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals ! Your mantle fell when you ascended ; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to 'swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever,' they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, 'gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty,' go forth with our hosts in the day of battle ! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of

success which springs from thy presence ! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes ! Inspire them with thine own ; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire ! ‘ Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark ; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.’

R. HALL.—*The Sentiments proper
to the present Crisis.*

LIGHT FROM THE WEST

It is not unjust to claim for these islands the honour of having first withstood the dominant ignorance, and even led the way in the restoration of knowledge. As early as the sixth century, a little glimmer of light was perceptible in the Irish monasteries ; and in the next, when France and Italy had sunk in deeper ignorance, they stood, not quite where national prejudice has sometimes placed them, but certainly in a very respectable position. That island both drew students from the continent, and sent forth men of comparative eminence into its schools and churches. I do not find, however, that they contributed much to the advance of secular, and especially of grammatical learning. This is rather due to England, and to the happy influence of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, an Asiatic Greek by birth, sent hither by the Pope in 668, through whom and his companion Adrian, some knowledge of the Latin and even Greek languages was propagated in the Anglo-Saxon church. The Venerable Bede, as he was afterwards styled, early in the eighth century, surpasses every other name of our ancient literary annals ; and though little more than a diligent compiler from older writers, may perhaps be reckoned superior to any man whom the world (so low had the East sunk, like the West) then possessed. A desire of knowledge grew up ; the school of York, somewhat later, became respectable, before any liberal education had been established in France, and from this came Alcuin, a man fully equal to Bede in ability,

though not in erudition. By his assistance, and that of one or two Italians, Charlemagne laid in his vast dominions the foundations of learning, according to the standard of that age, which dispelled, at least for a time, some part of the gross ignorance wherein his empire had been enveloped.

The praise of having originally established schools belongs to some bishops and abbots of the sixth century. They came in place of the imperial schools overthrown by the barbarians. In the downfall of that temporal dominion, a spiritual aristocracy was providentially raised up, to save from extinction the remains of learning, and religion itself. Some of those schools seem to have been preserved in the south of Italy, though merely, perhaps, for elementary instruction ; but in France the barbarism of the latter Merovingian period was so complete that, before the reign of Charlemagne, all liberal studies had come to an end. Nor was Italy in a much better state at his accession, though he called two or three scholars from thence to his literary councils. The libraries were destroyed, the schools chiefly closed ; wherever the Lombard dominion extended, illiteracy was its companion.

H. HALLAM.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

ITALICS

‘In good prose (says Frederic Schlegel) every word should be underlined.’ That is, every word should be the right word ; and then no word would be righter than another. There are no italics in Plato.

What ! asks Holofernes ; did Plato print his books all in romans ?

In mentioning Plato, I mentioned him whose style seems to be the summit of perfection. . . .

Two large classes of persons in these days are fond of underlining their words.

It is a favourite practice with a number of female letter-writers,—those, I mean, who have not yet crost

over the river of self-consciousness into the region of quiet, unobtrusive grace, and whose intellectual pulses are always in a flutter, at one moment thumping, the next scarcely perceptible. Their consciousness of no-meaning worries them so, that the meaning, which they are aware is not in any words they can use, they try to put into them by scoring them, like a leg of pork, which their letters now and then much resemble.

On the other hand some men of vigorous minds, but more conversant with things than with words, and who, having never studied composition as an art, have not learnt that the real force of style must be effortless, and consists mainly in its simplicity and appropriateness, fancy that common words are not half strong enough to say what they want to say; and so they try to strengthen them by writing them in a different character. . . .

To a refined taste a parti-lettered page is much as if a musician were to strike a note every now and then in a wrong key, for the sake of startling attention.

J. C. HARE.—*Guesses at Truth.*

WHY COMMONWEALTHS FALL

IN the common experience of good architecture, there is nothing more known than that buildings stand the firmer and the longer for their own weight, nor ever swerve through any other internal cause than that their materials are corruptible; but the people never die, nor, as a political body, are subject to any other corruption than that which derives from their government. Unless a man will deny the chain of causes, in which he denies God, he must also acknowledge the chain of effects; wherefore there can be no effect in Nature that is not from the first cause, and those successive links of the chain, without which it could not have been. Now except a man can show the contrary in a commonwealth, if there be no cause of corruption in the first make of it, there can never be any such effect. Let no man's superstition impose profaneness upon this assertion; for as man is sinful, but yet the universe is

perfect, so may the citizen be sinful, and yet the commonwealth be perfect. And as man, seeing the world is perfect, can never commit any such sin as shall render it imperfect, or bring it to a natural dissolution, so the citizen, where the commonwealth is perfect, can never commit any such crime as will render it imperfect, or bring it to a natural dissolution. To come to experience: Venice, notwithstanding we have found some flaws in it, is the only commonwealth in the make whereof no man can find a cause of dissolution; for which reason we behold her (though she consists of men that are not without sin) at this day with one thousand years upon her back, yet for any internal cause, as young, as fresh, and free from decay, or any appearance of it, as she was born; but whatever in Nature is not sensible of decay by the course of a thousand years, is capable of the whole age of Nature; by which calculation, for any check that I am able to give myself, a commonwealth, rightly ordered, may for any internal causes be as immortal or long-lived as the world. But if this be true, those commonwealths that are naturally fallen, must have derived their ruin from the rise of them. Israel and Athens died not natural but violent deaths, in which manner the world itself is to die. We are speaking of those causes of dissolution which are natural to government; and they are but two, either contradiction or inequality. If a commonwealth be a contradiction, she must needs destroy herself; and if she be unequal, it tends to strife, and strife to ruin. By the former of these fell Lacedemon, by the latter Rome. Lacedemon being made altogether for war, and yet not for increase, her natural progress became her natural dissolution, and the building of her own victorious hand too heavy for her foundation, so that she fell indeed by her own weight. But Rome perished through her native inequality, which how it inveterated the bosoms of the senate and the people each against other, and even to death, has been shown at large.

Look well to it, my lords, for if there be a contradiction or inequality in your commonwealth it must fall; but if it has neither of these, it has no principle of mortality.

J. HARRINGTON.—*Oceana*.

AMONG THE FORTY-NINERS

THE assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed timid manner. The term 'roughs' applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, &c., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that 'Sal would get through with it'; even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

F. BRET HARTE.—*The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

WOMAN'S GENEROSITY AND STRENGTH

THE Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale bent his head, in silent prayer, as it seemed, and then came forward.

'Hester Prynne,' said he, leaning over the balcony, and looking down steadfastly into her eyes, 'thou hearest what this good man says, and seest the accountability under which I labour. If thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace, and that thy earthly punishment will thereby be made more effectual to salvation, I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow sinner and fellow sufferer! Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him; for, believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there beside thee, on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so than to hide a guilty heart through life. What can thy silence do for him, except it tempt him—yea, compel him, as it were—to add hypocrisy to sin? Heaven hath granted thee an open ignominy, that thereby thou mayest work out an open triumph over the evil within thee, and the sorrow without. Take heed how thou deniest to him—who, perchance, hath not the courage to grasp it for himself—the bitter, but wholesome cup that is now presented to thy lips!'

The young pastor's voice was tremulously sweet, rich, deep, and broken. The feeling that it so evidently manifested, rather than the direct purport of the words, caused it to vibrate within all hearts, and brought the listeners into one accord of sympathy. Even the poor baby, at Hester's bosom, was affected by the same influence; for it directed its hitherto vacant gaze towards Mr. Dimmesdale, and held up its little arms, with a half-pleased, half-plaintive murmur. So powerful seemed the minister's appeal, that the people could not believe but that Hester Prynne would speak out the guilty name; or else that the guilty one himself, in whatever high or lowly place he stood, would be drawn forth by an inward and inevitable necessity, and compelled to ascend the scaffold.

Hester shook her head.

'Woman, transgress not beyond the limits of Heaven's mercy!' cried the Reverend Mr. Wilson, more harshly than before. 'That little babe hath been gifted with

a voice, to second and confirm the counsel which thou hast heard. Speak out the name ! That, and thy repentance, may avail to take the scarlet letter off thy breast.'

'Never,' replied Hester Prynne, looking, not at Mr. Wilson, but into the deep and troubled eyes of the younger clergyman. 'It is too deeply branded. Ye cannot take it off. And would that I might endure his agony, as well as mine !'

'Speak, woman !' said another voice, coldly and sternly, proceeding from the crowd about the scaffold. 'Speak ; and give your child a father !'

'I will not speak !' answered Hester, turning pale as death, but responding to the voice, which she too surely recognized. 'And my child must seek a heavenly Father ; she shall never know an earthly one !'

'She will not speak !' murmured Mr. Dimmesdale, who, leaning over the balcony, with his hand upon his heart, had awaited the result of his appeal. He now drew back, with a long respiration. 'Wondrous strength and generosity of a woman's heart ! She will not speak !'

N. HAWTHORNE.—*The Scarlet Letter*.

THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES

THE Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree : one hand hangs carelessly by his side ; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half-way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure ; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin ; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humour. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to

smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs; these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures, there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at

all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble.

N. HAWTHORNE.—*Transformation.*

ON GOING A JOURNEY

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey ; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room ; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town, in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude ; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences ; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange

good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like sunken wrack and sumless treasures, burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. Leave, oh leave me to my repose! I have just now other business in hand which would seem idle to you, but is with me very stuff o' the conscience. Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald?

W. HAZLITT.—*Table-Talk*.

ON FAMILIAR STYLE

It is not easy to write a familiar style. Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style, and suppose that to write without affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision, and, if I may so say, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning pomp, but all low, cant phrases, and loose, unconnected, *slipshod* allusions. It is not to take the first word that offers, but the best word in common use; it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language. To write a genuine familiar or truly English style is to write as any one would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who

could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes. . . .

It is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express : it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. Out of eight or ten words equally common, equally intelligible, with nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety and discrimination to pick out the very one the preferableness of which is scarcely perceptible, but decisive. The reason why I object to Dr. Johnson's style is that there is no discrimination, no selection, no variety in it. He uses none but 'tall, opaque words', taken from the 'first row of the rubric'—words with the greatest number of syllables, or Latin phrases with merely English terminations. If a fine style depended on this sort of arbitrary pretension, it would be fair to judge of an author's elegance by the measurement of his words and the substitution of foreign circumlocutions (with no precise associations) for the mother tongue. . . .

The florid style is the reverse of the familiar. The last is employed as an unvarnished medium to convey ideas ; the first is resorted to as a spangled veil to conceal the want of them. When there is nothing to be set down but words, it costs little to have them fine. Look through the dictionary, and cull out a *florilegium*, rival the *tulippomania*. *Rouge* high enough, and never mind the natural complexion. The vulgar, who are not in the secret, will admire the look of preternatural health and vigour ; and the fashionable, who regard only appearances, will be delighted with the imposition. Keep to your sounding generalities, your tinkling phrases, and all will be well. Swell out an unmeaning truism to a perfect tympany of style. A thought, a distinction is the rock on which all this brittle cargo of verbiage splits at once.

W. HAZLITT.—*Table-Talk*.

THE ENGLISH RABELAIS

JOHN BUNCLE is the English Rabelais. This is an author with whom, perhaps, many of our readers are not acquainted, and whom we therefore wish to introduce to their notice. As most of our countrymen delight in English generals and

in English admirals, in English courtiers and in English kings, so our great delight is in English authors.

The soul of Francis Rabelais passed into John Amory, the author of *The Life and Adventures of John Buncl*. Both were physicians, and enemies of too much gravity. Their great business was to enjoy life. Rabelais indulges his spirit of sensuality in wine, in dried neats-tongues, in Bologna sausages, in botargos. John Buncl shows the same symptoms of inordinate satisfaction in tea and bread-and-butter. While Rabelais roared with Friar John and the monks, John Buncl gossiped with the ladies; and with equal and uncontrolled gaiety. These two authors possessed all the insolence of health, so that their works give a fillip to the constitution; but they carried off the exuberance of their natural spirits in different ways. The title of one of Rabelais' chapters (and the contents answer to the title) is, 'How they chirped over their cups.' The title of a corresponding chapter in *John Buncl* would run thus: 'The author is invited to spend the evening with the divine Miss Hawkins, and goes accordingly—with the delightful conversation that ensued.' Natural philosophers are said to extract sunbeams from ice; our author has performed the same feat upon the cold quaint subtleties of theology.—His constitutional alacrity overcomes every obstacle. He converts the thorns and briars of controversial divinity into a bed of roses. He leads the most refined and virtuous of their sex through the mazes of inextricable problems with the air of a man walking a minuet in a drawing-room; mixes up in the most natural and careless manner the academy of compliments with the rudiments of algebra; or passes with rapturous indifference from the First of St. John and a disquisition on the Logos to the no less metaphysical doctrines of the principle of self-preservation or the continuation of the species. *John Buncl* is certainly one of the most singular productions in the language; and herein lies its peculiarity. It is a Unitarian romance; and one in which the soul and body are equally attended to.

W. HAZLITT.—*The Round Table*

THE ART OF LEAVING OFF

WHICH, of all defects, has been the one most fatal to a good style? The not knowing when to come to an end. Take some inferior writer's works. Dismiss nearly all the adjectives; when he uses many substantives, either in juxtaposition, or in some dependence on each other, reduce him to one; do the same thing with the verbs; finally, omit all the adverbs: and you will, perhaps, find out that this writer had something to say, which you might never have discovered, if you had not removed the superfluous words. Indeed, in thinking of the kind of writing that is needed, I am reminded of a stanza in a wild Arab song, which runs thus,

Terrible he rode alone,
With his Yemen sword for aid;
Ornament it carried none,
But the notches on the blade.

So, in the best writing, only that is ornament which shows some service done, which has some dint of thought about it.

Then there is a whole class of things which, though good in themselves, are, often, entirely spoilt by being carried out too far and inopportunately. Such are punctiliousness, neatness, order, labour of finish, and even accuracy. The man who does not know how to leave off, will make accuracy frivolous and vexatious. And so with all the rest of these good things, people often persevere with them so inaptly and so inopportunately as to contravene all their real merits. Such people put me in mind of plants which, belonging to one country and having been brought to another, persist in flowering in those months in which they, or their ancestors, were used to flower in the old country. There is one in a garden near me which in February delights to show the same gay colours for a day or two here, in these northern climes, with which it was wont to indulge the far-off inhabitants of countries near the Black Sea. It is in vain that I have remonstrated with this precocious shrub about its showing its good qualities at so inappropriate a period; and in fact it can make so good an answer to any man who thus addresses it, that, perhaps, it is better to say nothing and pass by, thinking only of

our own faults in this respect—and then, indeed, the shrub will not have flowered quite in vain, if it has been only for a single day.

A similar error in not knowing when to leave off occurs in the exercise of the critical faculty, which some men use till they have deadened the creative : and, in like manner, men cavil and dissect and dispute till that which was merely meant as a means of discovering error and baffling false statement, becomes the only end they care about—the truth for them.

SIR A. HELPS.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

A KNIGHTLY OBLIGATION

PASSING two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the Duchess, of about ten or eleven years of age, going one evening from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself with divers French gentlemen attended her and some gentlewomen that were with her ; this young lady wearing a knot of ribband on her head, a French chevalier took it suddenly and fastened it to his hatband ; the young lady, offended, herewith demands her ribband, but he refusing to restore it, the young lady addressing herself to me, said, Monsieur, I pray get my ribband from that gentleman. Hereupon, going towards him, I courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour that I may deliver the lady her ribband or bouquet again ; but he roughly answering me, Do you think I will give it you, when I have refused it to her ? I replied, Nay then, sir, I will make you restore it by force ; whereupon also putting on my hat and reaching at his, he to save himself ran away, and after a long course in the meadow, finding that I had almost overtook him, he turned short, and running to the young lady was about to put the ribband in her hand, when I seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady, It was I that gave it. Pardon me, quoth she, it is he that gives it me : I said then, Madam, I will not contradict you, but if he dare say that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him. The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day I desired

Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the ribband, or fight with me ; but the gentleman, seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon I following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the Constable taking notice hereof acquainted him therewith, who sending for the French cavalier, checked him well for his sauciness, in taking the ribband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house ; and this was all that I ever heard of the gentleman, with whom I proceeded in that manner because I thought myself obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion.

E. HERBERT, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.—
Life written by himself.

THE PARSON'S LIBRARY

THE Country Parson's library is a holy life : for (besides the blessing that that brings upon it,—there being a promise, that if the Kingdom of God be first sought, all other things shall be added) even itself is a sermon. For the temptations with which a good man is beset, and the ways which he used to overcome them, being told to another, whether in private conference, or in the Church, are a sermon. He that hath considered how to carry himself at table about his appetite, if he tell this to another, preacheth ; and much more feelingly, and judiciously, than he writes his rules of temperance out of books. So that the parson having studied and mastered all his lusts and affections within, and the whole army of temptations without, hath ever so many sermons ready penned, as he hath victories. And it fares in this as it doth in physic : he that hath been sick of a consumption, and knows what recovered him, is a physician, so far as he meets with the same disease and temper : and can much better and particularly do it, than he that is generally learned, and was never sick. And if the same person had been sick of all diseases, and were recovered of all, by things that he knew, there were no such physician as he, both for skill and tenderness. Just

so it is in Divinity, and that not without manifest reason : for though the temptations may be diverse in divers Christians, yet the victory is alike in all, being by the self-same Spirit. Neither is this true only in the military state of a Christian life, but even in the peaceable also ; when the servant of God, freed for a while from temptation, in a quiet sweetness seeks how to please his God. Thus the Parson, considering that repentance is the great virtue of the Gospel, and one of the first steps of pleasing God, having for his own use examined the nature of it, is able to explain it after to others. And particularly, having doubted sometimes whether his repentance were true, or at least in that degree it ought to be, since he found himself sometimes to weep more for the loss of some temporal things, than for offending God, he came at length to this resolution, that repentance is an act of the mind, not of the body, even as the original signifies ; and that the chief thing which God in Scriptures requires is the heart and the spirit, and to worship him in truth and spirit. Wherefore in case a Christian endeavour to weep, and cannot, since we are not masters of our bodies, this sufficeth. And consequently he found that the essence of repentance (that it may be alike in all God's children, which as concerning weeping it cannot be, some being of a more melting temper than others) consisteth in a true detestation of the soul, abhorring and renouncing sin, and turning unto God in truth of heart, and newness of life ; which acts of repentance are and must be found in all God's servants.

Not that weeping is not useful, where it can be (that so the body may join in the grief, as it did in the sin), but that, so the other acts be, that is not necessary ; so that he as truly repents, who performs the other acts of repentance, when he cannot more, as he that weeps a flood of tears. This instruction and comfort the Parson getting for himself, when he tells it to others becomes a sermon. The like he doth in other Christian virtues, as of faith, and love, and the cases of conscience belonging thereto, wherein (as St. Paul implies that he ought, Romans ii) he first preacheth to himself, and then to others.

G. HERBERT.—*A Priest to the Temple.*

LIFE IN PARIS

HERE is as great variety of company as can be imagined : *coteries* to suit one in every humour (except a melancholy one) that one can be in. I dine sometimes with a set of *beaux esprits*, among which old Fontenelle presides. He has no mark of age but wrinkles, and a degree of deafness : but when, by sitting near him, you make him hear you, he never fails to understand you, and always answers with that liveliness, and a sort of prettiness, peculiar to himself. He often repeats and applies his own and other people's poetry very agreeably ; but only occasionally, as it is proper and applicable to the subject. He has still a great deal of gallantry in his turn and in his discourse. He is ninety-two, and has the cheerfulness, liveliness, and even the taste and appetite of twenty-two.

At other times I dine with people who are more, or as much, versed in arts as in sciences : the variety is amusing ; so is that of supping with those who prefer pleasure and mere wit to the other two. I pass evenings with people of a more serious, but not a less agreeable turn. I was, a few days ago, agreeably entertained by meeting, at a third place, a very deep, acute, determined Deist, who undertook me and a very sensible, cautious abbé : after arguing, twisting, and turning about our several arguments very cleverly, and showing what he called our different, but continued, inconsistencies, he very dexterously turned us one upon another ; ridiculed both our tenets ; and ended by saying, my antagonist the abbé was determined to believe more than he could ; and that I was ready to give up as much as I dared. I wish you had been there to have heard it all, and to have assisted me ; for I own I sometimes wanted it. Altogether, it was very agreeable and very entertaining, as there was warmth enough on all sides to keep up a spirit, and not heat enough to produce any ill-humour.

LADY MARY HERVEY.—*Letters to
the Rev. E., Morris.*

OF SPEECH

THE invention of 'printing', though ingenious, compared with the invention of 'letters', is no great matter. But who was the first that found the use of letters is not known. He that first brought them into Greece, men say was Cadmus, the son of Agenor, king of Phoenicia. A profitable invention for continuing the memory of time past, and the conjunction of mankind, dispersed into so many and distant regions of the earth; and withal difficult, as proceeding from a watchful observation of the divers motions of the tongue, palate, lips, and other organs of speech; whereby to make as many differences of characters to remember them. But the most noble and profitable invention of all other was that of 'speech', consisting of 'names' or 'appellations', and their connexion; whereby men register their thoughts; recall them when they are past; and also declare them one to another for mutual utility and conversation; without which, there had been amongst men neither commonwealth, nor society, nor contract, nor peace, no more than amongst lions, bears, and wolves. The first author of speech was God himself, that instructed Adam how to name such creatures as he presented to his sight; for the Scripture goeth no further in this matter. But this was sufficient to direct him to add more names as the experience and use of the creatures should give him occasion; and to join them in such manner by degrees, as to make himself understood; and so by succession of time, so much language might be gotten as he had found use for; though not so copious as an orator or philosopher has need of: for I do not find anything in the Scripture, out of which, directly or by consequence, can be gathered, that Adam was taught the names of all figures, numbers, measures, colours, sounds, fancies, relations, much less the names of words and speech, as *general, special, affirmative, negative, interrogative, optative, infinitive*, all which are useful; and least of all, of *entity, intentionality, quiddity*, and other insignificant words of the school.

But all this language gotten, and augmented by Adam and his posterity, was again lost at the Tower of Babel, when, by the hand of God, every man was stricken, for his rebellion, with an oblivion of his former language. And

being hereby forced to disperse themselves into several parts of the world, it must needs be, that the diversity of tongues that now is, proceeded by degrees from them, in such manner as Need, the mother of all inventions, taught them; and in tract of time grew everywhere more copious.

The general use of speech is to transfer our mental discourse into verbal; or the train of our thoughts into a train of words; and that for two commodities, whereof one is the registering of the consequences of our thoughts; which being apt to slip out of our memory, and put us to a new labour, may again be recalled by such words as they were marked by. So that the first use of names is to serve for 'marks' or 'notes' of remembrance. Another is, when many use the same words, to signify, by their connexion and order, one to another, what they conceive or think of each matter; and also what they desire, fear, or have any other passion for. And for this use they are called 'signs'. Special uses of speech are these; first, to register, what by cogitation, we find to be the cause of anything, present or past; and what we find things present or past may produce, or effect; which, in sum, is acquiring of arts. Secondly, to show to others that knowledge which we have attained, which is, to counsel and teach one another. Thirdly, to make known to others our wills and purposes, that we may have the mutual help of one another. Fourthly, to please and delight ourselves and others, by playing with our words, for pleasure or ornament, innocently.

To these uses, there are also four correspondent abuses. First, when men register their thoughts wrong, by the inconstancy of the signification of their words; by which they register for their conception that which they never conceived, and so deceive themselves. Secondly, when they use words metaphorically; that is, in other sense than that they are ordained for; and thereby deceive others. Thirdly, when by words they declare that to be their will, which is not. Fourthly, when they use them to grieve one another; for seeing Nature hath armed living creatures, some with teeth, some with horns, and some with hands, to grieve an enemy, it is but an abuse of speech to grieve him with the tongue, unless it be one whom we are obliged to govern; and then it is not to grieve, but to correct and amend. . . . In the right definition of names, lies the first use of speech; which is the

acquisition of science. And in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets; which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation to be as much below the condition of ignorant men, as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, Ignorance is in the middle.

T. HOBBS.—*Leviathan*.

AS A RACE THAT IS RUN

THE comparison of the life of man to a race, though it hold not in every part, yet it holdeth so well for this our purpose, that we may thereby both see and remember almost all the passions before mentioned. But this race we must suppose to have no other goal, nor other garland, but being foremost, and in it:

- To endeavour, is *appetite*.
- To be remiss, is *sensuality*.
- To consider them behind, is *glory*.
- To consider them before, is *humility*.
- To lose ground with looking back, *vain glory*.
- To be holden, *hatred*.
- To turn back, *repentance*.
- To be in breath, *hope*.
- To be weary, *despair*.
- To endeavour to overtake the next, *emulation*.
- To supplant or overthrow, *envy*.
- To resolve to break through a stop foreseen, *courage*.
- To break through a sudden stop, *anger*.
- To break through with ease, *magnanimity*.
- To lose ground by little hindrances, *pusillanimity*.
- To fall on the sudden, is disposition to *weep*.
- To see another fall, is disposition to *laugh*.
- To see one out-gone whom we would not, is *pity*.
- To see one out-go whom we would not, is *indignation*.
- To hold fast by another, is to *love*.
- To carry him on that so holdeth, is *charity*.
- To hurt one's-self for haste is *shame*.
- Continually to be out-gone, is *misery*.
- Continually to out-go the next before, is *felicity*.
- And to forsake the course, is to *die*.

T. HOBBS.—*Humane Nature*.

THE WITCHES AND MACBETH

SHORTLY after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall after hear. It fortun'd as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed towards Fores, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said:—‘All hail Makbeth, thane of Glamis’ (for he had lately entered into that office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said:—‘Hail Makbeth, thane of Cawder.’ But the third said:—‘All hail Makbeth, that hereafter shalt be King of Scotland.’

Then Banquho: ‘What manner of women (saith he) are you that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?’ ‘Yes,’ (saith the first of them), ‘we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where certainly thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent.’ Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest, King of Scotland; and Makbeth again would call him in sport likewise, father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromatical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

R. HOLINSHED.—*History of Scotland.*

SAVIOURS OF THE CAPITOL

AT Veii in the meanwhile, they gathered not only heart every day more than other, but strength and forces also ; for that not only Romans thither repaired out of the country, such as either in discomfiture of the battle or for the calamity of the city now taken, had been scattered ; but also out of Latium divers of their own accord had flocked thither, to have their share in the pillage. Now they thought it high time to return to their country again, and to deliver it out of the enemy's hands. . . .

While these things were a-doing at Veii, the castle of Rome and the Capitol was in very great danger. For the Gauls, either having found out a man's footing, that way as the messenger went from Veii, or espied at the cliff of Carmentis an easy place to climb up, in a clear night sent a man before unarmed to assay the passage, and then gave him up his armour, and where it was steep, one helped, lifted up, and drew up another, as the difficulty of the place required. So as they got up to the top with such silence, that not only the sentinels were not ware of them but also the dogs (a watchful creature at every noise in the night) were not once awakened therewith. But they could not so escape the geese, which were consecrated unto Juno, and for all the scarcity of victuals were spared and not killed up. And this it was that saved them all. For with their gaggling and fluttering of their wings, M. Manlius, who three years before had been Consul, a right hardy and noble warrior, was awaked. Who taking weapon in hand, speedily went forth and raised the rest withal to take arms. And while all else made haste in a great fright, he struck the Gaul who now stood upon the top with the boss and pike of his buckler, and turned him down. The fall of whom overturned them that were next. Then slew he others (whiles they were in fear), who had laid their weapons out of hand and took hold of the stones whereto they clinged close. By which time, the rest being come together, some flinging darts, others casting down stones, tumbled their enemies back, and the whole power of them lost their sure footing and fell down headlong. This tumult being appeased, the rest of the night (so far forth as men might with troubled minds, seeing that even the danger past disquieted them) they gave themselves to sleep.

PHILEMON HOLLAND.—*The Roman History*
written by T. Livius of Padua.

AN INFIRMARY FOR BOOKS

EVERY scholar should have a book infirmary attached to his library. There should find a peaceable refuge the many books, invalids from their birth, which are sent 'with the best regards of the Author'; the respected, but unpresentable cripples which have lost a cover; the odd volumes of honoured sets which go mourning all their days for their lost brother; the school-books which have been so often the subjects of assault and battery, that they look as if the police court must know them by heart; these and still more the pictured story-books, beginning with Mother Goose (which a dear old friend of mine has just been amusing his philosophic leisure with turning most ingeniously and happily into the tongues of Virgil and Homer), will be precious mementos by and by, when children and grandchildren come along. What would I not give for that dear little paper-bound quarto, in large and most legible type, on certain pages of which the tender hand that was the shield of my infancy had crossed out with deep black marks something awful, probably about BEARS, such as once tare two-and-forty of us little folks for making faces, and the very name of which made us hide our heads under the bedclothes.

I made strange acquaintances in that book infirmary up in the south-west attic. The 'Negro Plot' at New York helped to implant a feeling in me which it took Mr. Garrison a good many years to root out. 'Thinks I to Myself,' an old novel, which has been attributed to a famous statesman, introduced me to a world of fiction which was not represented on the shelves of the library proper, unless perhaps by *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, or allegories of the bitter tonic class, as the young doctor that sits on the other side of the table would probably call them. I always, from an early age, had a keen eye for a story with a moral sticking out of it, and gave it a wide berth, though in my later years I have myself written a couple of 'medicated novels', as one of my dearest and pleasantest old friends wickedly called them, when somebody asked her if she had read the last of my printed performances. I forgave the satire for the charming *esprit* of the epithet. Besides the works I have mentioned,

there was an old, old Latin alchemy book, with the manuscript annotations of some ancient Rosicrucian, in the pages of which I had a vague notion that I might find the mighty secret of the *Lapis Philosophorum*, otherwise called Chaos, the Dragon, the Green Lion, the *Quinta Essentia*, the Soap of Sages, the Vinegar of Philosophers, the Dew of Heavenly Grace, the Egg, the Old Man, the Sun, the Moon, and by all manner of odd aliases, as I am assured by the plethoric little book before me, in parchment covers browned like a meerscham with the smoke of furnaces, and the thumbing of dead gold-seekers, and the fingering of bony-handed book-misers, and the long intervals of dusty slumber on the shelves of the *bouquiniste*; for next year it will be three centuries old, and it had already seen nine generations of men when I caught its eye (*Alchemiae Doctrina*) and recognized it at pistol-shot distance as a prize, among the breviaries and *Heures* and trumpery volumes of the old open-air dealer who exposed his treasures under the shadow of St. Sulpice. I have never lost my taste for alchemy since I first got hold of the *Palladium Spagyricum* of Peter John Faber, and sought—in vain, it is true—through its pages for a clear, intelligible, and practical statement of how I could turn my lead sinkers and the weights of the tall kitchen clock into good yellow gold, specific gravity 19.2, and exchangeable for whatever I then wanted, and for many more things than I was then aware of. One of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the scepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own.

O. W. HOLMES.—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.*

SHE LIVED A DOVE, AND DIED A LAMB

THE death of the saints of God is precious in His sight. And shall it seem unto us superfluous at such times as these are to hear in what manner they have ended their lives? The Lord Himself hath not disdained so exactly to register in the book of life after what sort His servants have closed up their days on earth, that he descendeth even to their very

meanest actions, what meat they have longed for in their sickness, what they have spoken unto their children, kinsfolk, and friends, where they have willed their dead carcasses to be laid, how they have framed their wills and testaments, yea the very turning of their faces to this side or that, the setting of their eyes, the degrees whereby their natural heat hath departed from them, their cries, their groans, their pantings, breathings, and last gaspings, He hath most solemnly commended unto the memory of all generations. The care of the living both to live and to die well must needs be somewhat increased, when they know that their departure shall not be folded up in silence, but the ears of many be made acquainted with it. Again when they hear how mercifully God hath dealt with others in the hour of their last need, besides the praise which they give to God, and the joy which they have or should have by reason of their fellowship and communion of saints, is not their hope also much confirmed against the day of their own dissolution? Finally, the sound of these things doth not so pass the ears of them that are most loose and dissolute of life, but it causeth them sometime or other to wish in their hearts, 'Oh that we might die the death of the righteous, and that our end might be like his!' Howbeit because to spend herein many words would be to strike even as many wounds into their minds whom I rather wish to comfort: therefore concerning this virtuous gentlewoman only this little I speak, and that of knowledge, 'She lived a dove, and died a lamb.' And if amongst so many virtues, hearty devotion towards God, towards poverty tender compassion, motherly affection towards servants, towards friends even serviceable kindness, mild behaviour and harmless meaning towards all; if, where so many virtues were eminent, any be worthy of special mention, I wish her dearest friends of that sex to be her nearest followers in two things: Silence, saving only where duty did exact speech; and Patience, even then when extremity of pains did enforce grief. 'Blessed are they which die in the Lord.' And concerning the dead which are blessed let not the hearts of any living be overcharged, with grief overtroubled.

R. HOOKER.—*A Remedy against Sorrow and Fear, delivered in a Funeral Sermon.*

LAW AND EQUITY

THESE varieties are not known but by much experience, from whence to draw the true bounds of all principles, to discern how far forth they take effect, to see where and why they fail, to apprehend by what degrees and means they lead to the practice of things in show though not in deed repugnant and contrary one to another, requireth more sharpness of wit, more intricate circuitions of discourse, more industry and depth of judgement, than common ability doth yield. So that general rules, till their limits be fully known (especially in matter of public and ecclesiastical affairs), are, by reason of the manifold secret exceptions which lie hidden in them, no other to the eye of man's understanding than cloudy mists cast before the eye of common sense. They that walk in darkness know not whither they go. And even as little is their certainty, whose opinions generalities only do guide. With gross and popular capacities nothing doth more prevail than unlimited generalities, because of their plainness at the first sight: nothing less with men of exact judgement, because such rules are not safe to be trusted over far. General laws are like general rules of physic, according whereunto as no wise man will desire himself to be cured, if there be joined with his disease some special accident, in regard whereof that whereby others in the same infirmity but without the like accident recover health, would be to him either hurtful, or at the least unprofitable; so we must not, under a colourable commendation of holy ordinances in the Church, and of reasonable causes whereupon they have been grounded for the common good, imagine that all men's cases ought to have one measure.

Not without singular wisdom therefore it hath been provided, that as the ordinary course of common affairs is disposed of by general laws, so likewise men's rarer incident necessities and utilities should be with special equity considered. From hence it is, that so many privileges, immunities, exceptions, and dispensations, have been always with great equity and reason granted; not to turn the edge of justice, or to make void at certain times and in certain men, through mere voluntary grace or benevolence, that which continually and universally should be of force (as

some understand it), but in very truth to practise general laws according to their right meaning.

We see in contracts and other dealings which daily pass between man and man, that, to the utter undoing of some, many things by strictness of law may be done, which equity and honest meaning forbiddeth. Not that the law is unjust, but unperfect; nor equity against, but above, the law, binding men's consciences in things which law cannot reach unto. Will any man say, that the virtue of private equity is opposite and repugnant to that law the silence whereof it supplieth in all such private dealing? No more is public equity against the law of public affairs, albeit the one permit unto some in special considerations, that which the other agreeably with general rules of justice doth in general sort forbid. For with all good laws are the voices of right reason, which is the instrument wherewith God will have the world guided; and impossible it is that right should withstand right: it must follow that principles and rules of justice, be they never so generally uttered, do no less effectually intend, than if they did plainly express, an exception of all particulars, wherein their literal practice might any way prejudice equity.

R. HOOKER.—*Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.*

A MOHAMMEDAN TEACHER

By way of a little foretaste of his method of disputation, he took up one of the controverted points; first raised his own objections against it; and then—as he had an indubitable right to do with his own undisputed property,—again completely overset them by the irresistible force of his arguments; after which, having entirely silenced his adversary, he rose, equally proud of the acuteness of his own rhetoric, and charmed with the sagacity with which I had listened.

The truth is I had fallen asleep; wherefore, when I suddenly awoke on the din of his argumentation ceasing, I shook my head with a profound air, and by way of showing how much in earnest I meant to be, with a very wise look said I could not give my unqualified assent, until I heard both sides of the question. Thus far I had heard neither.

This determination rather surprised my doctor, who seemed to have relied on my faculty of implicit credence. 'Hear both sides of the question!' exclaimed he in utter astonishment. 'Why, that is just the way never to come to a conclusion, and to remain in suspense all the days of one's life! Wise men first adopt an opinion, and then learn to defend it. For my part I make it a rule never to hear but one side; and so do all who wish to settle their belief.'

The thing had never occurred to me before; but I thought it had in it a something plausible, which at any rate made me resolve not to lengthen the four years' course by idle doubts. Accordingly in the three first lessons I agreed to everything the doctor said or meant to say, even before he opened his mouth, and only wondered how things so simple, for instance, as the Prophet's ascent to the third heaven on the horse Borak, with a peacock's tail and a woman's face (I mean the horse), could be called in question. Unfortunately, when in the fourth lesson the Moollah asserted that Islamism was destined ultimately to pervade the whole globe, a preposterous longing seized me to show my learning. I asked how that could be, when, as Eugenius had asserted, an uninterrupted day of several months put the fact of the Ramadan wholly out of the question near the poles? This difficulty, which the doctor could not solve, of course put him into a great rage. He reddened, rubbed his forehead, repeated my query, and at last told me in a violent perspiration, that if I mixed travellers' tales with theology, he must give up my instruction.

I was too happy to take him at his word; instantly paid what I owed for the lessons received; and begged henceforth to remain in contented ignorance. Lest however I should appear petulant to my god-father, I went and desired him to find me a Moollah that was reasonable.

'A Moollah that is reasonable!' exclaimed an old gentleman present, who happened to belong to the order himself. 'Why, young man, that is a most unreasonable request. The Koran itself declares the ink of the learned to be equal in value to the blood of martyrs; and where will a single drop be shed in disputation, if all agree to be reasonable? But come,' added he laughing, 'I will under-

take, without a fee, to teach you in one word all that is necessary to appear a thorough-bred Moslemin; and if you doubt my receipt you may even get a Fetwa of the Mufty, if you please, to confirm its efficacy. Whenever you meet with an infidel, abuse him with all your might, and no one will doubt you are yourself a staunch believer.' I promised to follow the advice.

T. HOPE.—*Anastasius*.

A LETTER ON WINE

FRANCE participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly, as towards the Alps and Italy she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontignac; in the country of Provence towards the Pyrenees in Languedoc, there are wines congenial with those of Spain: one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaune, and of clarets that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France so in all other wine-countries the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body and heat in't. The wines that our merchants bring over grow upon the river Garonne, near Bordeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France; the Scot, because he hath always been an useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption or first choice of wines in Bordeaux; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blaye a good way distant down the river. There is a hard green wine that grows about Rochelle, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometimes used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions into it (as he doth brimstone in Rhenish), to give it a whiter tincture, and more sweetness; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for good Bachrag, and this is called *stooming* of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wine at all grows, therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in Low Normandy. There are also many beer-

houses in Paris and elsewhere, but though their barley and water be better than ours, or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Pfalts or lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from *Bachiara*, for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes, or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use when they are little to put some owl's eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine while the child is drinking so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of vines which grow now in the Grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best-bodied, and lastingest wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness of any other whatsoever, it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess: French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutritieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, That good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven, *ergo* good wine carrieth a man to heaven. If this be true surely more English go to heaven this way than any other, for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think also there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in, for Sherries and Malagas well mingled pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself, else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it: or to live by his

calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in *Aquavitae* measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their *legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an Almanack in their bones* : but now they go down every one's throat both young and old like milk. . . . Thus have I sent your lordship a *dry* discourse upon a *fluent* subject.

J. HOWELL.—*Familiar Letters*
(1634 : to the Lord Cliffe).

THE VIRTUE OF SIMPLICITY

'Tis a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely inconsistent. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties can operate at once ; and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

We may also observe that those compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first ; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole ; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit, and I am never tired with the perusal of him. 'Tis sufficient to run over Cowley once ; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first. Besides, 'tis with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging

than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing ; and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us.

But refinement, as it is the less *beautiful* so is it the more *dangerous* extreme, and what we are the aptest to fall into. Simplicity passes for dullness, when it is not accompanied with great elegance and propriety. On the contrary, there is something surprising in a blaze of wit and conceit. Ordinary readers are mightily struck with it, and falsely imagine it to be the most difficult, as well as most excellent way of writing. Seneca abounds with agreeable faults, says Quintilian ; *abundat dulcibus vitiis* ; and for that reason is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the taste of the young and inconsiderate.

I shall add that the excess of refinement is now more to be guarded against than ever ; because 'tis the extreme which men are the most apt to fall into, after learning has made great progress, and after eminent writers have appeared in every species of composition. The endeavour to please by novelty leads men wide of simplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit. It was thus the Asiatic eloquence degenerated so much from the Attic. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became so much inferior to that of Augustus in taste and genius. And perhaps there are, at present, some symptoms of a like degeneracy of taste, in France as well as in England.

D. HUME.—*Of Simplicity and
Refinement in Writing.*

WOMEN CRITICS

To be serious, and to quit the allusion before it be worn threadbare, I am of opinion that women, that is, women of sense and education (for to such alone I address myself) are much better judges of all polite writing than men of the same degree of understanding ; and that it is a vain panic, if they be so far terrified with the common ridicule that is levelled against learned ladies, as utterly to abandon every kind of books and study to our sex. Let the dread

of that ridicule have no other effect than to make them conceal their knowledge before fools, who are not worthy of it, nor of them. Such will still presume upon the vain title of the male sex to affect a superiority above them : but my fair readers may be assured, that all men of sense, who know the world, have a great deference for their judgement of such books as lie within the compass of their knowledge, and repose more confidence in the delicacy of their taste, though unguided by rules, than in all the dull labours of pedants and commentators. In a neighbouring nation, equally famous for good taste and for gallantry, the ladies are, in a manner, the sovereigns of the *learned* world, as well as of the *conversable* ; and no polite writer pretends to venture before the public, without the approbation of some celebrated judges of that sex. Their verdict is, indeed, sometimes complained of ; and, in particular, I find, that the admirers of Corneille, to save that great poet's honour upon the ascendant that Racine began to take over him, always said, that it was not to be expected, that so old a man could dispute the prize, before such judges, with so young a man as his rival. But this observation has been found unjust, since posterity seems to have ratified the verdict of that tribunal : and Racine, though dead, is still the favourite of the fair sex, as well as of the best judges among the men.

There is only one subject on which I am apt to distrust the judgement of females, and that is concerning books of gallantry and devotion, which they commonly affect as high flown as possible ; and most of them seem more delighted with the warmth, than with the justness of the passion. I mention gallantry and devotion as the same subject, because, in reality, they become the same when treated in this manner ; and we may observe that they both depend upon the very same complexion. As the fair sex have a great share of the tender and amorous disposition, it perverts their judgement on this occasion, and makes them be easily affected, even by what has no propriety in the expression or nature in the sentiment. Mr. Addison's elegant discourses on religion have no relish with them, in comparison of books of mystic devotion : and Otway's tragedies are rejected for the rakes of Mr. Dryden.

D. HUME.—*Essays*.

THE HOOP

TORY and Whig ladies, during the disputes about the Hanover succession, patched at one another in beauty-spots, differently arranged; and the white rose of the Pretender was sometimes ventured in public, on the bosom of the fair partisan. But the great glory of the whole period, with the exception of a brief interval, was the hoop. This Spanish invention (for such it is supposed to have been, and which originated perhaps in some royal dropsy, or other reason, best known to the inventor) is said to have been first copied by the court of France, in the time of Francis the First. It began there with the fardingales, which gradually swelled into the 'wheel', 'big drum', or sort of 'go-cart'; but in England it seems to have burst forth at once into all its bloom about the year 1708, during the reign of Anne; and it waxed and waned afterwards, in proportion as general adoption rendered the vicissitude necessary to the exclusives. The *Tatler* immediately took notice of it, in papers full of pleasant astonishment; and Pope assigned its 'important charge', and 'wide circumference', to twenty of his guardian spirits in the *Rape of the Lock*; who, besides the circumventions of the designing, were to save it from the aspersions of tea and coffee—'trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade'.

The hoop is considered the most monstrous enormity that ever made its appearance in the world of fashion. We confess we cannot think so. We think the notion originates in a mistake—in a confusion of ideas; and that the monstrosity was confined to its minor phases—to the drum, the go-cart, and the pair of panniers; which last was the form of it that prevailed towards the close of the reign of George the Third; and, under which, it finally went out in that of his son (for the hoop lasted a good hundred years in England): and even the panniers, we think, were by no means at their worst, when they were at their biggest. For the philosophy of the matter (to use a fine modern phrase) we take to be this. The hoop, like any other habiliment, was only ugly inasmuch as it interfered with the mind's idea of the body's shape. It was ugly when it made the hips appear dislocated, the body swollen, the gait unnatural; in other words, as long as it

suggested the idea of some actual deformity, and might have been considered as made to suit it.

But when it was large, and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became, not an habili-ment, but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it, and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half concealed in a hemisphere; out of which the rest of her person rose, like Venus out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was of proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk—her steps were not visible;—she was borne along; she was wafted; came gliding. So issued the Wortley Montagues, the Coventrys, and the Harveys, out of their sedans; and came radiant with admirations of beholders, through avenues of them at palace doors. Thus, poor Marie Antoinette came, during the height of her bloom and ascendancy, through arrays, on either side, of guards and adorers; and swept along with her the eyes and the reformatations of Mr. Burke.

J. H. LEIGH HUNT.—*Old Court Suburb.*

THE BURNING OF SHELLEY'S BODY

IN a day or two Shelley took leave of us to return to Lerici for the rest of the season, meaning, however, to see us more than once in the interval. I spent one delightful afternoon with him, wandering about Pisa, and visiting the cathedral. On the night of the same day he took a post-chaise for Leghorn, intending next morning to depart with his friend Captain Williams for Lerici. I entreated him, if the weather were violent, not to give way to his daring spirit and venture to sea. He promised me he would not; and it seems that he did set off later than he otherwise would have done, apparently at a more favourable moment. I never beheld him more.

The same night there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, which made us very anxious; but we hoped our friend had arrived before then. When, some days later, Trelawny came to Pisa, and told us he was missing, I underwent one of the sensations which we read of in books, but seldom experience: I was tongue-tied with horror.

A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. At the end of that period our worst fears were confirmed. A body had been washed on shore, near the town of Via Reggio, which, by the dress and stature, was known to be our friend's. Keats's last volume also (the *Lamia*, &c.), was found open in the jacket pocket. He had probably been reading it when surprised by the storm. It was my copy. I had told him to keep it till he gave it me with his own hands. So I would not have it from any other. It was burnt with his remains. The body of his friend Mr. Williams was found near a tower, four miles distant from its companion. That of the third party in the boat, Charles Vivian, the seaman, was not discovered till nearly three weeks afterwards.

The remains of Shelley and Mr. Williams were burnt—after the good ancient fashion, and gathered into coffers. Those of Mr. Williams were subsequently taken to England. Shelley's were interred at Rome, in the Protestant burial-ground, the place which he had so touchingly described in recording its reception of Keats. The ceremony of the burning was alike beautiful and distressing. Trelawny, who had been the chief person concerned in ascertaining the fate of his friends, completed his kindness by taking the most active part on this last mournful occasion. He and his friend Captain Shenley, were first upon the ground, attended by proper assistants. Lord Byron and myself arrived shortly afterwards. His lordship got out of his carriage, but wandered away from the spectacle, and did not see it. I remained inside the carriage, now looking on, now drawing back with feelings that were not to be witnessed.

None of the mourners, however, refused themselves the little comfort of supposing, that lovers of books and antiquity, like Shelley and his companion, Shelley in particular, with his Greek enthusiasm, would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption; not the least extraordinary part of his history. Among the materials for burning, as many of the gracefuller and more classical articles as could be procured—frankincense, wine, &c.—were not forgotten, and to these Keats's volume was added.

The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another ; marble mountains touched the air with coolness ; and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as though it contained the glassy essence of vitality. You might have expected a seraphic countenance to look out of it, turning once more before it departed, to thank the friends that had done their duty. . . .

Shelley, when he died, was in his thirtieth year. His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over ; but he had always a kind word to give to those about him, when his pangs allowed him to speak. In this organization, as well as in some other respects, he resembled the German poet, Schiller. Though well-turned, his shoulders were bent a little, owing to premature thought and trouble. The same causes had touched his hair with grey ; and though his habits of temperance and exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed that he could have lived many years.

J. H. LEIGH HUNT.—*Autobiography*.

A HERO TO HIS WIFE

I CANNOT say whether he were more truly magnanimous or less proud ; he never disclaimed the meanest person nor flattered the greatest ; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest labourers, but still so ordering his familiarity as it never raised them to a contempt, but entertained still at the same time a reverence with love of him ; he ever preserved himself in his own rank, neither being proud of it so as to despise any inferior, nor letting fall that just decorum which his honour obliged him to keep up. He was as far from envy of superiors as from contemning them that were under him :

he was above the ambition of vain titles, and so well contented with the even ground of a gentleman, that no invitation could have prevailed upon him to advance one step that way ; he loved substantial not airy honour ; as he was above seeking or delighting in empty titles for himself, so he neither denied nor envied any man's due precedence, but pitied those that took a glory in that which had no foundation of virtue. As little did he seek after popular applause, or pride himself in it, if at any time it cried up his just deserts ; he more delighted to do well than to be praised, and never set vulgar commendations at such a rate as to act contrary to his own conscience or reason for the obtaining them, nor would forbear a good action which he was bound to, though all the world disliked it, for he ever looked on things as they were in themselves, not through the dim spectacles of vulgar estimation. . . . He was as free from avarice as from ambition and pride. Never had any man a more contented and thankful heart for the estate that God had given, but it was a very narrow compass for the exercise of his great heart. He loved hospitality as much as he hated riot : he could contentedly be without things beyond his reach, though he took very much pleasure in all these noble delights that exceeded not his faculties. In those things that were of mere pleasure he loved not to aim at that he could not attain : he would rather wear clothes absolutely plain than pretending to gallantry, and would rather choose to have none than mean jewels or pictures, and such other things as were not of absolute necessity : he would rather give nothing than a base reward or present, and upon that score lived very much retired, though his nature were very sociable and delighted in going into and receiving company ; because his fortune would not allow him to do it in such a noble manner as suited with his mind. He was so truly magnanimous that prosperity could never lift him up in the least nor give him any tincture of pride or vainglory, nor diminish a general affability, courtesy, and civility, that he had always to all persons.

LUCY HUTCHINSON.—*Life of
Colonel Hutchinson.*

MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS

ANCIENT traditions, when tested by the severe processes of modern investigation, commonly fade away into mere dreams : but it is singular how often the dream turns out to have been a half-waking one, presaging a reality. Ovid foreshadowed the discoveries of the geologist : the Atlantis was an imagination, but Columbus found a western world : and though the quaint forms of Centaurs and Satyrs have an existence only in the realms of art, creatures approaching man more nearly than they in essential structure, and yet as thoroughly brutal as the goat's or horse's half of the mythical compound, are now not only known, but notorious. . . .

On all sides I shall hear the cry—' We are men and women, not a mere better sort of apes, a little longer in the leg, more compact in the foot, and bigger in brain than your brutal chimpanzees and gorillas. The power of knowledge—the conscience of good and evil—the pitiful tenderness of human affections, raise us out of all real fellowship with the brutes, however closely they may seem to approximate us.'

To this I can only reply that the exclamation would be most just and would have my own entire sympathy, if it were only relevant. But, it is not I who seek to base Man's dignity upon his great toe, or insinuate that we are lost if an Ape has a hippocampus minor. On the contrary, I have done my best to sweep away this vanity. I have endeavoured to show that no absolute structural line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves ; and I may add the expression of my belief that the attempt to draw a psychical distinction is equally futile, and that even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect begin to germinate in lower forms of life. At the same time, no one is more strongly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes ; or is more certain that whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly not *of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes, of the only consciously intelligent denizen of this world.

T. H. HUXLEY.—*Man's Place in Nature.*

HAMPDEN

HE [Mr. Hampden] was a gentleman of a good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world, he indulged to himself all the licence in sports and exercises, and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards, he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and above all, a flowing courtesy to all men; though they who conversed nearly with him, found him growing into a dislike of the ecclesiastical government of the church, yet most believed it rather a dislike of some churchmen, and of some introducements of theirs, which he apprehended might disquiet the public peace. He was rather of reputation in his own country, than of public discourse, or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money: but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court. His carriage, throughout this agitation, was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony. And the judgement that was given against him infinitely more advanced him, than the service for which it was given. When this parliament began (being returned knight of the shire for the county where he lived), the eyes of all men were fixed on him, as their *patriae pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded, his power and interest, at that time, was greater to do good or hurt, than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time: for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them.

He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission of judgement, as if he brought no opinion with him, but a desire of information and instruction; yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating,

and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he left his opinions with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. And even with them who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions, and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him, with which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenious and conscientious person. He was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew. For the first year of the parliament, he seemed rather to moderate and soften the violent and distempered humours, than to inflame them. But wise and dispassioned men plainly discerned that that moderation proceeded from prudence, and observation that the season was not ripe, rather than that he approved of the moderation; and that he begat many opinions and motions, the education whereof he committed to other men; so far disguising his own designs, that he seemed seldom to wish more than was concluded; and in many gross conclusions, which would hereafter contribute to designs not yet set on foot, when he found them sufficiently backed up by majority of voices, he would withdraw himself before the question, that he might seem not to consent to so much visible unreasonableness; which produced as great a doubt in some, as it did approbation in others, of his integrity. What combination soever had been originally with the Scots for the invasion of England, and what farther was entered into afterwards in favour of them, and to advance any alteration [of the government] in parliament, no man doubts was at least with the privity of this gentleman.

After he was among those members accused by the king of high treason, he was much altered; his nature and carriage seeming much fiercer than it did before. And without question, when he first drew his sword, he threw away the scabbard; for he passionately opposed the overture made by the king for a treaty from Nottingham, and as eminently, any expedients that might have produced any accommodations in this that was at Oxford; and was principally relied on, to prevent any infusions which might be made into the Earl of Essex towards peace, or to render them ineffectual, if they were made; and was indeed much

more relied on by that party, than the general himself. In the first entrance into the troubles, he undertook the command of a regiment of foot, and performed the duty of a colonel, on all occasions, most punctually. He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men's. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out, or wearied by the most laborious ; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp ; and of a personal courage equal to his best parts ; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend ; and as much to be apprehended where he was so, as any man could deserve to be. And therefore his death was no less congratulated on the one party, than it was condoled in the other. In a word, what was said of Cinna might well be applied to him ; ' he had a head to contrive, and a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any mischief.' His death therefore seemed to be a great deliverance to the nation.

E. HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.—*History of the Rebellion.*

LORD FALKLAND'S OPEN HOUSE

As soon as he had finished all those transactions, which the death of his father had made necessary to be done, he retired again to his country life, and to his severe course of study, which was very delightful to him, as soon as he was engaged in it : but he was wont to say, that he never found reluctancy in anything he resolved to do, but in his quitting London, and departing from the conversation of those he enjoyed there ; which was in some degree preserved and continued by frequent letters, and often visits, which were made by his friends from thence, whilst he continued wedded to the country ; and which were so grateful to him, that during their stay with him, he looked upon no book, except their very conversation made an appeal to some book ; and truly his whole conversation was one continued *convivium philosophicum*, or *convivium theologicum*, enlivened and refreshed with all the facetiousness of wit, and good humour, and pleasantness of dis-

course, which made the gravity of the argument itself (whatever it was) very delectable.

His house where he usually resided (Tew, or Burford, in Oxfordshire), being within ten or twelve miles of the University, looked like the university itself, by the company that was always found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earle, Mr. Chillingworth, and indeed all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London ; who all found their lodgings there, as ready as in the colleges ; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner, or supper, where all still met ; otherwise, there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint, to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there ; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together, whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society.

Here Mr. Chillingworth wrote, and formed, and modelled his excellent book against the learned Jesuit, Mr. Nott, after frequent debates upon the most important particulars ; in many of which he suffered himself to be overruled by the judgement of his friends, though in others he still adhered to his own fancy, which was sceptical enough, even in the highest points.

E. HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.—*Life*
written by himself.

MONTROSE

THUS died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms, and other preparations for war, as have been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the king in that kingdom, and had been allied to the crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education : he had always a great emulation,

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or rather a great contempt, of the Marquis of Argyle (as he was too apt to condemn those he did not love), who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a very great degree. Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which other men were not acquainted with, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity), than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way, not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved, and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

E. HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.—*History of the Rebellion.*

A DEATH-BED SCENE

IN a lonely country on the borders of Scotland, a single house by the side of a dreary heath, was the residence of the once gay, volatile Miss Milner. In a large gloomy apartment of this solitary habitation (the windows of which scarce rendered the light accessible) was laid upon her death-bed, the once lovely Lady Elmwood—pale, half suffocated with the loss of breath; yet her senses perfectly clear and collected, which served but to sharpen the anguish of dying.

In one corner of the room, by the side of an old-fashioned stool, kneels Miss Woodley, praying most devoutly for her still beloved friend, but in vain endeavouring to pray composedly—floods of tears pour down her furrowed cheeks, and frequent sobs of sorrow break through each pious ejaculation.

Close by her mother's side, one hand supporting her head, the other wiping from her face the cold dew of death, behold Lady Elmwood's daughter—Lord Elmwood's

daughter too—yet he far away, negligent of what either suffers. Lady Elmwood turns to her often and attempts an embrace, but her feeble arms forbid, and they fall motionless. The daughter perceiving these ineffectual efforts, has her whole face convulsed with grief: kisses her mother; holds her to her bosom; and hangs upon her neck, as if she wished to cling there, not to be parted even by the grave.

On the other side of the bed sits Sandford—his hair grown white—his face wrinkled with age—his heart the same as ever.—The reprover, the enemy of the vain, the idle, and the wicked; but the friend and comforter of the forlorn and miserable.

Upon those features where sarcasm, reproach, and anger dwelt, to threaten and alarm the sinner, mildness, tenderness, and pity beamed, to support and console the penitent. Compassion changed his language, and softened all those harsh tones that used to denounce perdition.

‘In the name of God,’ said he to Lady Elmwood, ‘of that God, who suffered for you, and, suffering, knew and pitied all our weaknesses—By Him, who has given His word to *take compassion on the sinner’s tears*, I bid you hope for mercy. By that innocence in which you once lived, be comforted—By the sorrows you have known since your degradation, hope, that in some measure, you have atoned—By the sincerity that shone upon your youthful face when I joined your hands, and those thousand virtues you have since given proofs of, trust, that you were not born to die *the death of the wicked*.’

As he spoke these words of consolation, her trembling hand clasped his—her dying eyes darted a ray of brightness—but her failing voice endeavoured in vain, to articulate. At length, fixing her looks upon her daughter as their last dear object, she was just understood to utter the word ‘Father’.

‘I understand you,’ replied Sandford, ‘and by all that influence I ever had over him, by my prayers, my tears’ (and they flowed as he spoke), ‘I will implore him to own his child.’

She could now only smile in thanks.

‘And if I should fail,’ continued he, ‘yet while I live, she shall not want a friend or protector—all an old man like me can answer for’—here his tears interrupted him.

Lady Elmwood was sufficiently sensible of his words and their import to make a sign as if she wished to embrace him : but finding her life leaving her fast, she reserved this last token of love for her daughter—with a struggle she lifted herself from her pillow, clung to her child—and died in her arms.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.—*A Simple Story.*

COLUMBUS THE VISIONARY

A PECULIAR trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed ; namely, that ardent and enthusiastic imagination, which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. A poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. We see it in all his descriptions of the beauties of the wild lands he was discovering ; in the enthusiasm with which he extols the verdure of the forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the crystal clearness of the running streams ; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, and the fragrance of the air full of dew and sweetness. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colours. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavils of men of cooler and safer, but more grovelling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coasts of Paria, about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise ; about the mines of Ophir, and the Aurea Chersonesus of the Ancients ; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade, for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the scriptures, and on the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his own office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, and subject to mysterious intimations from the Deity ; such as the voice he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an

uncommon kind, and successful in his dreams. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgement, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgement, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace in the conjectures and reveries of the past ages the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. 'His soul,' observes a Spanish writer, 'was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his age.'

With all visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery! Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir, which had been visited by the ships of King Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

W. IRVING.—*The Life and Voyages
of Christopher Columbus.*

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

PREPARATIONS were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection ; directions given in the cold tones of business ; the striking of spades into sand and gravel ; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—‘Nay, now—nay, now—don’t take it so sorely to heart.’ She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her ; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth ; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich ! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young ! their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy

—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years ; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation. . . .

Oh ! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience ; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment ; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity :—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune ; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

W. IRVING.—*The Sketch Book.*

THE UNCIVIL TRICK OF SMOKING

Now how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses. I read, indeed, of a knavish courtier, who for abusing the favour of the Emperor Alexander Severus his master by taking bribes to intercede for sundry persons in his master's ear, for whom he never once opened his mouth, was justly choked with smoke, with this doom, *Fumo pereat, qui fumum vendidit* : but of so many smoke-buyers as are at this present in this kingdom I never read nor heard.

And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of tobacco pipes and puffing of the smoke of tobacco one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast ? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better

than a dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco takers, that after their death were opened. And not only meat time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick. . . . And is it not a great vanity, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with tobacco ? No, it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of tobacco among his fellows (though by his own election he would rather feel the savour of a sink) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold eastern countries. Yea, the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant, than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of tobacco. But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke. . . .

Moreover, which is a great iniquity, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.

Have you not reason then to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof ? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the marks and notes of vanity upon you ; by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil nations, and by all strangers that come upon you to be scorned and contemned : a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

KING JAMES I.—*A Counterblaste to Tobacco.*

OUT OF DOORS IN FEBRUARY

PURE colour almost always gives the idea of fire, or rather it is perhaps as if a light shone through as well as colour itself. The fresh green blade of corn is like this, so pellucid, so clear and pure in its green as to seem to shine with colour. It is not brilliant—not a surface gleam or an enamel,—it is stained through. Beside the moist clods the slender flags arise filled with the sweetness of the earth. Out of the darkness under—that darkness which knows no day save when the ploughshare opens its chinks—they have come to the light. To the light they have brought a colour which will attract the sunbeams from now till harvest. They fall more pleasantly on the corn, toned, as if they mingled with it. Seldom do we realize that the world is practically no thicker to us than the print of our footsteps on the path. Upon that surface we walk and act our comedy of life, and what is beneath is nothing to us. But it is out from that under-world, from the dead and the unknown, from the cold moist ground, that these green blades have sprung. Yonder a steam-plough pants up the hill, groaning with its own strength, yet all that strength and might of wheels, and piston, and chains, cannot drag from the earth one single blade like these. Force cannot make it; it must grow—an easy word to speak or write, in fact full of potency. It is this mystery of growth and life, of beauty, and sweetness, and colour, starting forth from the clods that gives the corn its power over me. Somehow I identify myself with it; I live again as I see it. Year by year it is the same, and when I see it I feel that I have once more entered on a new life. And I think the spring, with its green corn, its violets, and hawthorn-leaves, and increasing song, grows yearly dearer and more dear to this our ancient earth. So many centuries have flown! Now it is the manner with all natural things to gather as it were by smallest particles. The merest grain of sand drifts unseen into a crevice, and by and by another; after a while there is a heap; a century and it is a mound, and then every one observes and comments on it. Time itself has gone on like this; the years have accumulated, first in drifts, then in heaps, and now a vast mound, to which the mountains are knolls, rises up and overshadows us. Time lies heavy on the world.

The old, old earth is glad to turn from the cark and care of drifted centuries to the first sweet blades of green. . . .

The moment the eye of the mind is filled with the beauty of things natural, an equal freedom and width of view come to it. Step aside from the trodden footpath of personal experience, throwing away the petty cynicism born of petty hopes disappointed. Step out upon the broad down beside the green corn, and let its freshness become part of life.

The wind passes, and it bends—let the wind, too, pass over the spirit. From the cloud-shadow it emerges to the sunshine—let the heart come out from the shadow of roofs to the open glow of the sky. High above, the songs of the larks fall as rain—receive it with open hands. Pure is the colour of the green flags, the slender-pointed blades—let the thought be pure as the light that shines through that colour. Broad are the downs and open the aspect—gather the breadth and largeness of view. Never can that view be wide enough and large enough; there will always be room to aim higher. As the air of the hills enriches the blood, so let the presence of these beautiful things enrich the inner sense. One memory of the green corn, fresh beneath the sun and wind, will lift up the heart from the clods.

R. JEFFERIES.—*The Open Air.*

THE AMERICAN DECLARATION

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among

men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed ; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes ; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies ; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. . . .

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, do in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these states reject and renounce all allegiance and subjection to the kings of Great Britain and all others who may hereafter claim by, through or under them ; we utterly dissolve all political connexion which may heretofore have subsisted between us and the people or parliament of Great Britain : and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independent states, and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do.

And for the support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

T. JEFFERSON.—*Declaration of Independence.*

A TOUCHSTONE OF POETIC TASTE

MR. KEATS, we understand, is still a very young man ; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, interminable wanderings, and excessive obscurity. They manifestly require, therefore, all the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt. But we think it no less plain that they deserve it : for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy ; and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry, that even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present.

It [*Endymion*] is, in truth, at least as full of genius as of absurdity ; and he who does not find a great deal in it to admire and to give delight, cannot in his heart see much beauty in the two exquisite dramas to which we have already alluded ; or find any great pleasure in some of the finest creations of Milton and Shakespeare. There are very many such persons, we verily believe, even among the reading and judicious part of the community—correct scholars, we have no doubt, many of them, and, it may be, very classical composers in prose and in verse—but utterly ignorant, on our view of the matter, of the true genius of English poetry, and incapable of estimating its appropriate and most exquisite beauties. With that spirit we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Keats is deeply imbued—and of those beauties he has presented us with many striking examples. We are very much inclined indeed to add, that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm. The greater and more distinguished poets of our country have so much in them to gratify other tastes and propensities, that they are pretty sure to captivate and amuse those to whom their poetry may be but an hindrance and obstruction, as well as those to whom it constitutes their chief attraction. The interest of the stories they tell—the vivacity of the characters they delineate—the weight and force of the maxims and senti-

ments in which they abound—the very pathos and wit and humour they display, which may all and each of them exist apart from their poetry, and independent of it, are quite sufficient to account for their popularity, without referring much to that still higher gift, by which they subdue to their enchantments those whose souls are truly attuned to the finer impulses of poetry. It is only, therefore, where those other recommendations are wanting, or exist in a weaker degree, that the true force of the attraction, exercised by the pure poetry with which they are so often combined, can be fairly appreciated : where, without much incident or many characters, and with little wit, wisdom, or arrangement, a number of bright pictures are presented to the imagination, and a fine feeling expressed of those mysterious relations by which visible external things are assimilated with inward thoughts and emotions, and become the images and exponents of all passions and affections.

F. JEFFREY, LORD JEFFREY.—*John Keats.*

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* ;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could ; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it: till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

WIT AND LEARNING

WIT and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity; Learning was born of Sophia, and retained her seriousness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition, and all means were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to

soften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindness were without effect ; the maternal animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the solemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronize and support them ; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and false appearances. . . .

Jupiter was at last angry that the peace of the heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals, nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young ; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects : theatres were built for the reception of Wit, and colleges endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist in one of the factions ; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity, who had once entered the temple of the rival power. . . .

The two rivals, at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for readmission to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy summons. Wit readily spread his wings and soared aloft, but not being able to see far was bewildered in the pathless immensity of the ethereal spaces. Learning, who knew the way, shook her pinions ; but for want of

natural vigour could only take short flights : so, after many efforts, they both sunk again to the ground, and learned from their mutual distress, the necessity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight : Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicacity of Learning. They soon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were so endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. Wit persuaded Learning to converse with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the service of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their presence. They soon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

S. JOHNSON.—*The Rambler*, No. 22.

DRYDEN AND POPE

IN acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either ; for both excelled likewise in prose ; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform ; Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid ; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation ; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet ; that quality without which judgement is cold and knowledge is inert ; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates ; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more ; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope ; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity ; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

S. JOHNSON.—*Life of Pope.*

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

AMONG the artists that had been allured into the happy valley to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers. . . .

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot : he saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honours. 'Sir,' said he,

'you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground.'

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains; having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. 'I am afraid,' said he to the artist, 'that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish, than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth.'

'So,' replied the mechanist, 'fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature and men by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly: to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it, faster than the air can recede from the pressure.'

'But the exercise of swimming,' said the prince, 'is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent, and wings will be of no great use, unless we can fly further than we can swim.'

'The labour of rising from the ground,' said the artist, 'will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls, but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction, and the body's gravity, will be gradually diminished till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall; no care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendant spec-

tator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts ! To survey with equal security the marts of trade, and the fields of battle ; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace ! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage ; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other !'

'All this,' said the prince, 'is much to be desired ; but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told, that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall : therefore I suspect, that from any height, where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent.'

'Nothing,' replied the artist, 'will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favour my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves.'

'Why,' said Rasselas, 'should you envy others so great an advantage ? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good ; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received.'

'If men were all virtuous,' returned the artist, 'I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky ? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea.' . . .

In a year the wings were finished, and, on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory : he waved his pinions awhile to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

S. JOHNSON.—*Rasselas*.

OF STYLE

FOR a man to write well, there are required three necessities—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely ; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate ; seek the best, and be not glad of the froward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us ; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written ; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back ; as we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest ; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgement, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings ; they imposed upon themselves care and industry ; they did nothing rashly : they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter showed itself to them more

plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing; yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it, as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course as stir his mettle. Again, whither a man's genius is best able to reach, thither it should more and more contend, lift and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oftentimes get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavour by their own faculties, so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves and are familiar with the best authors shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly; and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

BEN JONSON.—*Timber, or Discoveries.*

SHAKESPEARE

I REMEMBER the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted a thousand,' which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions,

wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. 'Sufflaminandus erat,' as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too! Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, 'Caesar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied, 'Caesar did never wrong but with just cause;' and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

BEN JONSON.—*Timber, or Discoveries.*

LORD BACON

ONE, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more presly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end. . . .

I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the State, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of State; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the case of Julius Caesar, who, in the heat of the civil war, writ his books of Analogy, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late Lord St. Albans entitle his work *Novum Organum*; which, though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning what-

soever, and is a book ' Qui longum noto scriptori prorogat aevum '.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours ; but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength ; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue but rather help to make it manifest.

BEN JONSON.—*Timber, or Discoveries.*

PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICS

THE question whether the ruler or statesman should be a philosopher is one that has not lost interest in modern times. In most countries of Europe and Asia there has been some one in the course of ages who has truly united the power of command with the power of thought and reflection, as there have been also many false combinations of these qualities. Some kind of speculative power is necessary both in practical and political life ; like the rhetorician in the *Phaedrus*, men require to have a conception of the varieties of human character, and to be raised on great occasions above the commonplaces of ordinary life. Yet the idea of the philosopher-statesman has never been popular with the mass of mankind ; partly because he cannot take the world into his confidence or make them understand the motives from which he acts ; and also because they are jealous of a power which they do not understand. The revolution which human nature desires to effect step by step in many ages is likely to be precipitated by him in a single year or life. They are afraid that in the pursuit of his greater aims he may disregard the common feelings of humanity. He is too apt to be looking into the distant future or back into the remote past, and unable to see actions or events which, to use an expression of Plato's, are ' tumbling out at his feet '. Besides, as Plato would say, there are other corruptions of

these philosophical statesmen. Either 'the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought', and at the moment when action above all things is required he is undecided, or general principles are enunciated by him in order to cover some change of policy; or his ignorance of the world has made him more easily fall a prey to the arts of others; or in some cases he has been converted into a courtier, who enjoys the luxury of holding liberal opinions, but was never known to perform a liberal action. No wonder that mankind have been in the habit of calling statesmen of this class pedants, sophisters, doctrinaires, visionaries. For, as we may be allowed to say, a little parodying the word of Plato, 'they have seen bad imitations of the philosopher-statesman.' But a man in whom the power of thought and action are perfectly balanced, equal to the present, reaching forward to the future, 'such a one,' ruling in a constitutional state, 'they have never seen.'

But as the philosopher is apt to fail in the routine of political life, so the ordinary statesman is also apt to fail in extraordinary crises. When the face of the world is beginning to alter, and thunder is heard in the distance, he is still guided by his old maxims, and is the slave of his inveterate party prejudices; he cannot perceive the signs of the times; instead of looking forward he looks back; he learns nothing and forgets nothing; with 'wise saws and modern instances' he would stem the rising tide of revolution. He lives more and more within the circle of his own party, as the world without him becomes stronger. This seems to be the reason why the old order of things makes so poor a figure when confronted with the new, why churches can never reform, why most political changes are made blindly and convulsively. The great crises in the history of nations have often been met by an ecclesiastical positiveness, and a more obstinate reassertion of principles which have lost their hold upon a nation. The fixed ideas of a reactionary statesman may be compared to madness; they grow upon him, and he becomes possessed by them; no judgement of others is ever admitted by him to be weighed in the balance against his own.

B. JOWETT.—Introduction to *Plato's Republic*.

DIVINE LOVE

THIS book is begun by God's gift and his grace ; but it is not yet performed as to my sight. For charity pray we all together, with God's working, thanking, trusting, enjoying. For this will our good Lord be prayed, by the understanding that I took in all his own meaning, and in the sweet words where he saith full merrily, *I am ground of thy beseeching*. For truly, I saw and understood in our Lord's meaning, that he showed it ; for he will have it known more than it is. In which knowing he will give us grace to love him, and cleave to him. For he beholds his heavenly treasure and solace in heavenly joy, in drawing of our hearts from sorrow and darkness, which we are in. And from the time that it was showed, I desired oftentimes to wit in what was our Lord's meaning. And fifteen year after and more, I was answered in ghostly understanding, saying thus ; *What ? wouldest thou wit thy Lord's meaning in this thing ? Wit it well : Love was his meaning. Who sheweth it thee ? Love. Wherefore sheweth he it thee ? For Love. Hold thee therein, thou shalt wit more in the same. But thou shalt never wit therein other without end.* Thus was I learned that love is our Lord's meaning. And I saw full surely in this and in all, that our God made us, he loved us ; which love was never slacked, ne never shall. And in this love he hath done all his works : and in this love he hath made all thing profitable to us : and in this love our life is everlasting ; in our making we had beginning : but the love wherein he made us was in him from without beginning. In which love we have our beginning. And all this shall we see in God without end. *Deo Gratias.*

THE LADY JULIANA OF NORWICH.—*XVI Revelations of Divine Love.*

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

MY LORD,—You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to

your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank ; a splendid fortune ; and a name, glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first you derive a constitutional claim to respect ; from the second, a natural extensive authority ; the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope, which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honour was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer of England ; the noble independence which he might have maintained in parliament ; and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom ;—compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation ; and though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see, with anguish, how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford ; imagine what he might be in this country, then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependants, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard, by the most profligate minister, with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector; and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgement he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke, with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation, in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

Your grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to the favourite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview with the favourite, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honour of his friendship. Though deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the dishonest necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his

dependants, of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt, of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation. He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had laboured to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible, even to the few by whom he was not detested. . . .

I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interest you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last ; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

JUNIUS [Sir Philip Francis].—*Letters*.

PREFACE TO 'ENDYMION'

KNOWING within myself the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.

What manner I mean, will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press ; nor should they if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good ;—it will not : the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngster should die away : a sad thought for me, if I had not some

hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live.

This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment ; but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it ; he will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticisms of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a zealous eye, to the honour of English literature.

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy ; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted : thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness : for I wish to try once more, before I bid it farewell.

Teignmouth, April 10, 1818.

J. KEATS.—*Endymion*.

THE SPHYNX

AND near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world ; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea, from the flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look

on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable ! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx.

A. W. KINGLAKE.—*Eothen*.

CONSTANTINOPLE

EVEN if we don't take a part in the chant about ' Mosques and Minarets ', we can still yield praises to Stamboul. We can chant about the harbour ; we can say and sing that nowhere else does the sea come so home to a city : there are no pebbly shores—no sand bars—no slimy river-beds—no black canals—no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters. If being in the noisiest mart of Stamboul, you would stroll to the quiet side of the way amidst those cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus ; if you would go from your hotel to the Bazaars, you must pass by the bright blue pathway of the Golden Horn, that can carry a thousand sail of the line. You are accustomed to the gondolas that glide among the palaces of St. Mark, but here, at Stamboul, it is a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship that meets you in the

street. Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the Chief of the State to woo and wed the reluctant sea ; but the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan—she comes to his feet with the treasures of the world—she bears him from palace to palace—by some unfailing witchcraft, she entices the breezes to follow her, and fan the pale cheek of her lord—she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden—she watches the walls of his Serail—she stifles the intrigues of his Ministers—she quiets the scandals of his Court—she extinguishes his rivals and hushes his naughty wives all one by one. So vast are the wonders of the Deep !

A. W. KINGLAKE.—*Eothen*.

TOBACCO

AMYAS, knowing that there was not an inn hard by around for many a mile ahead, took a pull at a certain bottle which Lady Grenville had put into his holster, and then offered Yeo a pull also.

He declined ; he had meat and drink too about him, heaven be praised !

‘ Meat and drink ? fall to then, man, and don’t stand on manners.’

Whereupon Yeo, seeing an old decayed willow by a brook, went to it, and took therefrom some touchwood, to which he set a light with his knife and a stone, while Amyas watched, a little puzzled and startled, as Yeo’s fiery reputation came into his mind. Was he really a Salamander-sprite, and going to warm his inside by a meal of burning tinder ? But now Yeo, in his solemn methodical way, pulled out of his bosom a brown leaf, and began rolling a piece of it up neatly to the size of his little finger ; and then, putting the one end into his mouth and the other on the tinder, sucked at it till it was alight ; and drinking down the smoke, began puffing it out again at his nostrils with a grunt of deepest satisfaction, and resumed his dog-trot by Amyas’s side, as if he had been a walking chimney.

On which Amyas burst into a loud laugh, and cried, ‘ Why, no wonder they said you breathed fire. Is not that the Indians’ tobacco ? ’

‘ Yea, verily, heaven be praised ! but did you never see it before ? ’

‘ Never, though we heard talk of it along the coast ; but we took it for one more Spanish lie. Humph—well, live and learn ! ’

‘ Ah, Sir, no lie, but a blessed truth, as I can tell, who have ere now gone in the strength of this weed three days and nights without eating ; and therefore, Sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war-parties : and no wonder ; for when all things were made none was made better than this ; to be a lone man’s companion, a bachelor’s friend, a hungry man’s food, a sad man’s cordial, a wakeful man’s sleep, and a chilly man’s fire, Sir ; while for staunching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there’s no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven.’

C. KINGSLEY.—*Westward Ho !*

MONOTONY

SOME people—most people—in these run-about railway days, would complain of such a life, in such a ‘ narrow sphere ’, so they call it, as monotonous. Very likely it is so. But is it to be complained of on that account ? Is monotony in itself an evil ? Which is better, to know many places ill, or to know one place well ? Certainly—if a scientific habit of mind be a gain—it is only by exhausting as far as possible the significance of an individual phenomenon (is not that sentence a truly scientific one in its magniloquence ?) that you can discover any glimpse of the significance of the universal. Even men of boundless knowledge, like Humboldt, must have had once their speciality, their pet subject, or they would have, strictly speaking, no knowledge at all. The volcanoes of Mexico, patiently and laboriously investigated in his youth, were to Humboldt, possibly, the key of the whole Cosmos. I learn more, studying over and over again the same Bagshot sand and gravel heaps, than I should by roaming all Europe in search of new geologic wonders. Fifteen years have I been puzzling at the same questions and have only guessed at a few of the answers. What sawed out the edges of the moors into long narrow banks of gravel ?

What cut them off all flat atop? What makes *Erica ciliaris* grow in one soil, and the bracken in another? How did three species of Club-moss—one of them quite an Alpine one—get down here, all the way from Wales perhaps, upon this isolated patch of gravel? Why did that one patch of *Carex arenaria* settle in the only square yard for miles and miles which bore sufficient resemblance to its native sandhill by the seashore, to make it comfortable? Why did *Myosurus minimus*, which I had hunted for in vain for fourteen years, appear by dozens in the fifteenth, upon a new-made bank, which had been for at least two hundred years a farm-yard gateway? Why does it generally rain here from the south-west, not when the barometer falls, but when it begins to rise again? Why—why is everything, which lies under my feet all day long? I don't know; and you can't tell me. And till I have found out, I cannot complain of monotony, with still undiscovered puzzles waiting to be explained, and so to create novelty at every turn.

Besides, monotony is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous: but there is much, I trust, to be said in favour of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous: but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by our Litany. The Litany, as usual, is right. 'Those who travel by land or sea' are to be objects of our pity and our prayers; and I do pity them. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that only the Being who will do nothing cruel or useless can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say, I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the

same old coat. That man who offered twenty pounds reward for a lost carpet-bag of old boots was a sage, and I wish I knew him. Why should one change one's place, any more than one's wife or one's children? Is a hermit-crab, slipping his tail out of one strange shell into another, in the hopes of its fitting him a little better, either a dignified, safe, or graceful animal? No; George Riddler was a true philosopher.

Let vules go sarching vur and nigh,
We bides at whum, my dog and I;

and become there, not only wiser, but more charitable; for the oftener one sees, the better one knows; and the better one knows, the more one loves.

C. KINGSLEY.—*My Winter-Garden.*

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN

To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to Nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to His revealed will and approved ordinance; and finally, it is the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.

In the probation of this proposition, I will not be so curious as to gather whatsoever may amplify, set forth, or decore the same; but I am purposed, even as I have spoken my conscience in most plain and few words, so to stand content with a simple proof of every member, bringing in for my witness God's ordinance in Nature, His plain will revealed in His Word, and by the minds of such as be most ancient amongst godly writers.

And first, where that I affirm the empire of a woman to be a thing repugnant to Nature, I mean not only that God, by the order of His creation, hath spoiled woman of authority and dominion, but also that man hath seen, proved, and pronounced just causes why that it should be. Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalf see very clearly. For the causes be so manifest, that they cannot be hid. For who can deny but it is repugneth to nature that the blind shall be appointed to lead and conduct such as do see? That the weak, the sick, and impotent persons shall nourish and keep the whole and strong? And finally,

that the foolish, mad, and phrenetic shall govern the discreet and give counsel to such as be sober of mind? And such be all women, compared unto man in bearing of authority. For their sight in civil regimen is but blindness, their strength weakness, their counsel foolishness, and judgement frenzy, if it be rightly considered.

I except such as God, by singular privilege, and for certain causes, known only to Himself, hath exempted from the common rank of women, and do speak of women as nature and experience do this day declare them. Nature, I say, doth paint them further to be weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish; and experience hath declared them to be unconstant, variable, cruel, and lacking the spirit of counsel and regimen. And these notable faults have men in all ages espied in that kind, for the which not only they have removed women from rule and authority, but also some have thought that men subject to the counsel or empire of their wives were unworthy of all public office. . . .

I am not ignorant that the subtle wits of carnal men (which can never be brought under the obedience of God's simple precepts) to maintain this monstrous empire have yet two vain shifts. First, they allege that, albeit women may not absolutely reign by themselves, because they may neither sit in judgement, neither pronounce sentence, neither execute any public office, yet may they do all such things by their lieutenants, deputies, and judges substitute. Secondly, say they, a woman born to rule over any realm may choose her a husband, and to him she may transfer and give her authority and right. To both I answer in few words. First, That from a corrupt and venomous fountain can spring no wholesome water. Secondly, That no person hath power to give the thing which doth not justly appertain to themselves. But the authority of a woman is a corrupted fountain, and therefore from her can spring no lawful officer. She is not born to rule over men, and therefore she can appoint none by her gift, nor by her power (which she hath not), to the place of a lawful magistrate.

J. KNOX.—*The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.*

ELIA AT OXFORD

I AM plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein arises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a *devoir* to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their overlooked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple. . . .

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves—

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as

though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintillating apples which grew amid the happy orchard. Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variae lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. . . .

With G. D. [George Dyer]—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing ‘immortal commonwealths’—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in such places as these.

C. LAMB.—*Oxford in the Vacation.*

BISHOP VALENTINE

HAIL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipped infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift.

C. LAMB.—*Valentine's Day.*

BIBLIA A-BIBLIA

I HAVE no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Dictionaries, Pocket Books, Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without': the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it is some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what 'seem its leaves', to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopaedias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

C. LAMB.—*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

'A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.' This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters,

your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber ; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning ; that they like to win one game and lose another ; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no ; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul ; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight : cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) 'like a dancer'. She sat bolt upright ; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions ; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play ; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game ; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards : and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand ; and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind ! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book. . . .

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love ; but

whist had engaged her maturer esteem. . . . Whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities . . . the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational, antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things,—Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it? . . .

In square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even

an interested—by-stander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified ; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game.—By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. . . .

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other :—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards ; that cards are a temporary illusion ; in truth, a mere drama ; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting ; much ado ; great battling, and little bloodshed ; mighty means for disproportioned ends ; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

C. LAMB.—*Essays of Elia*.

A QUAKERS' MEETING

READER, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean ; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude ; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society ; would'st thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species ; would'st thou be alone, and yet accompanied ; solitary, yet not desolate ; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance ; a unit in aggregate ; a single in composite :—come with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that 'before the winds were made?' go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy case-ments; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed self-mistrusting Ulysses.—Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels.—'Boreas and Cesiæ, and Argestes loud,' do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' Meeting.—Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken;

Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those

enjoy, who come together for the purpose of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness 'to be felt'.—The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

—sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings—

but here is something, which throws Antiquity herself into the fore-ground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

C. LAMB.—*A Quakers' Meeting.*

THE SOCIETY OF A CHILD

WHERE on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child? He accompanies me in my walks, gazes into my eyes for what I am gathering from books, tells me more and better things than they do, and asks me often what neither I nor they can answer. When he is absent I am filled with reflections: when he is present I have room for none beside what I receive from him. The charms of his childhood bring me back to the delights of mine, and I fancy I hear my own words in a sweeter voice. Will he (O how I tremble at the mute oracle of futurity!), will he ever be as happy as I have been? Alas! and must he ever be as subject to fears and apprehensions? No; thanks to the Gods! never, never. He carries his father's heart within his breast: I see him already an orator and a leader. I try to teach him daily some of his father's looks and gestures, and I never smile but at his docility and gravity. How his father will love him! the little thunderer! the winner of cities! the vanquisher of Cleones!

W. S. LANDOR.—*Pericles and Aspasia*
[Aspasia to Cleone].

A CONVERSATION ON STYLE

NEWTON. I should always have imagined, if you had not taught me the contrary, that there is more of genius and philosophy in Bacon's *Essays* than in all Cicero's works, however less there be of the scholastic and oratorical. Perhaps I, by being no estimator of style——

Barrow. Peace, peace! my modest Newton! Perhaps I, by being too much an estimator of it, have overvalued the clearest head and the purest tongue of antiquity. My Lord Justice Coke, and probably the more learned Seldon, would have ridiculed or reproved us, had we dared entertain in their presence a doubt of Cicero's superiority over Bacon. No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries. This hath always been reserved for the secondary. There must either be something of the vulgar, something in which the commonalty can recognize their own features, or there must be a laxity, a jealousy, an excitement stimulating a false appetite. Your brief review of the *Essays* hath brought back to my recollection so much of shrewd judgement, so much of rich imagery, such a profusion of truths so plain as (without his manner of exhibiting them) to appear almost unimportant, that, in the various high qualities of the human mind, I must acknowledge not only Cicero, but every prose-writer among the Greeks, to stand far below him. Cicero is least valued for his highest merits, his fullness, and his perspicuity. Bad judges (and how few are not so!) desire in composition the concise and the obscure, not knowing that the one most frequently arises from paucity of materials, and the other from inability to manage and dispose them. . . .

The minds of few can take in the whole of a great author, and fewer can draw him close enough to another for just commensuration. A fine passage may strike us less forcibly than one beneath it in beauty, from less sensibility in us at the moment; whence less enthusiasm, less quickness of perception, less capacity, less hold. You have omitted to remark some of the noblest things in Bacon, often I believe because there is no power of judgement to be shown in the expression of admiration, and perhaps, too, sometimes from the repetition and intensity of delight. . . .

You will become an author ere long ; and every author must attend to the means of conveying his information. The plainness of your style is suitable to your manners and your studies. Avoid, which many grave men have not done, words taken from sacred subjects and from elevated poetry ; these we have seen vilely prostituted. Avoid, too, the society of the barbarians who misemploy them : they are vain, irreverent, and irreclaimable to right feelings. The dialogues of Galileo, which you have been studying, are written with much propriety and precision. I do not urge you to write in dialogue, although the best writers of every age have done it ; the best parts of Homer and Milton are speeches and replies ; the best parts of every great historian are the same : the wisest men of Athens and of Rome converse together in this manner, as they are shown to us by Xenophon, by Plato, and by Cicero. Whether you adopt such a form of composition—which, if your opinions are new, will protect you in part from the hostility all novelty (unless it is vicious) excites—or whether you choose to go along the unbroken surface of the didactic, never look abroad for any kind of ornament. Apollo, either as the god of day or the slayer of Python, had nothing about him to obscure his clearness or to impede his strength.

W. S. LANDOR.—*Imaginary Conversations :
Barrow and Newton.*

SCHOOLS OF POETRY

FORMERLY we were contented with schools of philosophy ; we now begin to talk about schools of poetry. Is not that absurd ? There is only one school, the universe ; one only schoolmistress, Nature. Those who are reported to be of such or such a school, are of none ; they have played the truant. Some are more careful, some more negligent, some bring many dishes, some fewer, some little seasoned, some highly. Ground, however, there is for the fanciful appellation. The young poets at Miletus are beginning to throw off their allegiance to the established and acknowledged laws of Athens, and are weary of following in the train of the graver who have been crowned. The various schools,

as they call them, have assumed distinct titles ; but the largest and most flourishing of all would be discontented, I am afraid, with the properest I could inscribe it with, the *queer*. We really have at present in our city more good poets than we ever had ; and the *queer* might be among the best if they pleased. But whenever an obvious and natural thought presents itself, they either reject it for coming without imagination, or they *phrygianize* it with such biting and hot curling-irons, that it rolls itself up impenetrably. They declare to us that pure and simple imagination is the absolute perfection of poetry ; and if ever they admit a sentence or reflection, it must be one which requires a whole day to unravel and wind it smoothly on the distaff.

To me it appears that poetry ought neither to be all body nor all soul. Beautiful features, limbs compact, sweetness of voice, and easiness of transition, belong to the Deity who inspires and represents it. We may loiter by the stream and allay our thirst as it runs, but we should not be forbidden the larger draught from the deeper well.

W. S. LANDOR.—*Pericles and Aspasia*
[Cleone to Aspasia].

A VISION OF LOVE, SLEEP, AND DEATH

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me ; each was winged ; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other,

‘ He is under my guardianship for the present : do not awaken him with that feather.’

Methought, hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather on an arrow ; and then the arrow itself ; the whole of it, even to the point ; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm’s length of it : the rest of the shaft, and the whole of the barb, was behind his ankles.

This feather never awakens any one,’ replied he, rather petulantly ; ‘ but it brings more of confident security, and

more of cherished dreams, than you without me are capable of imparting.'

'Be it so!' answered the gentler——'none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succour. But so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you!'

'Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!' said Love, contemptuously. 'Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it.' I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose . . . and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, 'Go away! go away! nothing that thou touchest, lives!'

'Say rather, child!' replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, 'Say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it.'

Love pouted, and rumped and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head ; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did ; but, throwing back the cluster of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity : for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I became ashamed of my ingratitude ; and turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure strewed and allayed all the throbbings of my bosom ; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around ; the heavens seemed to open above me ; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others ; but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily, ' Sleep is on his way to the Earth, where many are calling him ; but it is not to these he hastens ; for every call only makes him fly farther off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one.'

' And Love !' said I, ' whither is he departed ? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him.'

' He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me,' said the Genius, ' is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up ! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee.'

I looked : the earth was under me : I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

W. S. LANDOR.—*The Pentameron.*

BRIBES AND WAGES

THINK on this, ye that are bribers, when ye go so secretly about such things, have this in your minds, when ye devise your secret fetches and conveyance, how Elisha's servant was served, and to be openly known. For God's proverb will be true, 'There is nothing hidden that will not be revealed.'

He that took the silver bason and ewer for a bribe, thinketh that it will never come out, but he may now know that I know it, and I know it not alone, there be more beside me that know it. O briber and bribery, he was never a good man that will so take bribes. Nor can I ever believe that he that is a briber shall be a good justice. It will never be merry in England, till we have the skins of such. For what needeth bribing where men do their things uprightly; as for men that are officers and have a matter of charge in their hands?

But now I will play St. Paul, and translate the thing on myself. I will become the king's officer for awhile. I have to lay out for the king twenty thousand pounds, or a great sum, whatsoever it be: well, when I have laid it out, and do bring in mine account, I must give three hundred marks to have my bills warranted. If I have done truly and uprightly what should need me to give a penny to have my bills warranted? If I have done my office truly, and do bring in a true account, wherefore should one groat be given? yea, one groat, for warranting of my bills? Smell ye nothing in this? what needeth any bribes giving, except the bills be false? No man giveth bribes for warranting of his bills, except they be false bills.

Well, such practice hath been in England, but beware; it will out one day: beware of God's proverb, 'There is nothing hidden that shall not be opened': yea, even in this world, if ye be not the children of damnation. And here now I speak to you, my masters, minters, augmentationers, receivers, surveyors, and auditors; I make a petition unto you: I beseech you all be good to the king; he hath been good to you, therefore be good to him; yea, be good to your own souls. Ye are known well enough what ye were afore ye came to your offices, and what lands ye had then, and what ye have purchased since, and what buildings ye make daily. Well, I pray ye so build that the

king's workmen may be paid. They make their moan that they can get no money. The poor labourers, gun-makers, powdermen, bow-makers, arrow-makers, smiths, carpenters, soldiers, and other crafts, cry out for their dues. They be unpaid some of them three or four months ; yea, some of them half a year : yea, some of them put up bills this time twelve months for their money, and, as the prophet saith, *Clamor operariorum ascendit ad aures meas*, 'The cry of the workmen is come up to mine ears.' O, for God's love let the workmen be paid, if there be money enough ; or else there will whole showers of vengeance rain down upon your heads.

H. LATIMER.—*Sermon preached before
King Edward the Sixth.*

A STRAIT-LACED MOTHER

MATILDA is a fine woman, of good breeding, great sense, and much religion. She has three daughters that are educated by herself. She will not trust them with any one else, or at any school, for fear they should learn anything ill. She stays with the dancing-master all the time he is with them, because she will hear everything that is said to them. She has heard them read the Scriptures so often that they can repeat great part of it without book : and there is scarce a good book of devotion, but you may find it in their closets.

Had Matilda lived in the first ages of Christianity when it was practised in the fullness and plainness of its doctrines, she had in all probability been one of its greatest saints. But as she was born in corrupt times, where she wants example of Christian perfection and hardly ever saw a piety higher than her own ; so she has many defects and communicates them all to her daughters.

Matilda never was meanly dressed in her life, and nothing pleases her in dress but that which is very rich and beautiful to the eye.

Her daughters see her great zeal for religion, but then they see an equal earnestness for all sorts of finery. They see she is not negligent of her devotion, but then they see her more careful to preserve her complexion, and to prevent those changes, which time and age threaten her with.

They are afraid to meet her if they have missed the church ; but then they are more afraid to see her if they are not laced as straight as they can possibly be.

She often shows them her own picture, which was taken when their father fell in love with her. She tells them how distracted he was with passion at the first sight of her, and that she had never had so fine a complexion, but for the diligence of her good mother, who took exceeding care of it.

Matilda is so intent upon all the arts of improving their dress that she has some new fancy almost every day, and leaves no ornament untried, from the richest jewel to the poorest flower. She is so nice and critical in her judgement, so sensible of the smallest error, that the maid is often forced to dress and undress her daughters three or four times in a day, before she can be satisfied with it.

As to the patching, she reserves that to herself ; for, she says, if they are not stuck on with judgement, they are rather a prejudice than an advantage to the face.

The children see so plainly the temper of their mother that they even affect to be more pleased with dress, and to be more fond of every little ornament than they really are, merely to gain her favour.

They saw their eldest sister once brought to her tears, and her perverseness severely reprimanded, for presuming to say that she thought it was better to cover the neck than to go so far naked as the modern dress requires.

She stints them in their meals and is very scrupulous of what they eat and drink, and tells them how many fine shapes she has seen spoiled in her time for want of such care. If a pimple rises in their faces, she is in a great fright, and they themselves are as afraid to see her with it as if they had committed some great sin.

Whenever they begin to look too sanguine and healthful, she calls in the assistance of the doctor ; and if physic or issues will keep the complexion from inclining to coarse or ruddy, she thinks them well employed.

By this means they are poor, pale, sickly, infirm creatures, vapoured through want of spirits, crying at the smallest accidents, swooning away at anything that frights them, and hardly able to bear the weight of their best clothes.

The eldest daughter lived as long as she could under this discipline, and died in the twentieth year of her age.

When her body was opened, it appeared that her ribs had grown into her liver, and that her other entrails were much hurt by being crushed together with her stays, which her mother had ordered to be twitched so straight, that it often brought tears into her eyes whilst the maid was dressing her.

Her youngest daughter is run away with a gamester, a man of great beauty, who in dressing and dancing has no superior.

Matilda says she should die with grief at this accident, but that her conscience tells her she has contributed nothing to it herself.

W. LAW.—*A Serious Call to a Devout
and Holy Life.*

MORAL JUDGEMENTS OF HISTORY

THERE is nothing more common than for men who in private life are models of the most scrupulous integrity to justify or excuse the most flagrant acts of political dishonesty and violence; and we should be altogether mistaken if we argued rigidly from such approvals to the general moral sentiments of those who utter them. Not unfrequently, too, by a curious moral paradox, political crimes are closely connected with national virtues. A people who are submissive, gentle, and loyal, fall by reason of these very qualities under a despotic government; but this uncontrolled power has never failed to exercise a most pernicious influence on rulers, and, their numerous acts of rapacity and aggression being attributed in history to the nation they represent, the national character is wholly misinterpreted. (This has been, I think, especially the case with the Austrians.) There are also particular kinds both of virtue and of vice which appear prominently before the world, while others of at least equal influence almost escape the notice of history. Thus, for example, the sectarian animosities, the horrible persecutions, the blind hatred of progress, the ungenerous support of every galling disqualification and restraint, the intense class selfishness, the obstinately protracted defence of every intellectual and political superstition, the childish but whimsically ferocious

quarrels about minute dogmatic distinctions, or dresses, or candlesticks, which constitute together the main features of ecclesiastical history, might naturally, though very unjustly, lead men to place the ecclesiastical type in almost the lowest rank, both intellectually and morally. These are, in fact, the displays of ecclesiastical influence which stand in bold relief in the pages of history. The civilizing and moralizing influence of the clergyman in his parish, the simple, unostentatious, unselfish zeal with which he educates the ignorant, guides the erring, comforts the sorrowing, braves the horrors of pestilence, and sheds a hallowing influence over the dying hour; the countless ways in which, in his little sphere, he allays evil passions, and softens manners, and elevates and purifies those around him—all these things, though very evident to the detailed observer, do not stand out in the same vivid prominence in historical records, and are continually forgotten by historians. It is always hazardous to argue from the character of a corporation to the character of the members who compose it, but in no other case is this method of judgement so fallacious as in the history of ecclesiastics, for there is no other class whose distinctive excellences are less apparent, and whose mental and moral defects are more glaringly conspicuous in corporate action.

W. E. H. LECKY.—*History of European Morals.*

THE STREAM OF SALVATION

THIS sweet stream of the doctrine [of the prophets] did as the river make its own banks fertile and pleasant as it ran by, and flowed still forward to after ages, and by the confluence of more such prophecies grew greater as it went till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament, both acted and preached by the great Prophet himself, whom they foretold to come, and recorded by his apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scripture hath still refreshed the city of God, his church under the gospel, and still shall do so, till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity.

R. LEIGHTON.—*Commentary on St. Peter.*

THE EMPERY OF ENGLAND

AFTER that I had perpended the honest and profitable studies of these historiographers, I was totally inflamed with a love to see throughly all those parts of this your opulent and ample realm that I had read of in the aforesaid writers. Insomuch that all my other occupations interrupted, I have so travelled in your dominions both by the sea-coasts and the middle parts, sparing neither labour nor costs by the space of these six years past, that there is almost neither cape nor bay, haven, creek, or pier, river or confluence of rivers, breaches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, moors, heaths, forests, woods, cities, boroughs, castles, principal manor places, monasteries, and colleges, but I have seen them, and noted in so doing a whole world of things very memorable.

Thus instructed, I trust shortly to see the time, that like as Carolus Magnus had among his treasures three large and notable tables of silver, richly enamelled, one of the site and description of Constantinople, another of the site and figure of the magnificent city of Rome, and the third of the description of the world: so shall your Majesty have this your world and empery of England so set forth in a quadrate table of silver, if God send me life to accomplish my beginning, that your grace shall have ready knowledge at the first sight of many right delectable, fruitful, and necessary pleasures, by contemplation thereof, as often as occasion shall move you to the sight of it.

And because that it may be more permanent and farther known than to have it engraved in silver or brass, I intend, by the leave of God, within the space of twelve months following, such a description to make of your realm in writing that it shall be no mastery after for the graver or painter to make the like by a perfect example.

Yea, and to wade further in this matter, whereas now almost no man can well guess at the shadow of the ancient names of havens, rivers, promontories, hills, woods, cities, towns, castles, and variety of kinds of people, that Caesar, Livy, Strabo, Diodorus, Fabius Pictor, Pomponius Mela, Plinius, Cornelius Tacitus, Ptolemeus, Sextus Rufus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Solinus, Antonius, and divers other make mention of, I trust so to open this window,

that the light shall be seen, so long, that is to say, by the space of a whole thousand years, stopped up, and the old glory of your renowned Britain to reflourish through the world.

J. LELAND.—*The Laborious Journey and Search of John Leyland for England's Antiquities, given of him as a new year's gift to King Henry the viii, in the xxxvii year of his reign.*

A FOX AND GRAPES

THERE was a Time when a Fox would have Ventured as far for a Bunch of Grapes as for a Shoulder of Mutton, and it was a Fox of Those Days and That Palate that stood Gaping under a Vine, and licking his Lips at a most Delicious Cluster of Grapes that he had spied out there. He fetched a hundred and a hundred Leaps at it, till at last, when he was as weary as a Dog, and found that there was No Good to be done—'Hang 'em,' says he, 'they are as Sour as Crabs'; and so away he went, turning off the Disappointment with a Jest.

A WOLF AND A LION

As a Wolf and a Lion were abroad upon Adventure together, Hark (says the Wolf), Don't you hear the Bleating of Sheep! My Life for Yours, Sir, I'll go fetch ye a Purchase. Away he goes, and follows his Ear, till he came just under the Sheepfold. But it was so well fortified, and the Dogs asleep so Near it, that back he comes Sneaking to the Lion again, and tells him, There are Sheep Yonder (says he) 'tis true, but they are as Lean as Carrion, and we had e'en as good let 'em alone till they have more Flesh on their Backs.

The Moral of the Two Fables above

'Tis Matter of Skill and Address, when a man cannot Honestly Compass what he would be at, to Appear Easy and Indifferent upon All Repulses and Disappointments.

Reflection

'Tis a Point of Good Discretion to make a Virtue of Necessity, and to Content ourselves without what we cannot get, though we have never so much a Mind to 't; for 'tis a Turn of Art to seem to Despise what we cannot Compass, and to put off a Miscarriage with a Jest: Beside, that it is Better to have People think a man could Gain Such or such a Point if he Would, than that he Would, but cannot.

The Fox's Put-off in This Fable is a most Instructive Point of Philosophy towards the Government of our Lives; Provided that His Fooling may be made Our Earnest; as it would be much for our Honour and Quiet so to be. No man shall ever be Miserable if he can but keep Clear of the Snare of Hopes and Fears; and *Antidote* himself against the Flatteries of the One, and the Alarms of the Other. It is a High Point of Christian, as well as of Civil Prudence, for a man to say Thus to Himself before-hand of a Thing that he has a Mind to *If I cannot get it, I shall be Better without it*; Or if he can but say after the Missing of it, *It was better Lost than found*. Now if we cannot Arrive at the Pitch of making This Indifference a Virtue indeed, we may however so Disguise it yet (though in a case of Necessity) as to make it Look like one. Not but that it would be much better if we could Attain to the Perfection itself as well as we may in Appearance Cover the Disgrace.

SIR R. L'ESTRANGE.—*Fables of Aesop*.

GETTYSBURG

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

A. LINCOLN.—*Dedicatory Address at
Gettysburg Cemetery (1863).*

EXERCISING IN ENGLISH

WHEN they understand how to write English with due connexion, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to writing of letters; wherein they should not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain, easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness. And when they are perfect in this, they may, to raise their thoughts, have set before them the example of Voiture's, for the entertainment of their friends at a distance with letters of compliment, mirth, raillery, or diversion; and Tully's epistles, as the best pattern, whether for business or conversation. The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in this kind of writing. Occasions will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences, that, in his affairs, his well or ill managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral discourses; whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life,

and so not subject to a strict review, more easily scape observation and censure.

Had the methods of education been directed to their right ends, one would have thought this, so necessary a part, could not have been neglected, whilst themes and verses in Latin, of no use at all, were so constantly everywhere pressed to the racking of children's inventions beyond their strength, and hindering their cheerful progress in learning the tongues, by unnatural difficulties. But custom has so ordained it, and who dares disobey? And would it not be very unreasonable to require of a learned country schoolmaster (who has all the tropes and figures in Farnaby's rhetoric at his fingers' ends) to teach his scholar to express himself handsomely in English, when it appears to be so little his business or thought, that the boy's mother (despised, it is like, as illiterate, for not having read a system of logic and rhetoric) outdoes him in it?

To write and speak correctly gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say; and, since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, and no care taken anywhere to improve young men in their own language, that they may thoroughly understand and be masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or anything, rather than to his education, or any care of his teacher. To mind what English his pupil speaks or writes is below the dignity of one bred up amongst Greek and Latin, though he have but little of them himself. These are the learned languages, fit only for learned men to meddle with and teach; English is the language of the illiterate vulgar, though yet we see the polity of some of our neighbours hath not thought it beneath the public care to promote and reward the improvement of their own language. Polishing and enriching their tongue is no small business

amongst them : it hath colleges and stipends appointed it, and there is raised amongst them a great ambition and emulation of writing correctly ; and we see what they are come to by it, and how far they have spread one of the worst languages, possibly, in this part of the world ; if we look upon it as it was in some few reigns backwards, whatever it be now. The great men amongst the Romans were daily exercising themselves in their own language ; and we find yet upon record the names of orators who taught some of their emperors Latin, though it were their mother tongue.

'Tis plain the Greeks were yet more nice in theirs ; all other speech was barbarous to them but their own, and no foreign language appears to have been studied or valued amongst that learned and acute people ; though it be past doubt, that they borrowed their learning and philosophy from abroad.

I am not here speaking against Greek and Latin ; I think they ought to be studied, and the Latin, at least, understood well, by every gentleman. But whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with (and the more he knows the better), that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should daily be exercised in it.

J. LOCKE.—*Some Thoughts concerning Education.*

A FRUIT DIET

FRUIT makes one of the most difficult chapters in the government of health, especially that of children. Our first parents ventured Paradise for it, and it is no wonder our children cannot stand the temptation, though it cost them their health. The regulation of this cannot come under any one general rule ; for I am by no means of their mind who would keep children almost wholly from fruit, as a thing totally unwholesome for them ; by which strict way, they make them but the more ravenous after it, and to eat good or bad, ripe or unripe, all that they can get, whenever they come at it. Melons, peaches, most sorts of plums, and all sorts of grapes in England, I think children should be wholly kept from, as having a very tempting taste

in a very unwholesome juice ; so that, if it were possible, they should never so much as see them, or know there were any such thing. But strawberries, cherries, gooseberries, or currants, when thoroughly ripe, I think may be pretty safely allowed them, and that with a very liberal hand, if they be eaten with these cautions : 1. Not after meals, as we usually do, when the stomach is already full of other food. But I think they should be eaten rather before or between meals, and children should have them for their breakfasts. 2. Bread eaten with them. 3. Perfectly ripe. If they are thus eaten, I imagine them rather conducing than hurtful to our health. Summer-fruits, being suited to the hot season of the year they come in, refresh our stomachs, languishing and fainting under it ; and therefore I should not be altogether so strict in this point, as some are to their children ; who being kept so very short, instead of a moderate quantity of well-chosen fruit, which being allowed them, would content them, whenever they can get loose, or bribe a servant to supply them, satisfy their longing with any trash they can get, and eat to a surfeit.

Apples and pears, too, which are thoroughly ripe, and have been gathered some time, I think may be safely eaten at any time, and in pretty large quantities ; especially apples, which never did anybody hurt, that I have heard, after October.

Fruits also, dried without sugar, I think very wholesome. But sweetmeats of all kinds are to be avoided ; which, whether they do more harm to the maker or eater is not easy to tell. This I am sure, it is one of the most inconvenient ways of expense that vanity hath yet found out ; and so I leave them to the ladies.

J. LOCKE.—*Some Thoughts concerning Education.*

THE INFLUENCE OF BURNS

SEARCH Scotland over, from the Pentland to the Solway, and there is not a cottage-hut so poor and wretched as to be without its Bible ; and hardly one that, on the same shelf, and next to it, does not treasure a Burns. Have the people degenerated since their adoption of this new manual ? Has their attachment to the Book of Books declined ? Are their hearts less firmly bound, than were their fathers'.

to the old faith and the old virtues? I believe he that knows the most of the country will be the readiest to answer all these questions, as every lover of genius and virtue would desire to hear them answered.

On one point there can be no controversy; the poetry of Burns has had most powerful influences in reviving and strengthening the national feelings of his countrymen. Amidst penury and labour, his youth fed on the old minstrelsy and traditional glories of his nation, and his genius divined that what he felt so deeply must belong to a spirit that might lie smothered around him, but could not be extinguished. The political circumstances of Scotland were, and had been, such as to starve the flame of patriotism; the popular literature had striven, and not in vain, to make itself English; and, above all, a new and a cold system of speculative philosophy had begun to spread widely among us. A peasant appeared, and set himself to check the creeping pestilence of this indifference. Whatever genius has since then been devoted to the illustration of the national manners, and sustaining thereby of the national feelings of the people, there can be no doubt that Burns will ever be remembered as the founder, and, alas! in his own person as the martyr, of this reformation.

That what is nowadays called, by solitary eminence, the *wealth* of the nation, had been on the increase ever since our incorporation with a greater and wealthier state—nay, that the laws had been improving, and, above all, the administration of the laws, it would be mere bigotry to dispute. It may also be conceded easily, that the national mind had been rapidly clearing itself of many injurious prejudices—that the people, as a people, had been gradually and surely advancing in knowledge and wisdom, as well as in wealth and security. But all this good had not been accomplished without rude work. If the improvement were valuable, it had been purchased dearly. ‘The spring fire,’ Allan Cunningham says beautifully somewhere, ‘which destroys the furze, makes an end also of the nests of a thousand song-birds; and he who goes a-trouting with lime, leaves little of life in the stream.’ We were getting fast ashamed of many precious and beautiful things, only for that they were old and our own.

J. G. LOCKHART—*Life of Robert Burns.*

LOVE'S SWAIN

As they were thus drinking and ready to go to church, came in Montanus, apparelled all in tawny, to signify that he was forsaken. On his head he wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side whereon was painted despair, and on his sheephooks hung two sonnets, as labels of his loves and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of grief as his heart was of sorrow, showing in his countenance the map of extremities. The shepherds, seeing him, did him all the honour they could, as being the flower of all the swains in Arden; for a bonnier boy was there not seen since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the king, and guessing it to be Gerismond, did him all the reverence his country courtesy could afford; insomuch that the king, wondering at his attire, demanded what he was. Montanus, overhearing him, made this reply, 'I am', quoth he, 'love's swain, as full of inward discontentments as I seem fraught with outward follies. My eyes like bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the fair of beauty, they carry home to the hive of my heart far more gall than honey, and for one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly aconiton. I hunt with the fly to pursue the eagle, that flying too nigh the sun I perish by the sun; my thoughts are above my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes; yet neither greater than my love. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to pass the mean, I die for being so mean; my night sleeps are waking slumbers, as full of sorrows as they be far from rest, and my days' labours are fruitless amours, staring at a star and stumbling at a straw, leaving reason to follow after repentance; yet every passion is a pleasure though it pinch, because love hides his wormseed in figs, his poison in sweet potions, and shadows prejudice with the mask of pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate that which should salve my harm, like the patient, which, stung with the tarantula, loathes music, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus, sir, restless, I hold myself remediless.'

T. LODGE.—*Rosalynde*.

THE ALHAMBRA

THIS morning I visited the Alhambra ; an enchanted palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of language to describe. Its outlines may be drawn,—its halls and galleries, its court-yards and its fountains, numbered ; but what skilful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, the grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell ? what language paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the sunbeam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant panels inlaid with many-coloured stones ? Vague recollections fill my mind,—images dazzling but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. They crowd my brain confusedly, but they will not stay ; they change and mingle, like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled,—bewildered,—overpowered !

What most arrests the stranger's foot within the walls of the Alhambra is the refinement of luxury which he sees at every step. He lingers in the deserted bath,—he pauses to gaze upon the now vacant saloon, where, stretched upon his gilded couch, the effeminate monarch of the East was wooed to sleep by softly-breathing music. What more delightful than this secluded garden, green with the leaf of the myrtle and the orange, and freshened with the gush of fountains, beside whose basin the nightingale still woos the blushing rose ? What more fanciful, more exquisite, more like a creation of Oriental magic, than the lofty tower of the Tocador,—its airy sculpture resembling the fretwork of wintry frost, and its windows overlooking the romantic valley of the Darro ; and the city, with its gardens, domes, and spires, far, far below ? Cool through this lattice comes the summer wind, from the icy summits of the Sierra Nevada. Softly in yonder fountain falls the crystal water, dripping from its marble vase with never-ceasing sound. On every side comes up the fragrance of a thousand flowers, the murmur of innumerable leaves ; and overhead is a sky where not a vapour floats,—as soft, and blue, and radiant as the eye of childhood !

Such is the Alhambra of Granada ; a fortress,—a palace,—an earthly paradise, a ruin, wonderful in its fallen greatness.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.—*Outre-Mer*.

THE SEA AND SENTIMENT

THE sea was meant to be looked at from shore, as mountains are from the plain. Lucretius made this discovery long ago, and was blunt enough to blurt it forth, romance and sentiment—in other words, the pretence of feeling what we do not feel—being inventions of a later day. To be sure, Cicero used to twaddle about Greek literature and philosophy, much as people do about ancient art nowadays ; but I rather sympathize with those stout old Romans who despised both, and believed that to found an empire was as grand an achievement as to build an epic or to carve a statue. But though there might have been twaddle (as why not, since there was a Senate ?) I rather think that Petrarch was the first choragus of that sentimental dance which so long led young folk away from the realities of life like the Piper of Hamelin, and whose succession ended, let us hope, with Chateaubriand. But for them, Byron, whose real strength lay in his sincerity, would never have talked about the ‘sea bounding beneath him like a steed that knows his rider’, and all that sort of thing. Even if it had been true, steam has been as fatal to that part of the romance of the sea as to hand-loom weaving. But what say you to a twelve days’ calm such as we dozed through in mid-Atlantic and in mid-August ? I know nothing so tedious at once and exasperating as that regular slap of the wilted sails when the ship rises and falls with the slow breathing of the sleeping sea, one greasy, brassy swell following another, slow, smooth, immitigable as the series of Wordsworth’s *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. Even at his best, Neptune, in a *tête-à-tête*, has a way of repeating himself, an obtuseness to the *ne quid nimis*, that is stupefying. It reminds me of organ-music and my good friend Sebastian Bach. A fugue or two will do very well ; but a concert made up of nothing else is altogether too epic for me. There is nothing so desperately monotonous as the sea, and I no longer wonder at the cruelty of pirates. Fancy an existence in which the coming up of a clumsy finback whale, who says *Poooh !* to you solemnly as you lean over the taffrail, is an event as exciting as an election on shore ! The dampness seems to strike into the wits as into the lucifer-matches, so that one may scratch a thought half a dozen times and

get nothing at last but a faint sputter, the forlorn hope of fire, which only goes far enough to leave a sense of suffocation behind it. Even smoking becomes an employment instead of a solace. Who less likely to come to their wit's end than W. M. T. and A. H. C. ? Yet I have seen them driven to five meals a day for mental occupation. I sometimes sit and pity Noah ; but even he had this advantage over all succeeding navigators, that, wherever he landed, he was sure to get no ill news from home. He should be canonized as the patron-saint of newspaper correspondents, being the only man who ever had the very last authentic intelligence from everywhere.

J. R. LOWELL.—*Fireside Travels.*

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

AT the special instance of Mr. Biglow, I preface the following satire with an extract from a sermon preached during the past summer, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 2 : ' Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel.' Since the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered, the editor of the *Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss* has unaccountably absented himself from our house of worship.

' I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls ! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part ? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the

auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of *Chappelow on Job*. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercise any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy*! “to bark and bite as ’tis their nature to,” whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

‘Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text,—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity,—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of *ποιμὴν λαῶν*, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilization, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

‘Nevertheless, our editor will not come so far within even the shadow of Sinai as Mahomet did, but chooses rather to construe Moses by Joe Smith. He takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

For which reason I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own

pot. I believe there are two thousand of these mutton-loving shepherds in the United States, and of these, how many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power, and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there, haply, one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labour to impress upon the people the great principles of *Tweedledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Tweedledee*.'

J. R. LOWELL.—*The Biglow Papers*.

THE EUPHUIST'S WOOING

GENTLEWOMAN, my acquaintance being so little, I am afraid my credit will be less, for that they are commonly soonest believed that are best beloved, and they liked best whom we have known longest; nevertheless, the noble mind suspecteth no guile without cause, neither condemneth any wight without proof; having therefore notice of your heroical heart, I am the better persuaded of my good hap. So it is, Lucilla, that coming to Naples but to fetch fire, as the byword is, not to make my place of abode, I have found such flames that I can neither quench them with the water of free-will, neither cool them with wisdom. For as the hop, the pole being never so high, groweth to the end, or as the dry beech kindled at the root, never leaveth until it come to the top; or as one drop of poison disperseth itself into every vein, so affection having caught hold of my heart, and the sparks of love kindled my liver, will suddenly, though secretly, flame up into my head, and spread itself into every sinew. It is your beauty (pardon my abrupt boldness), lady, that hath taken every part of me prisoner, and brought me into this deep distress, but seeing women when one praiseth them for their deserts, deem that he flattereth them to obtain his desire, I am here present to yield myself to such trial as your courtesy in this behalf shall require. Yet will you commonly object this to such as serve you, and starve to win your goodwill, that hot love is soon cold: that the bavin, though it burn bright, is but a blaze: that scalding water, if it stand awhile, turneth almost to ice: that pepper, though it be hot in the mouth, is cold in the maw: that the faith of men,

though it fry in their words, it freezeth in their works : which things, Lucilla, albeit they be sufficient to reprove the lightness of some one, yet can they not convince every-one of lewdness : neither ought the constancy of all to be brought in question through the subtlety of a few. For although the worm entereth into almost every wood, yet he eateth not the cedar-tree. Though the stone Cylindrus at every thunder-clap roll from the hill, yet the pure, sleek stone mounteth at the noise : though the rust fret the hardest steel, yet doth it not eat into the emerald : though the polypus change his hue, yet the salamander keepeth his colour : though Proteus transform himself into every shape, yet Pygmalion retaineth his old form : though Aeneas were too fickle to Dido, yet Troilus was too faithful to Cressid : though others seem counterfeit in their deeds, yet, Lucilla, persuade yourself that Euphues will be always current in his dealings. But as the true gold is tried by the touch, the pure flint by the stroke of the iron, so the loyal heart of the faithful lover is known by the trial of his lady : of the which trial, Lucilla, if you shall account Euphues worthy, assure yourself he will be as ready to offer himself a sacrifice for your sweet sake, as yourself shall be willing to employ him in your service. Neither doth he desire to be trusted in any way, until he shall be tried every way : neither doth he crave credit at the first, but a good countenance till his desire shall be made manifest by his deserts. Thus, not blinded by light affection, but dazzled with your rare perfection, and boldened by your exceeding courtesy, I have unfolded mine entire love, desiring you having so good leisure to give so friendly an answer, as I may receive comfort, and you commendation.

J. LYL. — *Euphues.*

ON RHYTHM IN PROSE

IN every good prose-writer there will be found a certain harmony of sentence, which cannot be displaced without injury to his meaning. His own ear has accustomed itself to regular measurements of time, to which his thoughts learn mechanically to regulate their march. And in prose, as in verse, it is the pause, be it long or short, which the

mind is compelled to make, in order to accommodate its utterance to the ear, that serves to the completer formation of the ideas conveyed ; for words, like waters, would run off to their own waste were it not for the checks that compress them. Water-pipes can only convey their stream so long as they resist its pressure, and every skilled workman knows that he cannot expect them to last unless he smooth, with care, the material of which they are composed. For reasons of its own, prose has therefore a rhythm of its own.

But by rhythm I do not necessarily mean the monotonous rise and fall of balanced periods, nor the amplification of needless epithets, in order to close the cadence with a Johnsonian chime. Every style has its appropriate music ; but without a music of some kind it is not style—it is scribbling. And even when we take those writers of the last century in whom the taste of the present condemns an over-elaborate care for sound, we shall find that the sense which they desire to express, so far from being sacrificed to sound, is rendered with singular distinctness ; a merit which may be reasonably ascribed, in great part, to the increased attention with which the mind revolves its ideas, in its effort to harmonize their utterance. For all harmony necessitates method ; and the first principle of method is precision.

In some exquisite critical hints on 'Eurythmy', Goethe remarks, 'that the best composition in pictures is that which, observing the most delicate laws of harmony, so arranges the objects that they by their position tell their own story.' And the rule thus applied to composition in painting, applies no less to composition in literature.

In metaphysical works, the writers most conspicuous for harmony of style are those in whom the meaning is most clear from misconception. Thus Hume, the subtlest of all our metaphysicians, is the one whose theories have been the least obscure to his commentators or disciples ; for his theories themselves led him to consult, in 'every combination of syllables or letters', that euphony which, by pleasing the ear (or through sympathy, the eye that 'runs over the book'), allures the attention of the mind, and, while it increases the lucidity of the author by the deliberation with which he selects his expressions, quickens

the intelligence of the reader by the charm that lightens the fatigue of its tension ; whereas the meaning of Locke is often made needlessly difficult by the ruggedness of his style, and many of the erroneous deductions which his followers have drawn from his system may be traced to the want of that verbal precision which a due culture of euphony seldom fails to bestow.

Much has been said, with justice, against the peculiar modes of euphony elaborated by Johnson and Gibbon ; too pompous and grandiose ; too remote from our homely vernacular : granted. But that does not prove the care for euphony to be a fault ; it only proves that the modes of euphony favoured by those illustrious writers were too perceptibly artificial to be purely artistic. Yet no critic can say that Johnson and Gibbon are obscure ; their meaning is much plainer than that of many a writer who prefers a colloquial diction. Not only in spite of the fault, but because of the fault, we impute to their styles, Johnson and Gibbon are—Johnson and Gibbon. And if you reformed their rhythm to simpler modulations, accordant to your own critical canons, they would no more be Johnson and Gibbon, than Pope and Gray would be Pope and Gray if you reconstructed the *Essay on Man* on the theories of Wordsworth ; or, by the ruthless excision of redundant epithets, sought, with Goldsmith, to improve the dirge of the *Elegy* into the jig of a ballad.

It is not, then, that rhythm should be cultivated only for the sake of embellishment, but also for the sake of perspicuity ; the culture of rhythm in prose defeats its own object, and results in obscurity, if it seek to conceal poverty of thought by verbal decorations. Its uses, on the contrary, are designed for severe thinkers, though its charm may be insensibly felt by the most ordinary reader, —its uses are based on the common-sense principle, that the more the mind is compelled to linger on the thought, the more the thought itself is likely to emerge, clear and distinct, in the words which it ultimately selects : so metals, opaque in the mass, are made translucent by the process of solution.

E. G. E. L. BULWER LYTTON,
LORD LYTTON.—*Essays.*

OUR DEBT TO GREAT MINDS

JUST such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

T. B. MACAULAY, LORD MACAULAY.—
Essay on Lord Bacon.

THE PROSE WRITINGS OF MILTON

IT is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'

LORD MACAULAY.—*Essay on Milton.*

THE HOMELY DIALECT OF BUNYAN

THE style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*, and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's *Essay on Poetry*, appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

LORD MACAULAY.—*Essay on John Bunyan.*

DR. JOHNSON

JOHNSON grown old, Johnson in the fullness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of

his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank, all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him, not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton, about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton, and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by the Crown had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow townsman.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. . . .

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of

a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature, he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence

of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarsely, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command.

LORD MACAULAY.—*Essay on 'Boswell's Life of Johnson'.*

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

No public man of that age had greater courage, greater ambition, greater activity, greater talents for debate, or for declamation. No public man had such profound and extensive learning. He [Lord Carteret] was familiar with the ancient writers, and loved to sit up till midnight discussing philological and metrical questions with Bentley. His knowledge of modern languages was prodigious. The privy council, when he was present, needed no interpreter. He spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, even Swedish. He had pushed his researches into the most obscure nooks of literature. He was as familiar with canonists and schoolmen as with orators and poets. He had read all that the universities of Saxony and Holland had published on the most intricate questions of public law. Harte, in the preface to the second edition of his *History of Gustavus Adolphus*, bears a remarkable testimony to the extent and accuracy of Lord Carteret's knowledge. 'It was my good fortune or prudence to keep the main body of my army (or in other words my matters of fact) safe and entire. The late Earl of Granville was pleased to declare himself of this opinion; especially when he found that I had made Chemnitz one of my principal guides; for his lordship was apprehensive I might not have seen that valuable and authentic book, which is extremely scarce. I thought myself happy to have contented his lordship even in the lowest degree: for he understood the German and Swedish histories to the highest perfection.'

With all this learning Carteret was far from being a pedant. His was not one of those cold spirits of which the fire is put out by the fuel. In council, in debate, in society,

he was all life and energy. His measures were strong, prompt, and daring, his oratory animated and glowing. His spirits were constantly high. No misfortune, public or private, could depress him. He was at once the most unlucky and the happiest public man of his time.

He had been Secretary of State in Walpole's administration, and had acquired considerable influence over the mind of George the First. The other ministers could speak no German. The king could speak no English. All the communication that Walpole held with his master was in very bad Latin. Carteret dismayed his colleagues by the volubility with which he addressed his Majesty in German. They listened with envy and terror to the mysterious gutturals which might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their wishes.

Walpole was not a man to endure such a colleague as Carteret. The king was induced to give up his favourite. Carteret joined the Opposition, and signalized himself at the head of that party till, after the retirement of his old rival, he again became Secretary of State. . . .

'His rants,' says Horace Walpole, 'are amazing; so are his parts and his spirits.' He encountered the opposition of his colleagues, not with the fierce haughtiness of the first Pitt, or the cold unbending arrogance of the second, but with a gay vehemence, a good-humoured imperiousness, that bore everything down before it. The period of his ascendancy was known by the name of the 'Drunken Administration'; and the expression was not altogether figurative. His habits were extremely convivial; and champagne probably lent its aid to keep him in that state of joyous excitement in which his life was passed. . . .

He was driven from his office. He shortly after made a bold, indeed a desperate, attempt to recover power. The attempt failed. From that time he relinquished all ambitious hopes, and retired laughing to his books and his bottle. No statesman ever enjoyed success with so exquisite a relish, or submitted to defeat with so genuine and unforced a cheerfulness. Ill as he had been used, he did not seem, says Horace Walpole, to have any resentment, or indeed any feeling except thirst.

LORD MACAULAY.—*Essay on Horace Walpole.*

WILD-CAT COMPANIES

It was about the year 1688 that the word stockjobber was first heard in London. In the space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence: the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lute-string Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Swordblade Company. There was a Tapestry Company, which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class and for all the bedchambers of the higher. There was a Copper Company, which proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Diving Company, which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armour. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eye, like that of Polyphemus; and out of the crest went a pipe, through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river, and return laden with old iron and ship's tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company, which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company, which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academies Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the directors of the Royal Academies Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery: two thousand prizes were to be drawn; and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the Company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry,

japanning, fortification, book-keeping, and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions, and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the shares. Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena with which a long experience has made us familiar. A mania of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1720, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the coggling dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave senators of the city, wardens of trades, deputies, aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per cent., and to part with five thousand pounds of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten.

LORD MACAULAY.—*History of England.*

BEDLAM

OF those things called sights in London which it is supposed every stranger is desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, 'because,' said he, 'I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery our nature is afflicted with to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; espec-

ally as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection that it is not in their power to alleviate it.' He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party (amongst whom were several ladies), and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those who keep wild beasts for a show, were much more worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with crosslines. A decent-looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. 'He fell a sacrifice,' said he, 'to the theory of comets; for, after having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, sir,' continued the stranger, 'I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here than the man who attends your companions.' Harley bowed, and accepted of his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to

take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, a-top of which were marked South Sea annuities, India stock, and Three per cent. annuities consol. 'This,' said Harley's instructor, 'was a gentleman well known in Change Alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the west, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day that, against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum.'—

'It is a spondee, and I will maintain it,' interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. 'That figure,' said the gentleman, 'whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation: he came here to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

'But delusive ideas, sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse.' 'It is true,' answered Harley, 'the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.'

'It was indeed,' said the stranger, 'a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it.'—'Sir!' said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. 'Why, yes,' answered the other, 'the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Cham of Tartary.'

H. MACKENZIE.—*The Man of Feeling.*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

‘THE age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever.’ He [Burke] follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviller might remark that ages, much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours, have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr. Burke, that in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a Queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment,—no malignity of detraction, can reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette, was, by ‘a nation of men of honour and cavaliers’, permitted to languish in captivity and expire on a scaffold; and he might add, that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark, that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated, and almost barbarized Europe, might, perhaps, resist the shock of one day’s excesses committed by a delirious populace. He might thus, perhaps, oppose specious and popular topics to the declamation of Mr. Burke. . . .

Mr. Burke, indeed, forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature from events, which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth,—‘that diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.’ A literature which is confined to a few, may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries: but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilized part of mankind.

Far from being hostile to letters, the French Revolution has contributed to serve their cause in a manner hitherto unexampled. The political and literary progress of nations has hitherto been simultaneous; the period of their eminence in arts has also been the era of their historical fame; and no example occurs in which their great political

splendour has been subsequent to the Augustan age of a people. But in France, which is destined to refute every abject and arrogant doctrine that would limit the human powers, the ardour of a youthful literature has been infused into a nation tending to decline; and new arts are called forth when all seemed to have passed their zenith. She enjoyed one Augustan age, fostered by the favour of despotism: she seems about to witness another, created by the energy of freedom.

In the opinion of Mr. Burke, however, she is advancing by rapid strides to ignorance and barbarism. 'Already', he informs us, 'there appears a poverty of conception, a coarseness and vulgarity in all the proceedings of the Assembly, and of all their instructors. Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal.' To animadvert on this modest and courteous picture belongs not to the present subject: and *impressions* cannot be disputed, more especially when their grounds are not assigned. All that is left to us to do, is to declare opposite impressions with a confidence authorized by his example. The proceedings of the National Assembly of France appear to me to contain models of more splendid eloquence, and examples of more profound political research, than have been exhibited by any public body in modern times. I cannot therefore augur, from these proceedings, the downfall of philosophy, or the extinction of eloquence.

Thus various are the aspects which the French Revolution, not only in its influence on literature, but in its general tenor and spirit, presents to minds occupied by various opinions. To the eye of Mr. Burke it exhibits nothing but a scene of horror: in his mind it inspires no emotion but abhorrence of its leaders, commiseration for their victims, and alarms at the influence of an event which menaces the subversion of the policy, the arts, and the manners of the civilized world. Minds who view it through another medium are filled by it with every sentiment of admiration and triumph,—of admiration due to splendid exertions of virtue, and of triumph inspired by widening prospects of happiness.

SIR J. MACKINTOSH.—*Vindiciae Gallicae.*

HIGH NOON

TO-DAY, as I walked at high noon, listening to the larks filling the April blue with a spray of delicate song, I saw a shadow pass me, where no one was, and where nothing moved, above me or around.

It was not my shadow that passed me, nor the shadow of one for whom I longed. That other shadow came not.

I have heard that there is a god clothed in shadow who goes to and fro among the human kind, putting silence between hearts with his waving hands, and breathing a chill out of his cold breath, and leaving a gulf as of deep waters flowing between them because of the passing of his feet.

Thus, thus it was that that other shadow for which I longed came not. Yet, in the April blue I heard the wild aerial chimes of song, and watched the golden fulfilment of the day under the high, illimitable arch of noon.

'FIONA MACLEOD' (W. SHARP).—
The Silence of Amor.

THE REED PLAYER

I SAW one put a hollow reed to his lips. It was a forlorn, sweet air that he played, an ancient forgotten strain learned of a shepherding woman upon the hills. The Song of Songs it was that he played: and the beating of hearts was heard, and I heard sighs, and a voice like a distant bird-song rose and fell.

'Play me a song of Death,' I said. Then he who had the hollow reed at his lips smiled, and he played again the Song of Songs.

'FIONA MACLEOD' (W. SHARP).—
The Silence of Amor.

WHIRLED STARS

THE rain has ceased falling softly through the dusk. A cool green wind flows through the deeps of air. The stars are as wind-whirled fruit blown upward from the tree-tops. Full-orbed, and with a pulse of flame, the moon leads a tide of quiet light over the brown shores of the world.

But here, here where I stand upon the brown shores of the world, in the shine of that quiet flame where, full-orbed, the moon uplifts the dark, I think only of the stars as wind-whirled fruit blown upward from the tree-tops. I think only of that wind that blew upon the tree-tops, where the whirling stars spun in a mazy dance, when, at last, the rain had ceased falling softly through the dusk. O wind-whirled stars, O secret falling rain !

‘FIONA MACLEOD’ (W. SHARP).—
The Silence of Amor.

OSSIAN’S DEATH

‘My harp hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it some passing ghost ? It is the hand of Malvina ! but bring me the harp, son of Alpin ; another song shall rise. My soul shall depart in the sound. My fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. Their dim faces shall hang with joy from their clouds ; and their hands receive their son. The aged oak bends over the stream. It sighs with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near, and mixes, as it waves, with Ossian’s hair.

‘Strike the harp, and raise the song : be near, with all your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful sound away to Fingal’s airy hall. Bear it to Fingal’s hall, that he may hear the voice of his son : the voice of him that praised the mighty !

‘The blast of the north opens thy gates, O king, and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant : but like a watery cloud, when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon : thy sword a vapour half kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief who travelled in brightness before ! But thy steps are on the winds of the desert, and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid. A thousand showers descend. But when thou comest forth in thy mildness, the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun laughs in his blue fields. The grey stream winds in

its valley. The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound toward the desert.

'But there is a murmur in the heath! the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear! "Come, Ossian, come away," he says, "Fingal has received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season. Our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent, our fame is in the four grey stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard. The harp has been strung in Selma. Come, Ossian, come away," he says; "and fly with thy fathers on clouds." And come I will, thou king of men! The life of Ossian fails.'

J. MACPHERSON.—*The Poems of Ossian.*

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

THEN the king gat his spear in both his hands and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying, 'Traitor, now is thy death-day come.' And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran unto him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield with a foin [thrust] of his spear throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death-wound, he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oft times. . . .

'My time bieth fast,' said the king. Therefore said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, 'Take thou Excalibur my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side; and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest.' 'My lord,' said Bedivere, 'your commandment shall be done; and lightly bring you word again.' So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, 'If I throw this rich sword in

the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss.' And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword into the water. 'What saw thou there?' said the king; 'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but waves and winds.' 'That is untruly said of thee,' said the king, 'Therefore go thou lightly again and do my commandment, as thou art to me lief and dear; spare not, but throw it in.' Then Sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand, and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft[e] [again] he hid the sword, and returned again and told to the king that he had been at the water and done his commandment. 'What saw thou there?' said the king. 'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but the waters wap [beat] and waves wanne [ebb].' 'Ah! traitor untrue,' said King Arthur, 'now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wente [weened] that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword? But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life. For I have taken cold, and but if [except] thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead.' Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword and lightly took it up, and went to the water side and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king and told him what he saw. 'Alas!' said the king, 'help me hence for I dread me I have tarried over long.' Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back and so went with him to that water side, and when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hewed [floated] a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

'Now put me into the barge,' said the king, and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great

mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, 'Ah, dear brother! why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold.' And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, 'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies?' 'Comfort thyself,' said the king, 'and do as well as thou mayst; for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.'

SIR T. MALORY.—*Le Morte D'Arthur*.

LIKE TO A BOWL OF PUNCH

AUTHORS are always allowed to compare small things to great ones, especially if they ask leave first. *Si licet exemplis*, &c., but to compare great things to mean trivial ones is insufferable, unless it be in burlesque; otherwise I would compare the body politic (I confess the simile is very low) to a bowl of punch. Avarice should be the souring and prodigality the sweetening of it. The water I would call the ignorance, folly, and credulity of the floating, insipid multitude; whilst wisdom, honour, fortitude, and the rest of the sublime qualities of men, which, separated by art from the dregs of nature, the fire of glory has exalted and refined into a spiritual essence, should be an equivalent to brandy. I don't doubt but a Westphalian, Laplander, or any other dull stranger that is unacquainted with the wholesome composition, if he was to taste the several ingredients apart, would think it impossible they should make any tolerable liquor. The lemons would be too sour, the sugar too luscious, the brandy he'll say is too strong ever to be drunk in any quantities, and the water he'll call a tasteless liquor only fit for cows and horses: yet experience teaches us that the ingredients I named, judiciously mixed, will make an excellent liquor, liked of and admired by men of exquisite palates.

As to our two vices in particular, I could compare avarice, that causes so much mischief, and is complained of by everybody who is not a miser, to a griping acid that sets our teeth on edge, and is unpleasant to every palate that is not debauched: I could compare the gaudy trimming and splendid equipage of a profuse beau to the glistening brightness of the finest loaf sugar; for as the one by correcting the sharpness prevents the injuries which a gnawing sour might do to the bowels, so the other is a pleasing balsam that heals and makes amends for the smart which the multitude always suffers from the gripes of the avaricious: whilst the substances of both melt away alike, and they consume themselves by being beneficial to the several compositions they belong to.

B. MANDEVILLE.—*The Fable of the Bees: or, Private Vices Publick Benefits.*

OF THE BEGINNING OF MAHOMET

AND ye shall understand that Mahomet was born in Araby, that was first a poor knave that kept camels that went with merchants for merchandise; and so befell that he went with the merchants into Egypt: and they were then Christian in those parts. And at the deserts of Araby, he went into a chapel where a hermit dwelt. And when he entered into the chapel, that was but a little and low thing and had but a little door and a low, then the entry began to wax so great and so large and so high, as though it had been of a great minster or the gate of a palace. And this was the first miracle, the Saracens say, that Mahomet did in his youth. After began he for to wax wise and rich, and he was a great astronomer: and after, he was governor and prince of the land of Corrodane, and he governed it full wisely, in such manner, that when the prince was dead, he took the lady to wife, that hight [was called] Gadrige. And Mahomet fell often in the great sickness that men call the falling evil: wherefore the lady was full sorry that ever she took him to husband. But Mahomet made her to believe that all times when he fell

so, Gabriel the angel came for to speak with him ; and for the great light and brightness of the angel, he might not sustain him from falling. And therefore the Saracens say, that Gabriel came often to speak with him. This Mahomet reigned in Araby the year of our Lord Jesu Christ six hundred and ten ; and was of the generation of Ismael, that was Abraham's son. . . .

Mahomet loved well a good hermit, that dwelled in the deserts, a mile from Mount Sinai, in the way that men go from Araby toward Chaldee and toward Ind, one day journey from the sea, where the merchants of Venice come often for merchandise. And so often went Mahomet to this hermit, that all his men were wroth : for he would gladly hear this hermit preach, and make his men wake all night : and therefore his men thought to put the hermit to death : and so befell upon a night that Mahomet was drunken of good wine, and he fell on sleep ; and his men took Mahomet's sword out of his sheath while he slept, and therewith they slew this hermit, and put his sword all bloody in his sheath again. And at morrow, when he found the hermit dead, he was full sorry and wroth, and would have done his men to death ; but they all with one accord said that he himself had slayn him, when he was drunken, and showed him his sword all bloody, and he trowed that they had said sooth. And then he cursed the wine and all those that drink it. And therefore Saracens that be devout drink never no wine : but some drink it privily. For if they drink it openly they should be reprov'd. But they drink good beverage and sweet and nourishing, that is made of galamelle [mead] : and that is that men make sugar of, that is of right good savour : and it is good for the breast. Also it befalleth sometime that Christian men become Saracens, either for poverty or for simpleness, or else for their own wickedness. And therefore the archiflamen or the flamen [priest], as our archbishop or bishop, when he receiveth them, saith thus, *La ellec olla syla, Mahomet rores alla* ; that is to say, *There is no God but one, and Mahomet his messenger.*

SIR J. MANDEVILLE.—*The Voyage and Travel of Sir J. Mandeville.*

UP AND DOWN THE PYRAMID

THE Sheikh who met us on the spot, appointed our attendants ;—three to each of us. Mr. E. set out first,—waving an adieu to us till we should meet aloft. He mounted with a deliberate, quiet step, such as he could keep up to the end, and reached the summit in seventeen minutes. It took me about five minutes more.

On looking up, it was not the magnitude of the Pyramid which made me think it scarcely possible to achieve the ascent ; but the unrelieved succession,—almost infinite,—of bright yellow steps ; a most fatiguing image.—Three strong and respectable-looking Arabs now took me in charge. One of them, seeing me pinning up my gown in front, that I might not stumble over it, gave me his services as lady's-maid. He turned up my gown all round, and tied it in a most squeezing knot, which lasted all through the enterprise. We set out from the north-east corner. By far the most formidable part of the ascent was the first six or eight blocks. If it went on to the top thus broken and precipitous, the ascent would, I felt, be impossible. Already, it was disagreeable to look down, and I was much out of breath. One of my Arabs carried a substantial camp-stool, which had been given me in London with a view to this very adventure,—that it might divide the higher steps,—some of which, being four feet high, seem impracticable enough beforehand. But I found it better to trust to the strong and steady lifting of the Arabs in such places, and, above everything, not to stop at all, if possible ; or, if one must stop for breath, to stand with one's face to the Pyramid. I am sure the guides are right in taking people quickly. The height is not so great, in itself : it is the way in which it is reached that is trying to look back upon. It is trying to some heads to sit on a narrow ledge, and see a dazzling succession of such ledges for two or three hundred feet below ; and there, a crowd of diminutive people looking up, to see whether one is coming bobbing down all that vast staircase. I stopped for a few seconds two or three times, at good broad corners or ledges.—When I left the angle and found myself ascending the side the chief difficulty was over ; and I cannot say the fatigue was at all formidable. The greater part of one's

weight is lifted by the Arabs at each arm ; and when one comes to a four feet step, or a broken ledge, there is a third Arab behind. When we arrived at a sort of recess, broken in the angle, my guides sported two of their English words, crying out ' Half-way ! ' with great glee. The last half was easier than the first ; and I felt, what proved to be true, that both must be easier than the coming down. . . .

The descent was fatiguing ; but not at all alarming. Between stepping, jumping, and sliding, with full reliance on the strength and care of the guides, the descent may be easily accomplished in ten minutes ;—as far, that is, as the height of the entrance to the Pyramid, which is some way from the bottom. We had bargained before starting that we should not be asked for baksheesh ' while going up the Pyramid '. Our guides took this literally, and began begging, the moment we put our feet upon the summit. And all the way down, my guides never let me alone, though they knew I had no money about me. They were otherwise extremely kind, giving me the benefit of their other two words of English. On my jumping down a particularly high block, they patted me on the back, crying, with approving nods, ' Ah ! ah ! good morning ; good morning ! ' I joined my party at the beautiful entrance to the Pyramid, where a large assemblage of Arabs was ranged on the rising stones opposite to us, like a hill-side congregation waiting for the preacher.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.—*Eastern Life,
Present and Past.*

THE CHURCH'S JESTER

IT hath been the good-nature (and politicians will have it the wisdom) of most governors to entertain the people with public recreations ; and therefore to encourage such as could best contribute to their divertisement. And hence doubtless it is, that our ecclesiastical governors also (who as they yield to none for prudence, so in good humour they exceed all others) have not disdained of late years to afford the laity no inconsiderable pastime. Yea, so great hath been their condescension that, rather than fail, they have carried on the merriment by men of their own faculty, who might otherwise, by the gravity of their

calling, have claimed an exemption from such offices. They have ordained, from time to time, several of the most ingenious and pregnant of their clergy to supply the press continually with new books of ridiculous and facetious argument. Wherein divers of them have succeeded even to admiration ; insomuch that by the reading thereof, the ancient sobriety and seriousness of the English nation hath been in some good measure discussed and worn out of fashion. Yet, though the clergy have hereby manifested that nothing comes amiss to them ; and particularly, that when they give their minds to it, no sort of men are more proper or capable to make sport for spectators ; it hath so happened by the rewards and promotions bestowed upon those who have laboured in this province, that many others in hopes of the like preferment, although otherwise by their parts, their complexion, and education unfitted for this jocular divinity, have, in order to it, wholly neglected the more weighty cares of their function. And from hence it proceeds, that to the no small scandal and disreputation of our church, a great arcanum of their state hath been discovered and divulged ; that, albeit wit be not inconsistent and incompatible with a clergyman, yet neither is it inseparable from them. So that it is of concernment to my lords the bishops henceforward to repress those of 'em who have no wit, from writing, and to take care that even those that have, do husband it better, as not knowing to what exigency they may be reduced : but however that they the bishops be not too forward in licensing and prefixing their venerable names to such pamphlets. For admitting, though I am not too positive in it, that our episcopacy is of apostolical right, yet we do not find that among all those gifts then given to men, that which we call wit is enumerated ; nor yet among those qualifications requisite to a bishop. And therefore should they, out of complacency for an author, or delight in the argument, or facility of their judgements, approve of a dull book, their own understandings will be answerable, and irreverent people, that cannot distinguish, will be ready to think that such of them differ from men of wit, not only in degree, but in order. For all are not of my mind, who could never see any one elevated to that dignity, but I presently conceived a greater opinion of his wit than ever

I had formerly. But some do not stick to affirm that even they, the bishops, come by theirs not by inspiration, not by teaching, but even as the poor laity do sometimes light upon it, by a good mother; which has occasioned the homely Scotch proverb that ‘an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy’. And as they come by it as do other men, so they possess it on the same condition: that they cannot transmit it by breathing, touching, or any other natural effluvium, to other persons; not so much as to their most domestic chaplain, or to the closest residentiary. That the king himself, who is no less the spring of that than he is the fountain of honour, yet has never used the dubbing or creating of wits as a flower of his prerogative; much less can the ecclesiastical power confer it with the same ease as they do the holy orders. That whatsoever they can do of that kind is at uttermost, to empower men by their authority and commission, no otherwise than in the licensing of midwives or physicians. But that as to their collating of any internal talent or ability, they could never pretend to it; their grants and their prohibitions are alike invalid, and they can neither capacitate one man to be witty, nor hinder another from being so, further than as the press is at their devotion. Which if it be the case, they cannot be too circumspect in their management, and should be very exquisite,—seeing this way of writing is found so necessary,—in making choice of fit instruments. The Church’s credit is more interested in an ecclesiastical droll, than in a lay chancellor. It is no small trust that is reposed in him to whom the bishop shall commit, *omne et omnimodum suum ingenium, tam temporale quam spirituale*: and however it goes with excommunication, they should take good heed to what manner of person they delegate the keys of laughter. It is not every man that is qualified to sustain the dignity of the church’s jester; and should they take as exact a scrutiny of them as of the Nonconformists through their dioceses, the number would appear inconsiderable upon this Easter visitation. Before men be admitted to so important an employment, it were fit they underwent a severe examination; and that it might appear, first, whether they have any sense: for without that how can any man pretend—and yet they do—to be ingenious? Then, whether they have

any modesty ; for without that they can only be scurrilous and impudent. Next, whether any truth : for true jests are those that do the greatest execution. And lastly, it were not amiss that they gave some account too of their Christianity ; for the world has always been so uncivil as to expect something of that from the clergy, in the design and style even of their lightest and most uncanonical writings.

A. MARVELL.—*Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode.*

THE CLAPHAM SCHOOL

THE *Edinburgh Review*, by adopting Sir James Stephen's delightful essay 'On the Clapham School', has practically declared, that the cause of which it was the ablest champion forty years ago, is not now defensible ; that the men who, if the words of its accomplished clerical ally were true, must have been utterly fantastical, as well as fanatical,—governing themselves by some absurd imaginary principle, which has nothing to do with the business of the world,—were really simple, clear-hearted, clear-headed men, who were faithful in their callings, who infused a new and juster spirit into commercial life, who compelled politicians to acknowledge other maxims than those of party, another object than that of advancing themselves. There can be now no manner of doubt that the existence of such men had the most purifying, elevating influence upon English society ; that they did very much to overthrow that morality of sentiment, which the *Anti-Jacobin* could only ridicule, and to counteract the stock-jobbing tendencies of the day, which some of those whom the *Anti-Jacobin* most lauded were nurturing. Their one great testimony, that a man can never be a chattel, was the most significant practical commentary on all they said of the worth of the individual soul ; a proof how thoroughly their doctrine possessed their lives ; an example to all after generations ; seeing that the very time they chose for making this protest was the one in which the doctrine of the individual rights of men was frightening them and most of their political associates, seeing that they were accused of promoting Jacobinism as well as of putting the wealth and

commerce of the great English cities in peril, and that they nevertheless persevered, in the faith that evil must be denounced at all hazards, and that that which is wrong in the tendencies of a time, can only be effectually resisted by the assertion of the right which is most akin to it. This was faith, and these men were in the true sense 'just by faith'.

F. D. MAURICE.—*Theological Essays.*

A DIVERSION PLAYED ON A PENNY-WHISTLE

AWAY with Systems! Away with a corrupt World! Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island.

Golden lie the meadows: golden run the streams; red gold is on the pine-stems. The sun is coming down to earth, and walks the fields and the waters.

The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. He comes, and his heralds run before him, and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine-stems redder gold; leaving brightest footprints upon thickly-weeded banks, where the foxglove's last upper-bells incline, and bramble-shoots wander amid moist rich herbage. The plumes of the woodland are alight; and beyond them, over the open, 'tis a race with the long-thrown shadows; a race across the heaths and up the hills, till, at the farthest bourne of mounted eastern cloud, the heralds of the sun lay rosy fingers, and rest.

Sweet are the shy recesses of the woodland. The ray treads softly there. A film athwart the pathway quivers many-hued against purple shade fragrant with warm pines, deep moss-beds, feathery ferns. The little brown squirrel drops tail, and leaps; the inmost bird is startled to a chance tuneless note. From silence into silence things move.

Peeps of the revelling splendour above and around enliven the conscious full heart within. The flaming West, the crimson heights, shower their glories through voluminous leafage. But these are bowers where deep bliss dwells, imperial joy, that owes no fealty to yonder glories, in which the young lamb gambols and the spirits of men are glad. Descend, great Radiance! embrace creation with

beneficent fire, and pass from us ! You and the viceregal light that succeeds to you, and all heavenly pageants, are the ministers and the slaves of the throbbing content within.

For this is the home of the enchantment. Here, secluded from vexed shores, the prince and princess of the island meet : here like darkling nightingales they sit, and into eyes and ears and hands pour endless ever-fresh treasures of their souls.

Roll on, grinding wheels of the world : cries of ships going down in a calm, groans of a System which will not know its rightful hour of exultation, complain to the universe. You are not heard here.

He calls her by her name, Lucy : and she, blushing at her great boldness, has called him by his, Richard. Those two names are the key-notes of the wonderful harmonies the angels sing aloft.

‘ Lucy ! my beloved ! ’

‘ O Richard ! ’

Out in the world there, on the skirts of the woodland, a sheep-boy pipes to meditative eve on a penny-whistle.

Love’s musical instrument is as old, and as poor : it has but two stops ; and yet, you see, the cunning musician does thus much with it.

G. MEREDITH.—*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*

PHILOSOPHY AND FICTION

THEN, ah ! then, moreover, will the novelist’s Art, now neither blushless infant nor executive man, have attained its majority. We can then be veraciously historical, honestly transcriptive. Rose-pink and dirty drab will alike have passed away. Philosophy is the foe of both, and their silly cancelling contest, perpetually renewed in a shuffle of extremes, as it always is where a phantasm falseness reigns, will no longer baffle the contemplation of natural flesh, smother no longer the soul issuing out of our incessant strife. Philosophy bids us to see that we are not so pretty as rose-pink, not so repulsive as dirty drab ; and that, instead of everlastingly shifting those barren aspects, the sight of ourselves is wholesome, bearable, fructifying, finally a delight. Do but perceive that we are

coming to philosophy, the stride toward it will be a giant's—a century a day. And imagine the celestial refreshment of having a pure decency in the place of sham; real flesh; a soul born active, wind-beaten, but ascending. Honourable will fiction then appear; honourable, a fount of life, an aid to life, quick with our blood. Why, when you behold it you love it—and you will not encourage it?—or only when presented by dead hands? Worse than that alternative dirty drab, your recurring rose-pink is rebuked by hideous revelations of the filthy foul; for nature will force her way, and if you try to stifle her by drowning she comes up, not the fairest part of her uppermost! Peruse your Realists—really your castigators for not having yet embraced Philosophy. As she grows in the flesh when discreetly tended, nature is unimpeachable, flower-like, yet not too decoratively a flower; you must have her with the stem, the thorns, the roots, and the fat bedding of roses. . . .

Surely we owe a little to Time, to cheer his progress; a little to posterity, and to our country. Dozens of writers will be in at yonder yawning breach, if only perusers will rally to the philosophic standard. They are sick of the woodeny puppetry they dispense, as on a race-course, to the roaring frivolous. Well, if not dozens, half-dozens; gallant pens are alive; one can speak of them in the plural. I venture to say that they would be satisfied with a dozen for audience, for a commencement. They would perish of inanition, unfed, unapplauded, amenable to the laws perchance for an assault on their last remaining pair of ears or heels, to hold them fast. But the example is the thing; sacrifices must be expected. The example might, one hopes, create a taste. A great modern writer, of clearest eye and head, now departed, capable in activity of presenting thoughtful women, thinking men, groaned over his puppetry, that he dared not animate them, flesh though they were, with the fires of positive brainstuff. He could have done it, and he is of the departed! Had he dared, he would (for he was Titan enough) have raised the Art in dignity on a level with History, to an interest surpassing the narrative of public deeds as vividly as man's heart and brain in their union excel his plain lines of action to eruption.

G. MEREDITH.—*Diana of the Crossways.*

THE COMIC SPIRIT

THE English elect excel in satire, and they are noble humorists. The national disposition is for hard-hitting, with a moral purpose to sanction it; or for a rosy, sometimes a larmoyant, geniality, not unmanly in its verging upon tenderness, and with a singular attraction for thick-headedness, to decorate it with asses' ears and the most beautiful sylvan haloes. But the Comic is a different spirit.

You may estimate your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them less: and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you proposes.

Each one of an affectionate couple may be willing, as we say, to die for the other, yet unwilling to utter the agreeable word at the right moment; but if the wits were sufficiently quick for them to perceive that they are in a comic situation, as affectionate couples must be when they quarrel, they would not wait for the moon or the almanac, or a Dorine, to bring back the flood-tide of tender feelings, that they should join hands and lips.

If you detect the ridicule, and your kindness is chilled by it, you are slipping into the grasp of Satire.

If instead of falling foul of the ridiculous person with a satiric rod, to make him writhe and shriek aloud, you prefer to sting him under a semi-caress, by which he shall in his anguish be rendered dubious whether indeed anything has hurt him, you are an engine of Irony.

If you laugh all round him, tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack, and drop a tear on him, own his likeness to you and yours to your neighbour, spare him as little as you shun, pity him as much as you expose, it is a spirit of Humour that is moving you.

The Comic, which is the perceptive, is the governing spirit, awakening and giving aim to these powers of laughter, but it is not to be confounded with them: it enfolds a thinner form of them, differing from satire, in not sharply driving into the quivering sensibilities, and from humour, in not comforting them and tucking them up, or indicating a broader than the range of this bustling world to them.

G. MEREDITH.—*An Essay on Comedy.*

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

CICERO chose the middle way between the obstinacy of Cato and the indolence of Atticus : he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him ; if not, took the next that seemed likely to bring him to the same end ; and in politics, as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He oft compares the statesman to the pilot ; whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse to the progress of his voyage ; so as ' by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety, though later, at his destined port '. He mentions likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, that ' none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the Republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the Senate '. This was verified by all their civil dissensions from the Gracchi down to Caesar : so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government ; who, by the splendour of their lives and actions, had acquired an ascendant over the populace ; it was his constant advice to the Senate to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst of power by voluntary grants of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition and reclaim them from desperate councils. He declared contention to be no longer prudent than while it either did service or at least no hurt ; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting ; and nothing left but to extract good out of the ill by mitigating that power by patience which they could not reduce by force and conciliating it, if possible, to the interests of the state. This was what he advised and what he practised ; and it will account in a great measure for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception, on the account of that complaisance which he is supposed to have paid at different times to the several usurpers of illegal power.

He made a just distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn ; and submitted therefore, yet never consented to these

usurpations ; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance that he expresses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles, and act without control, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Caesar's death ; the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself ; there we see him shining out in his genuine character, of an excellent citizen ; a great magistrate ; a glorious patriot : there we see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus, as to the best witness of his conscience, ' that he had always done the greatest services to his country, when it was in his power ; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divine.' If we must needs compare him therefore with Cato, as some writers affect to do ; it is certain, that if Cato's virtue seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice : the one was romantic, the other rational ; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life ; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful ; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the Republic.

To conclude ; Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life ; which must have been rendered less glorious, if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was therefore what he not only expected, but in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he who before had been timid in dangers, and desponding in distress, yet from the time of Caesar's death, roused ' by the desperate state of the Republic', assumed the fortitude of a hero ; discarded all fear ; despised all danger ; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life, which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself as it were for the last act ; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

C. MIDDLETON.—*History of the Life of Cicero.*

THE LIBERTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL

THERE is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest ; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or if it also affects others, only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived consent and participation. When I say only himself, I mean directly, and in the first instance : for whatever affects himself, may affect others through himself ; and the objection which may be grounded on this contingency, will receive consideration in the sequel. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness ; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense ; liberty of thought and feeling ; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people ; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits ; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character ; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow : without impediment from our fellow creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual, follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals ; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others : the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government ; and never is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified.

J. S. MILL.—*On Liberty.*

NATURALISTS' NOMENCLATURE

THE study of plants and animals seems to have been a favourite one with thoughtful men in every age of the world. According to the Psalmist, these great 'works of the Lord are sought out of all them that have pleasure therein'. The Book of Job, probably the oldest writing in existence, is full of vivid descriptions of the wild denizens of the flood and desert; and it is expressly recorded of the wise old king, that he 'spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; and also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes'. Solomon was a zoologist and botanist; and there is palpable classification in the manner in which his studies are described. It is a law of the human mind, as has been already said, that wherever a large stock of facts are acquired, the classifying principle steps in to arrange them. 'Even the rudest wanderer in the fields,' says Dr. Brown, 'finds that the profusion of blossoms around him—in the greater number of which he is able himself to discover many striking resemblances—may be reduced to some order of arrangement! But for many centuries this arranging faculty laboured to but little purpose. As specimens of the strange classification that continued to obtain down till comparatively modern times, let us select that of two works, which, from the literary celebrity of their authors, still possess a classical standing in letters—Cowley's *Treatise on Plants*, and Goldsmith's *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. The plants we find arranged by the poet on the simple but very inadequate principle of size and show. Herbs are placed first, as lowest and least conspicuous in the scale; then flowers; and finally trees. Among the herbs, at least two of the ferns—the true maidenhair and the spleenwort—are assigned places among plants of such high standing as sage, mint, and rosemary; among the flowers, monocotyledons, such as the iris, the tulip, and the lily, appear among dicotyledons, such as the rose, the violet, the sunflower, and the auricula; and among trees we find the palms placed between the plum and the olive; and the yew, the fir, and the juniper, flanked on the one side by the box and the holly, and on the other by the oak. Such, in treating of

plants, was the classification adopted by one of the most learned of English poets in the year 1657.

Nor was Goldsmith, who wrote more than a century later, much more fortunate in dealing with the animal kingdom. Buffon had already published his great work ; and even he could bethink him of no better mode of dividing his animals than into wild and tame. And in Goldsmith, who adopted, in treating of the mammals, a similar principle, we find the fishes and molluscs placed in advance of the sauroid, ophidian, and batrachian reptiles,—the whale united in close relationship to the sharks and rays,—animals of the tortoise kind classed among animals of the lobster kind, and both among shell-fish, such as the snail, the nautilus, and the oyster. And yet Goldsmith was engaged on his work little more than eighty years ago !

H. MILLER.—*The Testimony of the Rocks.*

THE HYMNOLOGY OF THE LATIN CHURCH

As a whole, the Hymnology of the Latin Church has a singularly solemn and majestic tone. Much of it, no doubt, like the lyric verse of the Greeks, was twin-born with the music ; it is inseparably wedded with the music ; its cadence is musical rather than metrical. It suggests, as it were, the grave full tones of the chant, the sustained grandeur, the glorious burst, the tender fall, the mysterious dying away of the organ. It must be heard, not read. Decompose it into its elements, coldly examine its thoughts, its images, its words, its versification, and its magic is gone. Listen to it, or even read it with the imagination or the memory full of the accompanying chant, it has an unfelt and indescribable sympathy with the religious emotions, even of those of whose daily service it does not constitute a part. Its profound religiousness has a charm to foreign ears, wherever there is no stern or passionate resistance to its power. In fact, all Hymnology, vernacular as well as Latin, is poetry only to predisposed or habituated ears. Of all the lyric verse on the noblest, it might be supposed the most poetic subject, how few hymns take their place in the poetry of any language !

But out of the Hymnology, out of the Ritual, of which

the hymns were a considerable part, arose that which was the initiatory, if rude, form of religious tragedy. The Christian Church made some bold advance to be the theatre as well as the temple of the people. But it had an intuitive perception of the danger; its success appalled its religious sensitiveness. The hymn which, like the Bacchic song of the Greeks, might seem developing into scenic action, and becoming a drama, shrank back into its simpler and more lonely grandeur. The Ritual was content to worship, to teach the facts of the Scripture history only by the Biblical descriptions, and its significant symbolic ceremonial. Yet the Latin Mysteries, no doubt because they were Latin, maintained in general their grave and serious character. It was when, to increase its power and popularity, the Mystery spoke in the vulgar tongue, that it became vulgar; then buffoonery, at first perhaps from rude simplicity, afterwards from coarse and unrestrained fun, mingled with the sacred subjects. That which ought to have been the highest, noblest tragedy, became tragi-comedy, and was gradually driven out by indignant and insulted religion.

H. H. MILMAN.—*History of Latin Christianity.*

A NOBLE AND PUISSANT NATION

METHINKS I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects or schisms. . . .

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

J. MILTON.—*Areopagitica.*

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS

I DENY not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men ; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors ; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth ; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book : who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse, We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books ; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom ; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

'To the pure all things are pure' ; not only meats and drinks, but all kinds of knowledge, whether of good or evil ; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are ; some of good, some of evil substance ; and yet God, in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, 'Rise, Peter, kill and eat' ; leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from

unwholesome ; and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction ; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. . . . And again, if it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. . . .

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house : they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers ? The windows also, and the balconies must be thought on ;—there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale ; who shall prohibit them ? shall twenty licensers ?

J. MILTON.—*Areopagitica*.

THE POET HIMSELF AS A POEM

WHEREOF not to be sensible when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgement, and withal an ungentle and swainish breast : for by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became to my best memory so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled ; this effect it wrought with me, from that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored ; and

above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem ; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things ; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty, whereof though not in the titlepage, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession ; all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree to salable and unlawful prostitutions. Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered ; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befel him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron ; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn ; and if I found in the story afterward, any of them by word or deed breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods : only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arm, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity.

J. MILTON.—*An Apology for
Smectymnus.*

CUSTOM AND ERROR

To the Parliament of England, with the Assembly :—If it were seriously asked (and it would be no untimely question), renowned parliament, select assembly ! who of all teachers and masters, that have ever taught, hath drawn the most disciples after him, both in religion and in manners, it might be not untruly answered, Custom. Though virtue be commended for the most persuasive in her theory, and conscience in the plain demonstration of the spirit finds most evincing ; yet whether it be the secret of divine will, or the original blindness we are born in, so it happens for the most part, that custom still is silently received for the best instructor. Except it be, because her method is so glib and easy, in some manner like to that vision of Ezekiel rolling up her sudden book of implicit knowledge, for him that will to take and swallow down at pleasure ; which proving but of bad nourishment in the concoction, as it was heedless in the devouring, puffs up unhealthily a certain big face of pretended learning, mistaken among credulous men for the wholesome habit of soundness and good constitution, but is indeed no other than that swollen visage of counterfeit knowledge and literature, which not only in private mars our education, but also in public is the common climber into every chair, where either religion is preached or law reported : filling each estate of life and profession with abject and servile principles, depressing the high and heavenborn spirit of man, far beneath the condition wherein either God created him, or sin hath sunk him. To pursue the allegory, custom being but a mere face, as echo is a mere voice, rests not in her unaccomplishment, until by secret inclination she accorporate herself with error, who being a blind and serpentine body without a head, willingly accepts what he wants, and supplies what her incompleteness went seeking. Hence it is that error supports custom, custom countenances error : and these two between them would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, rather than man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men, deputed to redress the encroachments, and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our

minds by the subtle insinuating of error and custom ; who, with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, make it their chief design to envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning, under the terms of humour and innovation ; as if the womb of teeming truth were to be closed up, if she presume to bring forth aught that sorts not with their unchewed notions and suppositions. Against which notorious injury and abuse of man's free soul, to testify and oppose the utmost that study and true labour can attain, heretofore the incitement of men reputed grave hath led me among others ; and now the duty and the right of an instructed Christian calls me through the chance of good or evil report, to be the sole advocate of a discountenanced truth.

J. MILTON.—*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

A COUNTRY CRICKET MATCH

ALAS ! I have been so long settling my preliminaries, that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. *They* began the warfare—these boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of their innings ? These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get ? Think ! imagine ! guess !—You cannot ?—Well !—they got twenty-two, or, rather, they got twenty ; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpires were not particular.—They should have had twenty more, if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded ! and how well we bowled ! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long's lobbing to Simmons's fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons ! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our winnings ? Guess again !—guess ! A hundred and sixty-nine !

in spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another innings. 'There was so much chance,' as he courteously observed, 'in cricket, that advantageous as our position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try.' But they were beaten sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment; I wanted to prolong the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together winning—winning—winning! always feeling what a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power?

The only drawback on my enjoyment was the failure of the pretty boy, David Willis, who injudiciously put in first, and playing for the first time in a match amongst men and strangers, who talked to him, and stared at him, was seized with such a fit of shamefaced shyness, that he could scarcely hold his bat, and was bowled out without a stroke, from actual nervousness. 'He will come off that,' Tom Coper says.—I am afraid he will. I wonder whether Tom had ever any modesty to lose. Our other modest lad, John Strong, did very well; his length told in fielding, and he got good fame. Joel Brent, the rescued mower, got into a scrape, and out of it again; his fortune for the day. He ran out his mate, Samuel Long; who, I do believe, but for the excess of Joel's eagerness, would have stayed in till this time, by which exploit he got into sad disgrace; and then he himself got thirty-seven runs, which redeemed his reputation. William Grey made a hit which actually lost the cricket-ball. We think she lodged in a hedge, a quarter of a mile off, but nobody could find her. And George Simmons had nearly lost his shoe, which he tossed away in a passion, for having been caught out, owing to the ball glancing against it. These, together with a very complete somerset of Ben Appleton, our long-stop, who floundered about in the mud, making faces and attitudes as laughable as Grimaldi, none could tell whether by accident or design; were the chief incidents of the scene of action.

M. R. MITFORD.—*Our Village.*

'INGRAFTING' FOR SMALL-POX

A PROPOS of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox ; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her, with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that, binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross ; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those who are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces ; which never mark, and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded there remains running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year, thousands undergo this operation, and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it, and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England,

and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue, for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps if I live to return, I may, however, have the courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of

Your friend, &c.,

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.—*Letters.*

TO MR. POPE FROM BELGRADE

To say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same as those of departed spirits. The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian Fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vast number of fountains famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature—within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author :

That spirits departed are wondrous kind
To friends and relations left behind,
Which nobody can deny.

Of which solid truth I am a dead instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions :

Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And 'tis very necessary, to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a River Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find. To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinences in which you toil ; though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do ; and that Monday, setting of partridges ; Tuesday, reading English ; Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned) ; Thursday, classical authors ; Friday, spent in writing ; Saturday, at my needle, and Sunday, admitting of visits and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week than Monday, at the Drawing-room ; Tuesday, Lady Mohun's ; Wednesday, at the Opera ; Thursday, the play ; Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c., a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulf between you and me cools all news that comes hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy or grief, when I consider that, possibly, the cause of either is removed before the letter comes to my hands. But, as I said before, this indolence does not extend to my few friendships ; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.—*Letters.*

A LITERARY DUEL

I MUST have slept pretty well ; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say his ' party ', for although

Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number) who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him, and were hovering about the spot. And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is!' 'Yes,' I answered, with a slight smile, 'a morning made for better purposes'; to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. 'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan; 'sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?'

Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey;

and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crestfallen, to Bow Street.

T. MOORE.—*Memoirs.*

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE

My mother, when she was in tolerable spirits, was now frequently describing the kind of woman whom she wished me to marry. 'I am so firmly persuaded, Charles,' would she kindly say, 'of the justness of your taste, and the rectitude of your principles, that I am not much afraid of your being misled by the captivating exterior of any woman who is greatly deficient either in sense or conduct; but remember, my son, that there are many women against whose characters there lies nothing very objectionable, who are yet little calculated to taste, or to communicate rational happiness. Do not indulge romantic ideas of super-human excellence. Remember that the fairest creature is a fallen creature. Yet let not your standard be low. If it be absurd to expect perfection, it is not unreasonable to expect *consistency*. Do not suffer yourself to be caught by a shining quality, till you know it is not counteracted by the opposite defect. Be not taken in by strictness in one point, till you are assured there is no laxity in others. In character, as in architecture, proportion is beauty. The education of the present race of females is not very favourable to domestic happiness. For my own part I call education, not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character; that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife. I call education, not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial, and, more especially, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions, to the love and fear of God.'

HANNAH MORE.—*Coelebs in Search of a Wife.*

THE MYSTICAL MEANING OF THE CREATION

IN the first day there is earth, water, and wind, over which and through which there is nothing but disconsolate darkness and tumultuous agitation; the winds ruffling up the waters into mighty waves, the waves washing up the mire and dirt into the water; all becoming but a rude heap of confusion and desolation. This is the state of the *voûs χοιῆς*, or Earthly Adam, as Philo calls him, till God command the light to shine out of darkness, offering him a guide to a better condition.

In the second day is the firmament created, dividing the upper and the lower waters, that it may feel the strong impulses or taste the different relishes of either. Thus is the will of man touched from above and beneath, and this is the day wherein is set before him life and death, good and evil, and he may put out his hand and take his choice.

In the third day is the earth uncovered of the waters, for the planting of fruit-bearing trees. *By their fruits you shall know them*, saith our Saviour, that is, by their works.

In the fourth day there appears a more full accession of Divine light, and the Sun of Righteousness warms the soul with a sincere love both of God and man.

In the fifth day, that this light of righteousness, and bright eye of Divine reason may not brandish its rays in the empty field, where there is nothing either to subdue or guide and order, God sends out whole shoals of fishes in the waters, and numerous flights of fowls in the air, besides part of the sixth day's work, wherein all kinds of beasts are created.

In these are deciphered the sundry suggestions and cogitations of the mind, sprung from these lower elements of the human nature, viz. earth and water, flesh and blood; all these man beholds in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, discovers what they are, knows what to call them, can rule over them, and is not wrought to be over-ruled by them. This is Adam, the masterpiece of God's creation, and lord of all the creatures, framed after the image of God, Christ according to the Spirit, under whose feet is subdued the whole animal life, with its sundry motions, forms, and shapes. He will call everything by its proper name, and set every creature in its proper place: *The vile*

person shall be no longer called liberal, nor the churl bountiful. Woe be unto them that call evil good, and good evil, that call the light darkness, and the darkness light. He will not call bitter passion, holy zeal; nor plausible meretricious courtesy, friendship; nor a false soft abhorrency from punishing the ill-deserving, pity; nor cruelty, justice; nor revenge, magnanimity; nor unfaithfulness, policy; nor verbosity, either wisdom or piety. But I have run myself into the second chapter before I am aware.

In this first, Adam is said only to have dominion over all the living creatures, and to feed upon the fruit of the plants. And what is pride but a mighty mountainous whale; lust, a goat; the lion, eagle and bear, wilful dominion; craft, a fox; and worldly toil, an ox? Over these and a thousand more is the rule of man, I mean of Adam, the image of God. But his meat and drink is to do the will of his Maker; this is the fruit he feeds upon.

Behold therefore, O man, what thou art, and whereunto thou art called, even to be a mighty prince amongst the creatures of God, and to bear rule in that province he has assigned thee, to discern the motions of thine own heart, and to be Lord over the suggestions of thine own natural spirit. Not to listen to the counsel of the flesh, nor conspire with the serpent against thy Creator, but to keep thy heart free and faithful to thy God: so mayest thou with innocency and unblamableness see all the motions of life, and bear rule with God over the whole creation committed to thee. This shall be thy paradise and harmless sport on earth, till God shall transplant thee to an higher condition of happiness in heaven.

HENRY MORE.—*Conjectura Cabbalistica.*

THE MERITS OF A MERRY TALE

VINCENT.—And first, good Uncle, ere we proceed further, I will be bold to move you one thing more of that we talked when I was here before. For when I revolved in my mind again the things that were concluded here by you, methought ye would in no wise that in any tribulation men should seek for comfort, either in worldly thing or fleshly, which mind, Uncle, of yours, seemeth somewhat hard. For a

merry tale with a friend refresheth a man much, and without any harm lighteth his mind and amendeth his courage and stomach: so that it seemeth but well done, to take such recreation. And Solomon saith, I trow, that men should in heaviness give the sorry man wine to make him forget his sorrow. And Saint Thomas saith, that proper pleasant talking, which is called *εὐτραπεία*, is a good virtue, serving to refresh the mind and make it quick and lusty to labour and study again, where continual fatigation would make it dull and deadly.

Anthony.—Cousin, I forgot not that point, but I longed not much to touch it. For neither might I well utterly forbid it, where the case might hap to fall that it should not hurt, and on the other side, if the case so should fall, methought yet I should little need to give any man counsel to it; folk are prone enough to such fantasies of their own mind. You may see this by ourself, which coming now together, to talk of as earnest sad matter as men can devise, were fallen yet even at the first into wanton idle tales. And of truth, Cousin, as you know very well, myself am of nature even half a *giglot* and more. I would I could as easily mend my fault as I can well know it, but scant can I refrain it, as old a fool as I am.

Howbeit so partial will I not be to my fault as to praise it; but for that you require my mind in the matter, whether men in tribulation may not lawfully seek recreation and comfort themselves, with some honest mirth, first agreed that our chief comfort must be in God, and that with Him we must begin, and with Him continue, and with Him end also: a man to take now and then some honest worldly mirth, I dare not be so sore as utterly to forbid it, sith good men and well learned have in some case allowed it, specially for the diversity of divers men's minds: for else if we were all such, as would God we were, and such as natural wisdom would we should be, and is not all clean excusable that we be not in deed: I would then put no doubt, but that unto any man the most comfortable talking that could be, were to hear of heaven. Whereas now, God help us, our wretchedness is such that in talking a while thereof, men wax almost weary, and as though to hear of heaven were an heavy burden, they must refresh themselves with a foolish tale. Our affection toward

heavenly joys waxeth wonderful cold. If dread of hell were as far gone, very few would fear God, but that yet a little sticketh in our stomachs. Mark me, Cousin, at the sermon, and commonly towards the end, somewhat the preacher speaketh of hell and heaven: now while he preacheth of the pains of hell, still they stand and yet give him the hearing. But as soon as he cometh to the joys of heaven, they be busking them backward and *flock-meal* fall away. It is in the soul somewhat as it is in the body. Some are there of nature or of evil custom come to that point, that a worse thing sometime *steadeth* them more than a better. Some man, if he be sick, can away with no wholesome meat, nor no medicine can go down with him, but if it be tempered with some such thing for his fantasy as maketh the meat or the medicine less wholesome than it should be. And yet while it will be no better, we must let him have it so. Cassianus, that very virtuous man, rehearseth in a certain collation of his, that a certain holy father in making of a sermon, spake of heaven and heavenly things so celestially, that much of his audience with the sweet sound thereof began to forget all the world and fall asleep: which when the father beheld, he dissembled their sleeping and suddenly said unto them, 'I shall tell you a merry tale.' At which word they lifted up their heads and hearkened unto that: and after the sleep therewith broken, heard him tell on of heaven again. In what wise that good father rebuked then their untoward minds so dull unto the thing that all our life we labour for, and so quick and lusty toward other trifles, I neither bear in mind, nor shall here need to rehearse. But thus much of that matter sufficeth for our purpose, that whereas you demand me whether in tribulation men may not sometimes refresh themselves with worldly mirth and recreation, I can no more say, but he that cannot long endure to hold up his head and hear talking of heaven, except he be now and then between (as though to hear of heaven were heaviness) refreshed with a merry foolish tale, there is none other remedy but you must let him have it: better would I wish it, but I cannot help it.

SIR T. MORE.—*A Dialogue of Comfort
against Tribulation.*

A PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION

To the intent that ye may somewhat see what good Christian faith Sir Thomas Hytton was of, this new saint of Tyndale's canonization, in whose burning Tyndale so gaily glorieth, and which hath his holiday so now appointed to him, that St. Polycarpus must give him place in the Calendar, I shall somewhat show you what wholesome heresies this holy martyr held. First ye shall understand that he was a priest, and falling to Luther's sect, and after that to the sect of Friar Huskin and Zwinglius, cast off matins and mass, and all divine service, and so became an apostle, sent to and fro, between our English heretics beyond the sea, and such as were here at home. Now happed it so, that after he had visited here his holy congregations in divers corners and luskies [lush] lanes, and comforted them in the Lord to stand stiff with the devil in their errors and heresies, as he was going back again at Gravesend, God considering the great labour that he had taken already, and determining to bring his business to his well-deserved end, gave him suddenly such a favour and so great a grace in the visage, that every man that beheld him took him for a thief. For whereas there had been certain linen clothes pilfered away that were hanging on an hedge, and Sir Thomas Hytton was walking not far off suspiciously in the meditation of his heresies: the people doubting that the beggarly knave had stolen the clouts, fell in question with him and searched him, and so found they certain letters secretly conveyed in his coat, written from evangelical brethren here unto the evangelical heretics beyond the sea. And upon those letters founden, he was with his letters brought before the most Rev. Father in God the Archbishop of Canterbury, and afterward as well by his Lordship as by the Rev. Father the Bishop of Rochester examined, and after for his abominable heresies delivered to the secular hands and burned.

SIR T. MORE.—*Confutation of Tyndale's Answer.*

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

WITH some trouble I got the chest out; she gave me a key, I unlocked the chest, and took out another wrapped in lead, which also I unlocked with a silver key that my

mother gave me, and behold therein lay armour—mail for the whole body, made of very small rings wrought most wonderfully, for every ring was fashioned like a serpent, and though they were so small yet could you see their scales and their eyes, and of some even the forked tongue was on it, and lay on the rivet, and the rings were gilded here and there into patterns and flowers so that the gleam of it was most glorious.—And the mail coif was all gilded and had red and blue stones at the rivets; and the tilting helm (inside which the mail lay when I saw it first) was gilded also, and had flowers pricked out on it; and the chain of it was silver, and the crest was two gold wings. And there was a shield of blue set with red stones, which had two gold wings for a cognizance; and the hilt of the sword was gold, with angels wrought in green and blue all up it, and the eyes in their wings were of pearls and red stones, and the sheath was of silver with green flowers on it.

Now when I saw this armour and understood that my mother would have me put it on, and ride out without fear, leaving her alone, I cast myself down on the grass so that I might not see its beauty (for it made me mad), and strove to think; but what thoughts soever came to me were only of the things that would be, glory in the midst of ladies, battle-joy among knights, honour from all kings and princes and people—these things.

But my mother wept softly above me, till I arose with a great shudder of delight and drew the edges of the hawk-berk over my cheek, I liked so to feel the rings slipping, slipping, till they fell off altogether; then I said:

‘O Lord God that made the world, if I might only die in this armour!’

Then my mother helped me to put it on, and I felt strange and new in it, and yet I had neither lance nor horse.

So when we reached the cottage again she said: ‘See now, Lionel, you must take this knight’s horse and his lance, and ride away, or else the people will come here to kill another king; and when you are gone, you will never see me any more in life.’

I wept thereat, but she said:

‘Nay, but see here.’

And, taking the dead knight's lance from among the garden lilies, she rent from it the pennon (which had a sword on a red ground for bearing), and cast it carelessly on the ground, then she bound about it a pennon with my bearing, gold wings on a blue ground; she bid me bear the Knight's body, all armed as he was, to put on him his helm and lay him on the floor at her bed's foot, also to break his sword and cast it on our hearth-stone; all which things I did.

Afterwards she put the surcoat on me, and then lying down in her gorgeous raiment on her bed, she spread her arms out in the form of a cross, shut her eyes, and said:

'Kiss me, Lionel, for I am tired.'

And after I had kissed her she died.

And I mounted my dead foe's horse and rode away; neither did I ever know what wrong that was which he had done me, not while I was in the body at least.

W. MORRIS.—*Golden Wings*.

TWO HEROES

THERE stood the young conqueror of Lepanto, his brain full of schemes, his heart full of hopes, on the threshold of the Netherlands, at the entrance to what he believed the most brilliant chapter of his life—schemes, hopes, and visions, doomed speedily to fade before the cold reality with which he was to be confronted. Throwing off his disguise after reaching Luxemburg, the youthful paladin stood confessed. His appearance was as romantic as his origin and his exploits. Every contemporary chronicler, French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Roman, have dwelt upon his personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manner. Symmetrical features, blue eyes of great vivacity, and a profusion of bright curling hair, were combined with a person not much above middle height, but perfectly well proportioned. Owing to a natural peculiarity of his head, the hair fell backward from the temples, and he had acquired the habit of pushing it from his brows. The custom became a fashion among the host of courtiers, who were but too happy to glass themselves in so brilliant a mirror. As Charles the Fifth, on his journey to Italy

to assume the iron crown, had caused his hair to be clipped close, as a remedy for the headaches with which, at that momentous epoch, he was tormented, bringing thereby close shaven polls into extreme fashion ; so a mass of hair pushed backward from the temples, in the style to which the name of John of Austria was appropriated, became the prevailing mode wherever the favourite son of the Emperor appeared.

Such was the last crusader whom the annals of chivalry were to know ; the man who had humbled the Crescent as it had not been humbled since the days of the Tancred, the Baldwins, the Plantagenets—yet, after all, what was this brilliant adventurer when weighed against the tranquil Christian champion whom he was to meet face to face ? The contrast was striking between the real and the romantic hero. Don John had pursued and achieved glory through victories with which the world was ringing ; William was slowly compassing a country's emancipation through a series of defeats. He moulded a commonwealth and united hearts with as much contempt for danger as Don John had exhibited in scenes of slave-driving and carnage. Amid fields of blood, and through webs of tortuous intrigue, the brave and subtle son of the Emperor pursued only his own objects. Tawdry schemes of personal ambition, conquests for his own benefit, impossible crowns for his own wearing, were the motives which impelled him, and the prizes which he sought. His existence was feverish, fitful, and passionate. 'Tranquil amid the raging billows,' according to his favourite device, the father of his country waved aside the diadem which for him had neither charms nor meaning. Their characters were as contrasted as their persons. The curled darling of chivalry seemed a youth at thirty-one. Spare of figure, plain of apparel, benignant, but haggard of countenance, with temples bared by anxiety as much as by his helmet, earnest, almost devout in manner, in his own words, 'Calvus et Calvinista,' William of Orange was an old man at forty-three.

J. L. MOTLEY.—*The Rise of
the Dutch Republic.*

FUENTES OÑORO

It was Massena's intention to commence the attack at daybreak on the 5th, but a delay of two hours occurred and all his movements were descried. The eighth corps, withdrawn from Alameda, and supported by all the French cavalry, was seen marching above the village of Poço Velho, which with its swampy wood, was occupied by Houstoun's left, his right being thrown back in the plain towards Nava d'Aver. The sixth corps and Drouet's division took ground to their own left, still keeping a division in front of Fuentes Oñoro, menacing that point; at this sight the light division and the English horse hastened to the support of Houstoun, while the first and third divisions made a movement parallel to that of the sixth corps. The latter, however, drove the left wing of the seventh division from the village of Poço Velho, and it was fast gaining ground in the wood also when the riflemen of the light division arriving there restored the fight. The French cavalry then passed Poço Velho and commenced forming in order of battle on the plain, between the wood and the hill of Nava d'Aver where Julian Sanchez was posted. He immediately retired across the Turones, partly in fear, but more in anger, because his lieutenant, having foolishly ridden close up to the enemy making many violent gestures, was mistaken for a French officer and shot by a soldier of the guards before the action commenced.

Montbrun occupied himself with this weak partida for an hour, and when the guerilla chief was gone, turned the right of the seventh division, and charged the British cavalry which had moved up to its support; the combat was unequal, for by an abuse too common, so many men had been drawn from the ranks as orderlies to general officers, and for other purposes, that not more than a thousand English troopers were in the field. The French therefore drove in all the cavalry outguards at the first shock, cut off Ramsay's battery of horse artillery, and came sweeping in upon the reserves of cavalry and upon the seventh division. Their leading squadrons, approaching in a disorderly manner, were partially checked by fire, but a great commotion was observed in their main body; men and horses were seen to close with confusion and tumult

towards one point, where a thick dust and loud cries, and the sparkling of blades, and flashing of pistols, indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated, an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth sword in hand at the head of his battery, his horses, breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons, in desperate career. Captain Brotherton of the fourteenth dragoons, seeing this, instantly rode forth and with his squadron shocked the head of the pursuing troops, and General Charles Stewart, joining in the charge, took the French colonel Lamotte, fighting hand to hand; but then the main body of the French came on strongly, and the British cavalry retired behind the light division, which was immediately thrown into squares. The seventh division, which was more advanced, did the same, but the horsemen were upon them first, and some were cut down. The mass however stood firm, and the Chasseurs Britanniques, ranged behind a loose stone wall, poured such a fire that their foes recoiled and seemed bewildered.

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER.—*History of the War in the Peninsula.*

SIR JOHN MOORE

THUS ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased

his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed, the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER.—*History of the War in the Peninsula.*

ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIP

ENGLISH Seneca read by candle-light yields many good sentences, as Blood is a beggar, and so forth; and, if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls of tragical speeches.

But O grief! *tempus edax rerum*, what's that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be dry, and Seneca let blood line by line and page by page at length must needs die to our stage: which makes his famished followers to imitate the kid in Aesop, who, enamoured with the fox's newfangleness, forsook all hopes of life to leap into a new occupation, and these men, renouncing all possibilities of credit or distinction, to intermeddle with Italian translations: wherein how poorly they have plodded (as those that are neither provincial men nor are able to distinguish of articles), let all indifferent gentlemen that have travailed in that tongue discern by their twopenny pamphlets: and no marvel though their home-born mediocrity be such in this matter, for what can be hoped of those that thrust Elysium into hell, and have not learned, so long as they have lived in the spheres, the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter. Sufficeth them to bodge up a blank verse with ifs and ands, and other while for recreation after their candle stuff, having starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripatetical path into the inner parts of the city, and spend two or three hours in turning over French *Doudie*, where they attract more infection in one minute than they can do eloquence all days of their life by conversing with any authors of like argument.

But lest in this declamatory vein I should condemn all and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation those men of import that have laboured with credit in this laudable kind of translation. In the forefront of whom I cannot but place that aged father Erasmus, that invested most of our Greek writers in the robes of the ancient Romans; in whose traces Philip Melancthon, Sadolet, Plantin, and many other reverent Germans insisting, have re-edified the ruins of our decayed libraries, and marvellously enriched the Latin tongue with the expense of their toil. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, every private scholar, William Turner and who not, began to vaunt their smattering of Latin in English impressions. But amongst others in that age, Sir Thomas Elyot's elegance did sever itself from all equals, although Sir Thomas More with his comical wit at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not

knowledge fully confirmed in her monarchy amongst us till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint John's in Cambridge, that at that time was as a University within itself—shining so far above all other Houses, Halls, or Hospitals whatsoever, and no College in the town was able to compare with the tithe of her students; having (as I have heard grave men of credit report) more candles' light in it every winter morning before four of the clock, than the four of clock bell gave strokes—till she (I say), as a pitiful mother, put to her helping hand, and sent from her fruitful womb sufficient scholars, both to support her own weal as also to supply all other inferior foundations' defects.

T. NASH.—*Preface to Greene's 'Menaphon'.*

A CAMP FOLLOWER

ABOUT that time that the terror of the world, and fever quartan of the French, Henry the Eighth (the only true subject of chronicles), advanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of Turney and Turwin, and had the Emperor and all the nobility of Flanders, Holland, and Brabant as mercenary attendants on his full-sailed fortune, I, Jack Wilton (a gentleman at least), was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging or appertaining in or unto the confines of the English court, where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cozened can testify, *caelum petimus stultitia*, which of us all is not a sinner? Be it known to as many as will pay money enough to peruse my story, that I followed the camp or the court, or the court and the camp. . . . There did I (soft, let me drink before I go any further) reign sole king of the cans and blackjacks, prince of the pygmies, county palatine of clean straw and provant, and to conclude, lord high regent of rashers of the coals, and red herring cobs. *Paulo majora canamus*; well, to the purpose. What stratagemical acts and monuments do you think an ingenious infant of my age might enact: you will say, it were sufficient if he slur a die, pawn his master to the utmost penny, and minister the oath on the pantoffle artificially. These are signs of good education, I must confess, and arguments of in grace

and virtue to proceed. Oh but *aliquid latet quod non patet*, there's a farther path I must trace: examples confirm; list, lordings, to my proceedings. Whosoever is acquainted with the state of a camp understands that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on London Bridge. In those quarters are many companies: much company much knavery, as true as that old adage, much courtesy much subtilty. Those companies, like a great deal of corn do yield some chaff, the corn are cormorants, the chaff are good fellows, which are quickly blown to nothing with bearing a light heart in a light purse. Amongst this chaff was I winnowing my wits to live merrily, and by my troth so I did: the prince could but command men spend their blood in his service, I could make them spend all the money they had for my pleasure. But poverty in the end parts friends; though I was prince of their purses, and exacted of my unthrift subjects as much liquid allegiance as any kaisar in the world could do, yet where it is not to be had the king must lose his right, want cannot be withstood, men can do no more than they can do; what remained then but the fox's case must help when the lion's skin is out at the elbows.

T. NASH.—*The Unfortunate Traveller,*
or, *The Life of Jacke Wilton.*

[NEWCASTLE, DUCHESS OF.—See CAVENDISH.]

AT BAY

STILL more confident am I of such eventual acquittal, seeing that my judges are my own countrymen. I consider, indeed, Englishmen the most suspicious and touchy of mankind; I think them unreasonable, and unjust in their seasons of excitement; but I had rather be an Englishman (as in fact I am,) than belong to any other race under heaven. They are as generous as they are hasty and burly; and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their sin.

For twenty years and more I have borne an imputation, of which I am at least as sensitive, who am the object of

it, as they can be, who are only the judges. I have not set myself to remove it, first, because I never have had an opening to speak, and, next, because I never saw in them the disposition to hear. I have wished to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When shall I pronounce him to be himself again? If I may judge from the tone of the public press, which represents the public voice, I have great reason to take heart at this time. I have been treated by contemporary critics in this controversy with great fairness and gentleness, and I am grateful to them for it. However, the decision of the time and mode of my defence has been taken out of my hands; and I am thankful that it has been so. I am bound now as a duty to myself, to the Catholic cause, to the Catholic Priesthood, to give account of myself without any delay, when I am so rudely and circumstantially charged with Untruthfulness. I accept the challenge; I shall do my best to meet it, and I shall be content when I have done so.

J. H. NEWMAN.—*Apologia pro Vita Sua.*

THE RELIGION OF THE DAY

WHAT is the world's religion now? It has taken the brighter side of the Gospel—its tidings of comfort, its precepts of love; all the darker, deeper views of man's condition and prospects being comparatively forgotten. This is the religion *natural* to a civilized age, and well has Satan dressed and completed it with an idol of the Truth. As the reason is cultivated, the taste formed, the affections and sentiments refined, a general decency and grace will of course spread over the face of society, quite independently of the influence of Revelation. That beauty and delicacy of thought, which is so attractive in books, then extends to the conduct of life, to all we have, all we do, all we are. Our manners are courteous; we avoid giving pain or offence; our words become correct; our relative duties are carefully performed. Our sense of propriety shows itself even in our domestic arrangements, in the embellishments of our houses, in our amusements, and so also in our religious profession. Vice now becomes unseemly and hideous to the imagination, or, as it is some-

times familiarly said, 'out of taste.' Thus elegance is gradually made the test and standard of virtue, which is no longer thought to possess an intrinsic claim on our hearts, or to exist, *further than* it leads to the quiet and comfort of others. Conscience is no longer recognized as an independent arbiter of actions, its authority is explained away; partly it is superseded in the minds of men by the so-called moral sense, which is regarded merely as the love of the beautiful; partly by the rule of expediency, which is forthwith substituted for it in the details of conduct. Now conscience is a stern, gloomy principle; it tells us of guilt and of prospective punishment. Accordingly, when its terrors disappear, then disappear also, in the creed of the day, those fearful images of Divine wrath with which the Scriptures abound. They are explained away. Everything is bright and cheerful. Religion is pleasant and easy; benevolence is the chief virtue; intolerance, bigotry, excess of zeal, are the first of sins. Austerity is an absurdity;—even firmness is looked on with an unfriendly, suspicious eye. On the other hand, all open profligacy is discountenanced; drunkenness is accounted a disgrace; cursing and swearing are vulgarities. Moreover, to a cultivated mind, which recreates itself in the varieties of literature or knowledge, and is interested in the ever-accumulating discoveries of science, and the ever-fresh accessions of information, political or otherwise, from foreign countries, religion will commonly seem to be dull, from want of novelty. Hence excitements are eagerly sought out and rewarded. New objects in religion, new systems and plans, new doctrines, new preachers, are necessary to satisfy that craving which the so-called spread of knowledge has created. The mind becomes morbidly sensitive and fastidious; dissatisfied with things as they are, desirous of a change *as such*, as if alteration must of itself be a relief. . . .

I will not shrink from uttering my firm conviction, that it would be a gain to this country, were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be.

J. H. NEWMAN.—*Parochial and Plain Sermons.*

THE GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman, to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature : like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast ;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment ; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company ; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd ; he can recollect to whom he is speaking ; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles ; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in con-

troversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, though less educated minds ; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust ; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence : he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it ; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion ; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent ; he honours the ministers of religion, and he is contented with declining its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

J. H. NEWMAN.—*The Scope and Nature of University Teaching.*

CHRISTOPHER NORTH'S PARISH

MANY of its black bright mosses are drained now, they say ; and I cannot well deny that no rational objection can be made to the change of heather-moor into clover-meadow ;—thorn-hedges, in pretty circles, and squares, and oblongs, are green and bright now, I am told, where of old not so much as a crumbling grey stone-wall enclosed the naked common ; nor in spite of the natural tears shed from the poor widow's eyes, can I for more than a minute at a time seriously lament that deep-uddered kine should now lazily low and browse where ragged sheep did once perseveringly bleat and nibble ;—single trees, that seem

to have dropped from the sky, so quick their growth, now here and there hang their shadows, I have heard, over the band of reapers at their mid-day meal, where, when our 'auld cloak was new', one single sickle sufficed for the sma' barley-rig, and the 'solitary lowland lass' had to look for shelter from the sunshine beneath some rock in the desert; and to that change, too, can I conform the feelings of my somewhat saddened heart;—nay, groves and woods, the story goes, have girdled the stony hills where we two used to admire, all brightening by itself, the glorious Rowan-Tree, independent of the sun in its own native lustre; and may never the swinging axe be heard in that sylvan silence, for I confess the superior beauty, too, of the vesture that now decks the sides of those pastoral pyramids;—the shielings that we used to come upon, like birds' nests, far up near the heads of the glens where the curlew bred among the rushes, have 'been a' red awa'; nor is their place, if sought for, to be found in the solitude; and farmhouses, slated too I hear—for thatch, wae's me! is fast falling out of fashion—now stand where no smoke was then seen but the morning mist; and God forbid I should grieve that suchlike spots as these should have their permanent human dwellings;—mansions, in which rich men live, from upland swells overlook the low country far as the dim-seen spires of towns and cities that divide without diminishing the extent of the Great Plain through which rivers roll; and of a surety pleasant 'tis to think of honest industry finding its reward in well-used wealth, that builds up the stately structure on the site of the cottage where its possessor was born in poverty;—gone, I know, is the old House of God, walls, roof, spire, and all—spire not so tall as its contemporary Pine-Tree,—and the heritors have done well in erecting in its stead another larger kirk—with a tower—since they preferred a tower to a spire,—nor could they be wrong in widening the burial-ground, that had become crowded with graves—though methinks they might have preserved, for sake of the memorials sunk far within it, some sacred stones of the south wall.

'CHRISTOPHER NORTH' (J. WILSON).—*Noctes Ambrosianae*.

MUSIC IN EARLY DAYS

It is the misfortune of all arts, of which the use happens to be discontinued (leaving no real specimens, which only can demonstrate what the practice of any such art was, except some dark verbal descriptions) and so to fall into the catalogue of the *artes deperditae*, and be hardly, if ever, recoverable. But yet by some cloudy expression found remaining, to make work for critics, and the world little the wiser; for arts have peculiar terms, that is, a language understood by the possessors, and some few else in the time; but in after times when such arts are attempted to be revived, who should make the Dictionary, or adapt things to the words used by obsolete authors. It is certain that nothing, but the very things appearing by specimens (if any are left) can do it; and without such authorities, become enigmatic. The mathematical arts have come down to us entire, because the subject (*quantum*) is known to everybody. Rhetoric and poetry bring their proper specimens with them, the old speeches and poems: Architecture but imperfectly, of which the antique is known almost entirely by the vestiges yet actually, or in pictures, remaining; and without the help of such the forms of the ancient fabrics had never been gathered out of Vitruvius, who wrote on purpose to instruct them, and is not yet effectually understood.

And this inconvenience hath happened to the science and practice of music in the highest degree, for among the Greek republics, that art was held in veneration, as if law, liberty, justice, and morality depended upon it; and the modes and effects of it were the admiration, as well as delight of all men both wise and unwise: and according to the disposition of the philosophers of those times, every natural energy was moulded into a formal science. So Music had its fate; and from following nature, and imitation, was made an art with laws and rules not to be enumerated; as they say the adding a string to an instrument was made almost high treason. And of this subject we have authors upon authors, and commentators upon them. But for want of real or practicable specimens, it is not understood what their music was, nor yet by means of all the pretended discoveries, can any piece be accordingly

framed, that mankind will endure to hear, although Kircher hath vainly attempted it.

I must observe that these assuming Greeks would needs have the original, and invention of music, to have arisen amongst them. And for that end we have poetic relations of dried nerves in tortoise shells, smith's hammers, and practitioners, as Apollo, Orpheus, &c., who might perhaps (as Homer) sing well to a petite instrument at feasts. But I am persuaded that, notwithstanding all these pretensions, music had an higher original, and that is the use of voices, and language among men. And that having such faculties, they must necessarily stumble upon the exercise of what we call singing, that is, pronouncing with an open and extended voice; and however the flexures might be rude at first, in process of time they would improve; especially considering how useful singing was in the pastoral life the primitive race of men led; among whom, any one having a clear and good voice, though purely natural, must be a prime musician; and perhaps Tubal Cain, or Vulcan, might be such a one, and merit the fame they have had for it.

R. NORTH.—*Memoires of Musick.*

DEMOSTHENES' TRAINING IN ORATORY

WHEN he first ventured to speak openly, the people made such a noise that he could scant be heard, and besides they mocked him for his manner of speech that was so strange because he used so many long confused periods, and his matter he spake of was so intricate with arguments one upon another, that they were tedious, and made men weary to hear him. And furthermore he had a very soft voice, an impediment in his tongue, and had also a short breath, the which made that men could not well understand what he meant, for his long periods in his oration were oftentimes interrupted before he was at the end of his sentence. So that at length, perceiving he was thus rejected, he gave over to speak any more before the people, and half in despair withdrew himself into the haven of Piraea. There Eunomus the Thessalian, being a very old man, found him, and sharply reproved him, and told him that he did himself great wrong, considering that, having a manner of

speech much like unto Pericles, he drowned himself by his faint heart, because he did not seek the way to be bold against the noise of the common people, and to arm his body to away with the pains and burden of public orations, but suffering it to grow feebler, for lack of use and practice. Furthermore, being once again repulsed and whistled at, as he returned home, hanging down his head for shame, and utterly discouraged, Satyrus, an excellent player of comedies, being his familiar friend, followed him, and went and spake with him. Demosthenes made his complaint unto him, that where he had taken more pains than all the orators besides, and had almost even worn himself to the bones with study, yet he could by no means devise to please the people : whereas other orators that did nothing but bib all day long, and mariners that understood nothing, were quietly heard, and continually occupied the pulpit with orations : and on the other side that they made no accompt of him. Satyrus then answered him, Thou sayest true, Demosthenes, but care not for this ; I will help it straight and take away the cause of all this : so thou wilt but tell me without book certain verses of Euripides or of Sophocles. Thereupon Demosthenes presently rehearsed some unto him that came into his mind. Satyrus, repeating them after him, gave them quite another grace, with such a pronounciation, comely gesture, and modest countenance becoming the verses, that Demosthenes thought them clean changed. Whereby perceiving how much the action (to wit, the comely manner and gesture in his oration) doth give grace and comeliness in his pleading : he then thought it but a trifle, and almost nothing to speak of, to exercise to plead well, unless therewithal he do also study to have a good pronounciation and gesture. Thereupon he built him a cellar under the ground, the which was whole even in my time, and he would daily go down into it, to fashion his gesture and pronounciation, and also to exercise his voice, and that with such earnest affection that oftentimes he would be there two or three months one after another, and did shave his head of purpose, because he durst not go abroad in that sort, although his will was good. And yet he took his theme and matter to declaim upon, and to practise to plead of the matters he had had in hand before, or else upon occasion of such

talk as he had with them that came to see him, while he kept his house. For they were no sooner gone from him but he went down into his cellar, and repeated from the first to the last all matters that had passed between him and his friends in talk together and alleged also both his own and their answers. And if peradventure he had been at the hearing of any long matter he would repeat it by himself; and would finely couch and convey it into proper sentences, and thus change and alter every way any matter that he had heard, or talked with others. . . .

But now for his bodily defects of nature, Demetrius Phalerian writeth, that he heard Demosthenes himself say, being very old, that he did help them by these means. First, touching the stammering of his tongue, which was very fat, and made him that he could not pronounce all syllables distinctly: he did help it by putting of little pebble stones into his mouth, which he found upon the sands by the river's side, and so pronounced with open mouth the orations he had without book. And for his small and soft voice, he made that louder by running up steep and high hills, uttering even with full breath some orations or verses that he had without book. And further it is reported of him that he had a great looking-glass in his house, and ever, standing on his feet before it, he would learn and exercise himself to pronounce his orations.

SIR T. NORTH.—*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave, learned Philosopher and Historiographer, Plutarch of Chaeronea.*

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all FACE-PHYSIC out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if

they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue ; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence ; a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions : nature hath taught her too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul ; she rises therefore with Chanticleere, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter ; for never came almond-glore, or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golded ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own ; which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity ; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none ; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones ; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them ; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition ; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

SIR T. OVERBURY.—*Characters.*

THE CREED OF A RATIONALIST

It has been my intention, for several years past, to publish my thoughts upon religion. I am well aware of the difficulties that attend the subject; and from that consideration had reserved it to a more advanced period of life. I intended it to be the last offering I should make to my fellow citizens of all nations; and that at a time when the purity of the motive that induced me to it could not admit of a question, even by those who might disapprove the work.

The circumstance that has now taken place in France of the total abolition of the whole national order of priesthood, and of everything appertaining to compulsive systems of religion, and compulsive articles of faith, has not only precipitated my intention, but rendered a work of this kind exceedingly necessary, lest, in the general wreck of superstition, of false systems of government, and false theology, we lose sight of morality, of humanity, and of the theology that is true.

As several of my colleagues, and others of my fellow citizens of France, have given me the example of making their voluntary and individual profession of faith, I also will make mine; and I do this with all that sincerity and frankness with which the mind of man communicates with itself.

I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

I believe the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavouring to make our fellow creatures happy.

But lest it should be supposed that I believe many other things in addition to these, I shall, in the progress of this work, declare the things I do not believe, and my reasons for not believing them.

I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church.

All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit.

I do not mean by this declaration to condemn those who believe otherwise. They have the same right to their belief as I have to mine. But it is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing or disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what one does not believe.

T. PAINE.—*The Age of Reason.*

THE ETHICS OF WHIST

By Contracts of Hazard, I mean gaming and insurance.

What some say of this kind of contracts, 'that one side ought not to have any advantage over the other,' is neither practicable nor true. It is not practicable; for that perfect equality of skill and judgement, which this rule requires, is seldom to be met with. I might not have it in my power to play with fairness a game at cards, billiards, or tennis; lay a wager at a horse-race; or underwrite a policy of insurance, once in a twelvemonth; if I must wait till I meet with a person, whose art, skill, and judgement in these matters, is neither greater nor less than my own. Nor is this equality requisite to the justice of the contract. One party may give to the other the whole of the stake, if he please, and the other party may justly accept it, if it be given him; much more therefore may one give to the other a part of the stake; or, what is exactly the same thing, an advantage in the chance of winning the whole. The proper restriction is, that neither side have an advantage, by means of which the other is not aware; for this is an advantage taken, without being *given*. Although the event be still an uncertainty, your advantage in the chance has a certain value; and so much of the stake, as that value amounts to, is taken from your adversary without his knowledge, and therefore without his consent. If I sit down to a game at whist, and have an advantage over the adversary, by means of a better memory, closer attention, or a superior knowledge of the rules and chances of the game, the advantage is fair; because it is obtained by means of which the adversary is aware; for he is aware, when he sits down with me, that I shall exert the

skill that I possess, to the utmost. But if I gain an advantage by packing the cards, glancing my eye into the adversaries' hands, or by concerted signals with my partner, it is a dishonest advantage; because it depends upon means which the adversary never suspects that I make use of.

W. PALEY.—*Moral Philosophy.*

AMONG THE GLUMMS, OR FLYING-MEN

THE King sent me word he would admit me immediately, and Quilly was my conductor to his Majesty's apartment.

We passed through the gallery, at the further end of which was a very beautiful arch, even with the staircase, through which Quilly led me into a large guard-room, wherein were above an hundred Glumms posted in ranks, with their pikes in hand, some headed with sharp-pointed stone, others with multangular stone, and others with stone globes. Passing through these we entered another gallery as long as that to my apartment; then under another arch we came into a small square room, carved exceeding fine; on the right and left of which were two other archways, leading into most noble rooms, but we only saw them, passing quite cross the little room, through an arch that fronted us, into a small gallery of prodigious height; at the further end of which Quilly turning aside a mat, introduced and left me in the most beautiful place in the universe; where neither seeing or hearing anybody stir, I employed myself in examining the magnificence of the place, and could, as I then thought, have feasted my eye with variety for a twelvemonth. I paced it over one hundred and thirty of my paces long, and ninety-six broad; there were arches in the middle of each side, and in the middle of each end: the arch-ceiling could not be less than the breadth of the room, and covered with the most delightful carvings, from whence hung globe-lights innumerable but seemingly without order, which I thought appeared the more beautiful on that account. In the centre of the room hung a prodigious cluster of the same lights, so disposed as to represent one vast light; and there were several rows of the same lights hung round the room, one row above another at proper distances; these lights

represented to me the stars, with the moon in the middle of them ; and after I came to be better acquainted with the country, I perceived the lights were to represent the southern constellations. The archways were carved with the finest devices imaginable, gigantic Glumms supporting on each side the pediments. At every ten paces all along the sides and ends arose columns, each upon a broad square base, admirably carved ; these reached to the cornice, or base of the arched ceiling, quite round the room.

R. PALTOCK.—*The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins.*

[PASTON LETTERS, THE.—See BREWS.]

MONNA LISA

HIS [Leonardo da Vinci's] work was less with the saints than with the living women of Florence ; for he moved still in the polished society that he loved, and in the salons of Florence, left perhaps a little subject to light thoughts by the death of Savonarola (the latest gossip is of an undraped Monna Lisa, found in some out-of-the-way corner of the late Orleans collection), he met Ginevra di Benci, and Lisa, the young third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. As we have seen him using incidents of the sacred legend, not for their own sake, or as mere subjects for pictorial realization, but as a symbolical language for fancies all his own, so now he found a vent for his thoughts in taking one of these languid women, and raising her as Leda or Pomona, Modesty or Vanity, to the seventh heaven of symbolical expression.

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece—the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it ; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. (Yet for Vasari there was some further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks, lost for us.) As often

happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio—faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had she and the dream grown thus apart, yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeal in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really completed, or in four months, as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come', and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh—the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded therein that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form—the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan

world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits ; like the vampire, she has been dead, many times, and learned the secrets of the grave ; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her ; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants ; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary ; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one ; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly, Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

W. H. PATER.—*Notes on Leonardo da Vinci.*

OF STYLE IN SPEAKING AND WRITING

SINCE speech is the character of a man and the interpreter of his mind, and writing, the image of that : that so often as we speak or write, so oft we undergo censure and judgement of ourselves : labour first by all means to get the habit of a good style in speaking and writing, as well English as Latin. I call with Tully that a good and eloquent style of speaking, where there is a judicious fitting of choice words, apt and grave sentences unto matter well disposed, the same being uttered with a comely moderation of the voice, countenance and gesture ; not that same ampullous and scenical pomp, with empty furniture of phrase, wherewith the stage and our petty poetic pamphlets sound so big, which like a net in the water, though it feeleth weighty, yet it yieldeth nothing : since our speech ought to resemble plate, wherein neither the curiousness of the picture nor fair proportion of letters, but the weight is to be regarded : and as Plutarch saith, when our thirst is quenched with the drink, then we look upon the enamelling and workmanship of the bowl ; so first your hearer coveteth to have his desire satisfied with matter, ere he looketh

upon the form of vinetry [vignetterie] of words, which many times fall in of themselves to matter well contrived, according to Horace :

Rem bene dispositam vel verba invita sequuntur :
To matter well disposed, words of themselves do fall.

Let your style therefore be furnished with solid matter and compact of the best, choice, and most familiar words ; taking heed of speaking or writing such words, as men shall rather admire than understand. . . .

To help yourself herein, make choice of those authors in prose, who speak the best and purest English. I would commend unto you (though from more antiquity) the *Life of Richard the Third*, written by Sir Thomas More ; the *Arcadia* of the noble Sir Philip Sidney, whom Du Bartas makes one of the four columns of our language ; the *Essays* and other pieces of the excellent master of eloquence, my lord of S. Albans, who possesseth not only eloquence, but all good learning as hereditary both by Father and Mother. You have then Mr. Hooker his *Policy : Henry the Fourth*, well written by Sir John Hayward ; that first part of our English kings, by Mr. Samuel Daniel. There are many others, I know, but these will taste you best, as proceeding from no vulgar judgement : the last Earl of Northampton in his ordinary style of writing was not to be mended. Procure then, if you may, the speeches made in Parliament : frequent learned sermons : in term time resort to the Star Chamber, and be present at the pleadings in other public courts, whereby you shall better your speech, enrich your understanding, and get more experience in one month than in other four by keeping your melancholy study, and by solitary meditation.

H. PEACHAM.—*The Compleat Gentleman.*

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

MR. CYPRESS.—Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife ; and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country. I have written an ode to tell the people as much, and they may take it as they list.

Scythrop.—Do you suppose, if Brutus had quarrelled with his wife, he would have given it as a reason to Cassius, for having nothing to do with his enterprise? Or would Cassius have been satisfied with such an excuse?

Mr. Flosky.—Brutus was a senator; so is our dear friend; but the cases are different. Brutus had some hope of political good: Mr. Cypress has none. How should he, after what we have seen in France?

Scythrop.—A Frenchman is born in harness, ready saddled, bitted, and bridled, for any tyrant to ride. He will fawn under his rider one moment, and throw him and kick him to death the next; but another adventurer springs on his back, and by dint of whip and spur on he goes as before. We may, without much variety, hope better of ourselves.

Mr. Cypress.—I have no hope for myself or for others. Our life is a false nature; it is not in the harmony of things; it is an all-blasting upas, whose root is earth, and whose leaves are the skies which rain their poison-dews upon mankind. We wither from our youth; we gasp with unslacked thirst for unattainable good; lured from the first to the last by phantoms—love, fame, ambition, avarice—all idle, and all ill—one meteor of many names, that vanishes in the smoke of death.

Mr. Flosky.—A most delightful speech, Mr. Cypress. A most amiable and instructive philosophy. You have only to impress its truth on the minds of all living men, and life will then, indeed, be the desert and the solitude; and I must do you, myself, and our mutual friends, the justice to observe, that let society only give fair play at one and the same time, as I flatter myself it is inclined to do, to your system of morals, and my system of metaphysics, and Scythrop's system of politics, and Mr. Listless's system of manners, and Mr. Toobad's system of religion, and the result will be as fine a mental chaos as even the immortal Kant himself could ever have hoped to see; in the prospect of which I rejoice.

T. L. PEACOCK.—*Nightmare Abbey.*

THE VENUSES AT CROTCHET CASTLE

THE Rev. Dr. Folliott.—These little alabaster figures on the mantelpiece, Mr. Crotchet, and those large figures in the niches, may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent ?

Mr. Crotchet.—Venus, sir ; nothing more, sir ; just Venus.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott.—May I ask you, sir, why they are there ?

Mr. Crotchet.—To be looked at, sir ; just to be looked at : the reason for most things in a gentleman's house being in it at all ; from the paper on the walls, and the drapery of the curtains, even to the books in the library, of which the most essential part is the appearance of the back.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott.—Very true, sir. As great philosophers hold that the *esse* of things is *percipi*, so a gentleman's furniture exists to be looked at. Nevertheless, sir, there are some things more fit to be looked at than others ; for instance there is nothing more fit to be looked at than the outside of a book. It is, as I may say, from repeated experience, a pure and unmixed pleasure to have a goodly volume lying before you, and to know that you may open it if you please, and need not open it unless you please. It is a resource against *ennui*, if *ennui* should come upon you. To have the resource and not to feel the *ennui*, to enjoy your bottle in the present, and your book in the indefinite future, is a delightful condition of human existence. There is no place, in which a man can move or sit, in which the outside of a book can be otherwise than an innocent and becoming spectacle. Touching this matter, there cannot, I think, be two opinions. But with respect to your Venuses there can be, and indeed there are, two very distinct opinions. Now, sir, that little figure in the centre of the mantelpiece—as a grave *paterfamilias*, Mr. Crotchet, with a fair nubile daughter, whose eyes are like the fish-pools of Heshbon—I would ask you if you hold that figure to be altogether delicate ? . . .

Mr. Crotchet.—Sir, ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant ; where they had poetry, we have cant ; where they

had patriotism, we have cant ; where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant. And, sir, to show my contempt for cant in all its shapes, I have adorned my house with the Greek Venus, in all her shapes, and am ready to fight her battle against all the societies that ever were instituted for the suppression of truth and beauty.

T. L. PEACOCK.—*Crotchet Castle.*

VIRTUOUS EASEMENT

WHERE is it grounded expressly in Scripture that men may let shave their beards ? And how dare they so let, sith it cannot be found expressly in Scripture that they ought so let, and namely sith it is found in Holy Scripture that men let their beards grow without shearing or shaving, and also sith it was the old usage through all the world in Christendom ? Where is it in Holy Scripture grounded by way of commending or of allowance that men should or might laugh ? For to the contrary is evidence in Holy Scripture, Matt. v. ch., where it is said thus : *Blessed be they that mourn or wail, for they shall be comforted ;* and also, Gen. xviii. ch., Sara the wife of Abraham was punished for that she laughed behind the door of the tabernacle. Where is it also grounded in Holy Scripture that men might allowably, or should, play in word by bourding [jesting], or in deed by running or leaping or shooting, or by sitting at the merels [game played with pegs], or by casting of quoits ? And yet each of these deeds may be done, and be done virtuously and meritoriously.

Also where in Holy Scripture is it grounded that men might or should sing, save only wherein they praise God, as angels did in earth when Christ was born ? And so for easement of a man himself and for easement of his neighbour, it is not expressed in Holy Scripture that a man should sing. And yet God forbid but that unto easement of himself and also of his neighbour a man may sing, play, and laugh virtuously, and therefore meritoriously ; and if he may do it meritoriously, certes then this deed is God's

service ; and if it be God's service, it is needs a deed of God's law.

Where is it expressed by word or by any person's ensampling in Holy Scripture that men should make ale or beer, of which so much horrible sin cometh, much more than of setting up of images, or of pilgrimages ? and the defaults done about images and pilgrimages be much lighter and easier to be amended, than the defaults coming by making of ale and of beer. And also herewith it is true that without ale and beer, and without cider and wine and mead, men and women might live full long, and longer than they do now, and in less jollity and cheer of heart, for to bring them into horrible great sins. And yet thou wilt say that for to make ale and beer and for to drink him is the service of God, and is meritorious, and therefore is the law of God : for by no deed a man shall please God and have merit and meed, save by deed of his service ; and each deed which is his service is a deed of his law.

R. PECOCK.—*The Repressor of overmuch
Blaming of the Clergy.*

PRIDE OF BIRTH

WHAT matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill fame ; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise or vice depress him ? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy ; and, since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather : to be sure, not in God's account ; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent or worth : but that was never found ; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth ; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth ; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another

of a less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them ; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor : and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own ; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two ?

'O,' says the person proud of blood, 'it was never good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen !' But what should others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world ? For he, and all men and families, aye, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the True Church, because old, not because good ; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No such matter : it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age ; for otherwise a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer ; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange ! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them ! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man ; the man that got it by his virtue : and those only are entitled to his honour that are imitators of his virtue ; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is excluded. Else blood would bar virtue ; and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other. Which were to stint and bound nobility for want of antiquity and make virtue useless.

No, let blood and name go together, but pray let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. 'Tis thus posited by God himself that best knows how to apportion things with an equal and just hand. He neither likes nor dislikes by descent ; nor does he regard what people were, but are. He remembers not the righteousness of any man that leaves his righteousness ; much less any unrighteous man for the righteousness of his ancestor.

W. PENN.—*No Cross, no Crown.*

MR. PEPYS'S LOVE OF MUSIC

1665. July 13th. By water, at night late, to Sir G. Cartaret's, but, there being no oars to carry me, I was fain to call a sculler that had a gentleman already in it, and he proved a man of love to music, and he and I sung together the way down with great pleasure. Above 700 died of the plague this week.

Oct. 15th. (Lord's day.) Up, and, while I stayed for the barber, tried to compose a duo of counter point; and I think it will do very well, it being by Mr. Berkenshaw's rule. Comes Mr. Porry's coach, and, more than I expected, him himself, to fetch me to Branford: so he and I immediately to set out, having drunk a draught of mulled sack.

1665-6. Jan. 3rd. Home, and find all my good company I had bespoke, as Colman and his wife, and Laneare, Knipp and her surly husband; and good music we had, and among other things, Mr. Colman sang my words I set, of 'Beauty, retire,' and they praise it mightily. Then to dancing and supper, and mighty merry till Mr. Rolt come in, whose pain of the toothache made him no company, and spoilt ours: so he away, and then my wife's teeth fell of aching, and she to bed. So forced to break up all with a good song, and so to bed.

1666. July 31. Home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in, I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her, which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take music mighty readily, and she do not, and music is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed, in some little discontent, but no words from me.

Aug. 8. Discoursed with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musical sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings, those flies that hum in their flying, by the note that it answers to in music, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine.

1667. Sept. 15th. Mr. Turner and his wife, and their son the captain, dined with me, and I had a very good dinner for them, and very merry, and after dinner, Mr. Mills was forced to go, though it rained, to Stepney, to preach. We also to church, and then home, and there comes Mr. Pelling, with two men, by promise, one Wallington and Piggott, the former whereof, being a very little fellow, did sing a most excellent bass, and yet a poor fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands. Here we sung several good things. They supped with me, and so broke up.

October 1st. To White Hall; and there in the Boarded Gallery did hear the music with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus, the Master of his Music; both instrumental—I think twenty-four violins—and vocal; an English song upon Peace. But, God forgive me! I never was so little pleased with a concert of music in my life. The manner of setting of words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices, makes me sick, the whole design of vocal music being lost by it. Here was a great press of people; but I did not see many pleased with it, only the instrumental music he had brought by practice to play very just.

1667-8. Feb. 27th. With my wife to the King's House, to see 'The Virgin Martyr', the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-music when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any music hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practise wind-music, and to make my wife do the like.

S. PEPYS.—*Diary.*

THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

CICERO was of this opinion that the greatest doubt which doth most deeply distress a young man is to determine with himself what life in this life it be best to enter into : wherein no doubt he had reason, for besides the diversity of lives which are to be chosen, there is such a confused chaos of conceits in young men's heads, that our wits are confounded with them, and are lost, as it were, in a labyrinth, not finding any way out ; so that if we chance to enter into this deliberation, we are as soon in one vein, as soon in another, and so many veins so many vanities : if virtue draweth us one way, vice draweth us another way ; if profit persuade one way, pleasure provoketh another way : if wit weigh one way, will wrestleth another way : if friends counsel one way, fancy forceth us another way : yea some (like Horace his guests) are so daintily disposed, that no life at all can well like them. Kingdoms, say they, are but cares, in honour is envy, no majesty in mean estate, penury poverty, in single life solitariness, in marriage troubles : and touching studies and faculties, Divinity is contemptuous, physic filthy, law laboursome : touching other trades of life, merchandise is but base, the country life is clownish, warfare is dangerous, in travail is peril, living at home is obscure, yea, what life soever it be, they count it loathsome : so that it is hard for them to resolve upon any one, who can frame themselves to fancy none. But for such as covet to be of the corporation of the commonwealth, and to be profitable members thereof, I think these two points in this choice of our life chiefly to be considered. First, that we apply ourselves to that life whereto by nature we are chiefly inclined, for it is not possible well to go forward in anything, *invita Minerva*, nature not consenting thereto. Then not so to addict ourselves to any one life, but that we may adapt ourselves to another, if need shall require. For no man is so surely settled in any estate, but that fortune may frame alteration : like as no ship saileth so directly to the wished haven, but that some contrary wind may convert her course against the wrackful rocks.

G. PETTIE.—*A petite Pallace of
Pettie his Pleasure.*

THE CRIME OF YOUTH

THE atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and, though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my

resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

W. PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM [and
S. JOHNSON].

THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN THE AMERICAN WAR

THE desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valour. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution. I believe it is against law. It is not the least of our national misfortunes that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine; familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathize with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, 'that

make ambition virtue ! ' What makes ambition virtue ? —the sense of honour. But is the sense of honour consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder ? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds ? Besides these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers, What other allies have they acquired ? What other powers have they associated to their cause ? have they entered into alliance with the king of the gipsies ? Nothing, my lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels. . . .

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the Throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. ' That God and nature put into our hand ! ' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles ! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour ; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn ; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country

to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord [Lord Suffolk] frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion—the *Protestant religion*—of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us—to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our Constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the State, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

W. PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

THE SLAVE TRADE

WE, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism. We have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians. We are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians ; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves ; we continue it even yet, in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society. We are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty. We are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion ; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice. We are living under a system of government which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed ; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestry to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us ; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa ; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism ; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of

British laws, and British liberty, might, at this hour, have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If, then, we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy, and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us had Great Britain continued to the present times to be a mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts.

I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent; and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon, in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal, if, by abolishing the slave trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the prospect of attaining to the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favourable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though

last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then, also, will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called), of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

—Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Then, sir, may be applied to Africa those words, originally used, indeed, with a different view :—

His demum exactis—
Devenere locos laetos, et amoena vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
Purpureo

W. PITT.

IN THE HANDS OF THE INQUISITION

THERE came to my nostrils the breath of the vapour of heated iron ! A suffocating odour pervaded the prison ! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies ! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted ! I gasped for breath ! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh ! most unrelenting ! oh ! most demoniac of men ! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh ! for a voice to speak !—oh ! horror !—oh ! any horror but this ! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my twofold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. ‘Death,’ I said, ‘any death but that of the pit!’ Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes——

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lassalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

E. A. POE.—*Tales*.

CARPETS AND CULTURE

CARPETS are better understood of late than of ancient days, but we still very frequently err in their patterns and colours. The soul of the apartment is the carpet. From it are deduced not only the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must be* a genius. Yet we have heard discoursing of carpets, with the air '*d'un mouton qui rêve*,' fellows who should not and who could not be entrusted with the management of their own *moustaches*. Every one knows that a large floor *may* have a covering of large figures, and that a small one *must* have a covering of small—yet this is not all the knowledge in the world. As regards texture, the Saxony is alone admissible. Brussels is the preterpluperfect tense of fashion, and Turkey is taste in its dying agonies. Touching pattern—a carpet should *not* be bedizened out like a Riccaree Indian—all red chalk, yellow ochre, and cock's feathers. In brief—distinct grounds, and vivid circular or cycloid figures, *of no meaning*, are here Median laws. The abomination of flowers, or representations of well-known objects of any kind, should not be endured within the limits of Christendom. Indeed, whether on carpets, or curtains, or tapestry, or ottoman coverings, all upholstery of this nature should be rigidly Arabesque. As for those antique floor-cloths still occasionally seen in the dwellings of the rabble—cloths of huge, sprawling, and radiating devices, stripe-interspersed, and glorious with all hues, among which no ground is intelligible—these are but the wicked invention of a race of time-servers and money-lovers—children of Baal and worshippers of Mammon—Benthams, who, to spare thought and economize fancy, first cruelly invented the kaleidoscope, and then established joint-stock companies to twirl it by steam. . . .

Glare is a leading error in the philosophy of American household decoration—an error easily recognized as deduced from the perversion of taste just specified.

E. A. POE.—*Philosophy of Furniture.*

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM

For the Fable

TAKE out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance *Geoffrey of Monmouth* or *Don Belianis of Greece*), those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions : put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work for twelve books ; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry ; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an episode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero ; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away ; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the moral and allegory. These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the best celebrated heroes of antiquity ; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay 'em all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have ; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man—For the under-characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines

Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment and Venus

mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's *Paradise*, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his *Art of Poetry*.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus
Inciderit—

That is to say, a Poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

For the Descriptions

For a Tempest. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.

For a Battle. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning town. If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the *Theory of the Conflagration* well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good *succedaneum*.

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation, the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.

For the Language

(I mean the Diction.) Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you'll find it easier to imitate him

in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Graecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings be thought original by setting them in the smoke : you may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

A. POPE.—*The Guardian*, No. 78.

AT OXFORD

NOTHING could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey : for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above : the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these ; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes ; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their

own species ; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built ? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

A. POPE.—*Letter to Mrs. Martha Blount* (1716).

THE COLONIZATION OF AMERICA

It is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province or a kingdom, that had been gained, but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals, the mineral treasures, the vegetable forms, and the varied aspects of nature, man in the different phases of civilization, filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought and stimulated it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner, depopulated, as emigrants thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep. It was a world of romance that was thrown open ; for, whatever might be the luck of the adventurer, his reports on his return were tinged with a colouring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen, and nourished the chimerical sentiments of an age of chivalry. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to realize the classic legends of antiquity ; to stories of Patagonian giants ; to flaming

pictures of an *El Dorado* where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers.

Yet that the adventurers were no impostors, but dupes, too easy dupes, of their own credulous fancies, is shown by the extravagant character of their enterprises : by expeditions in search of the magical Fountain of Health, of the golden Temple of Doboyba, of the golden Sepulchres of Yenu ; for gold was ever floating before their distempered vision, and the name of *Castilla del Oro* (Golden Castile), the most unhealthy and unprofitable region of the Isthmus, held out a bright promise to the unfortunate settler, who too frequently, instead of gold, found there only his grave.

In this realm of enchantment all the accessories served to maintain the illusion. The simple natives, with their defenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any legend of chivalry, where the lance of the good knight overturned hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight-errant. Hunger and thirst and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass with its swarms of venomous insects, the cold of mountain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics, these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more—and not the least remarkable—in the chronicles of knight-errantry.

The character of the warrior took on somewhat of the exaggerated colouring shed over his exploits. Proud and vainglorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny and an invincible confidence in his own resources, no danger could appal and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm ; for his soul revelled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse his energies into action. Yet in the motives of action meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was

sullied with cruelty, the cruelty that flowed equally—strange as it may seem—from his avarice and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age—the religion of the Crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. . . .

What a contrast did these children of Southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races, who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the Western hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor the more specious pretext of proselytism; but independence,—independence religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labour. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path, and beckoned them onwards through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social polity. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land and sent up its branches high towards the heavens, while the communities of the neighbouring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendours of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence, that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonize them. Thus, the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly, industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result, if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now Protestant America!

W. H. PRESCOTT.—*Conquest of Peru.*

LOVE-LOCKS

THESE love-locks or ear-locks in which too many of our nation have of late begun to glory, whatever they may seem to be in the eyes and judgements of many humourous, singular, effeminate, ruffianly, vain-glorious, or time-serving persons, who repute and deem them a very generous, necessary, beautiful, and comely ornament: are yet notwithstanding but so many badges of infamy, effeminacy, vanity, singularity, pride, lasciviousness, and shame, in the eyes of God, and in the judgement of all godly Christians, and grave or civil men: yea, they are such unnatural, sinful, and unlawful ornaments that it is altogether unseemly and unlawful for any to nourish, use, or wear them. Lest this should seem a harsh, a false, or idle paradox to ruffians and such fantastic persons as are delighted in them, I will here propound some arguments and reasons to evince this true though strange and new conclusion.

That the nourishing, using, or wearing of locks or love-locks is utterly unseemly, odious, and unlawful unto Christians; and thus I prove it.

First. That which had its birth, its source, and pedigree from the very devil himself, must needs be odious, unlawful, and abominable unto Christians.

But these our love-locks had their birth, their source, and pedigree from the very devil himself.

Therefore they must needs be odious, unlawful, and abominable unto Christians.

The Major must be yielded because no good thing can proceed from him who is all and only evil, both in himself and all his actions, as the devil is: the Minor I shall back and evidence, by the authority of Tertullian who informs us that all things which are not of God are certainly the devil's. But the wearing and nourishing of the love-locks is not from God (no, nor yet from any of his saints and children, with whom they were never in use as we can read of), therefore they must needs be from the devil. And that they were so indeed we have express authority of a learned, late, and reverend historian, who informs us in express terms: That our sinister and unlovely love-locks

had their generation, birth, and pedigree from the heathenish and idolatrous Virginians, who took their pattern from their devil Ockeus; who usually appeared to them in the shape of a man, with a long black lock on the left side of his head, hanging down to his feet: so that if we will resolve the generation of our love-locks into their first and true original, the Virginian devil Ockeus will prove to be the natural father and inventor of them.

W. PRYNNE.—*The Unloveliness
of Love-Locks.*

THE SEA

IF we should respect persons, and be moved by authority, we have in this Ophirian navigation the pattern of two most worthy kings, as two witnesses beyond exception, Jews and Gentiles conspiring; we have reverend antiquity of Time, sanctity of social leagues, holiness of sacred designs, greatness of highest majesty, magnificence of brightest splendour, munificence of rarest bounty, wisdom of justest temper, provisions of maturest prudence; all these in this expedition of Salomon proclaiming that there is no way by land alone to the top of human felicity (wherein Salomon also was a type of a greater), but as God hath combined the sea and land into one globe, so their joint combination and mutual assistance is necessary to secular happiness and glory. The sea covereth one-half of this patrimony of man, whereof God set him in possession when he said, Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And when the sea had, as it were, rebelled against rebellious man, so that all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, and all that was in the dry land died, yet then did it all that time endure the yoke of man in that first of ships, the ark of Noah; and soon after, the goad also, when God renewed the former covenant, and imposed the fear and dread of man upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth and upon all the fishes of the sea.

Thus should man at once lose half his inheritance if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this

untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds and saddle of his shipping to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable : it is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use, conveyer of the excess of rivers, uniter by traffic of all nations : it presents the eye with the diversified colours and motions, and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands : it is an open field for merchandise in peace ; a pitched field for the most dreadful fights of war ; yields diversity of fish and fowl for diet, materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambergrise for delight, the wonders of the Lord in the deep for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth fertile moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence, school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety ; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince, springs, lakes, rivers, to the earth ; it hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith, of seamen ; manifold affections in itself, to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher ; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldier ; maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state ; entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility ; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds, most immense, diffomed, deformed, unformed monsters ; once (for why should I longer detain you ?) the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts, navigation.

S. PURCHAS.—*His Pilgrimage.*

EPITAPHS

AN epitaph is but a kind of epigram only applied to the report of the dead person's estate and degree, or of his other good or bad parts, to his commendation or reproach, and is an inscription such as a man may commodiously write or engrave upon a tomb in few verses, pithy, quick and sententious, for the passer-by to peruse and judge upon without any long tarriance. So as if to exceed the measure of an epigram, it is then (if the verse be correspondent) rather an elegy than an epitaph, which error many of these bastard rhymers commit, because they be not learned, nor (as we are wont to say) craft masters, for they make long and tedious discourses and write them in large tables to be hanged up in churches and chancels over the tombs of great men and others, which be so exceeding long as one must have half a day's leisure to read one of them, and must be called away before he come half to the end, or else be locked into the church by the sexton, as I myself was once served reading an epitaph in a certain cathedral church of England. They be ignorant of poesy that call such long tales by the name of epitaphs; they might better call them elegies, as I said before, and then ought neither to be engraven nor hanged up in tables. I have seen them nevertheless upon many honourable tombs of these late times erected, which do rather disgrace than honour either the matter or maker.

G. PUTTENHAM.—*The Arte of English Poesie.*

THE COVETOUS MAN'S CARE

BELIEVE me, the times are hard and dangerous; charity is grown cold, and friends uncomfortable; an empty purse is full of sorrow, and hollow bags make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civil pestilence, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a 'Lord have mercy upon us'. It is a sickness very catching and infectious, and more commonly abhorred than cured. The best antidote against it is Angelica and Providence, and the best cordial in Aurum potable. Gold-taking fasting is an

approved sovereign. Debts are ill-humours, and turn at last to dangerous obstructions. Lending is a mere consumption of the radical humour, which if consumed, brings a patient to nothing. Let others trust to courtiers' promises, to friends' performances, to princes' favours; give me a toy called Gold; give me a thing called Money. O blessed Mammon, how extremely sweet is thy all-commanding presence to my thriving soul. In banishment thou art my dear companion. In captivity thou art my precious ransom. In trouble and vexation thou art my dainty rest. In sickness thou art my health; in grief my only joy; in all extremity my only trust. Virtue must vail to thee; nay, Grace itself, not relished with thy sweetness, would even displease the righteous palates of the sons of men. Come then, my soul, advise, contrive, project; go, compass sea and land; leave no exploit untried, no path untrod, no time unspent; afford thine eyes no sleep, thy head no rest; neglect thy ravenous belly, unclothe thy back; deceive, betray, swear and forswear, to compass such a friend. If thou be base in birth, it will make thee honourable; if weak in power it will make thee formidable. Are thy friends few? 'twill make them numerous. Is thy cause bad? 'twill gain thee advocates. True wisdom is an excellent help, in case it bend this way; and learning is a genteel ornament, if not too chargeable; yet, by your leave, they are but estates for term of life; but everlasting Gold, if well advantaged, will not only bless thy days but thy surviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their brains with dear-bought wit, turn their pence into expenseful charity, and store their bosoms with unprofitable piety; let them lose all to save their imaginary consciences, and beggar themselves at home to be thought honest abroad; fill thou thy bags and barns, and lay up for many years and take thy rest.

His Curse

But, O my soul, what follows wounds my heart and strikes me on my knees.

Luke xii. 20

Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.

F. QUARLES.—*Boanerges and Barnabas.*

THE CASTLE OF UDOLPHO

TOWARDS the close of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

'There', said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is Udolpho.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark-grey stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the

carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice ; but the gloom that overspread it, allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants, that had taken root amongst the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis, surmounting the gates. From these, the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

ANN RADCLIFFE.—*The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

THE SURRENDER OF 'THE REVENGE'

ALL the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron : all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons ;

the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether rased, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for fight or defence. Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several Armadoes, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea: commanded the Master-gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal: and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours, or a few days. The Master-gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them: alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of Her Majesty's seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard

refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the Master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain was unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General*, Don Alonso Bassan. Who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition : yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville ; whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

SIR W. RALEGH.—*A Report of the Truth of the fight about the Isles of Azores this last Summer betwixt the Revenge, one of Her Majesty's Ships, and an Armada of the King of Spain.*

HIC JACET

IF further reason be required of the continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men than a desire of fame, we may say that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, not the ends, of those great ones, they being transported with the glory of the one, and never minding the misery of the other, till it seized upon them. They neglect the advice of God while they hope to live, but when death cometh they believe what it tells them. Death without speaking a word persuades what God with his promises and threats cannot, though the one hateth and destroyeth man, whereas the other made and loveth him. 'I have considered (says Solomon) 'all works that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity, and vexation of spirit.' Who believes this till death beat it into us ? . . . Death alone can make man know himself, show the proud and insolent that he is but abject, and can make him hate his forepassed happiness ; the rich man he proves a naked beggar, which hath interest

in nothing but the gravel that fills his mouth : and when he holds his glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, they see and acknowledge their own deformity and rottenness. O eloquent, just and mighty death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath presumed, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou hast cast out of the world and despised : thou hast drawn together all the extravagant greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered all over with two narrow words : *Hic jacet.*

SIR W. RALEGH.—*The History of the World.*

THE GOOD DUKE AND THE ARTS

THE high and puissant Prince, Philip ‘the Good’, Duke of Burgundy, Luxemburg, and Brabant, Earl of Holland and Zealand, Lord of Friesland, Count of Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, Lord of Salins and Macklyn—was versatile.

He could fight as well as any king going ; and he could lie as well as any except the King of France. He was a mighty hunter, and could read and write. His tastes were wide and ardent. He loved jewels like a woman, and gorgeous apparel. He dearly loved maids of honour, and paintings generally ; in proof of which he ennobled Jan Van Eyck. He had also a particular fancy for giants, dwarfs, and Turks ; these last he had ever about him, turbaned, and blazing with jewels. His agents inveigled them from Istamboul with fair promises : but the moment he had got them he baptized them by brute force in a large tub ; and, this done, let them squat with their faces towards Mecca, and invoke Mahound as much as they pleased, laughing in his sleeve at their simplicity in fancying they were still infidels. He had lions in cages, and fleet leopards trained by Orientals to run down hares and deer. In short, he relished all rarities, except humdrum virtues. For anything singularly pretty, or diabolically ugly, this was your customer. The best of him was, he was open-handed to the poor ; and the next best was, he fostered the arts in earnest : whereof he now gave a signal proof.

He offered prizes for the best specimens of 'orfèvrerie' in two kinds, religious and secular; item for the best paintings in white of egg, oils, and tempera; these to be on panel, silk, or metal as the artists chose: item for the best transparent painting on glass: item for the best illuminating and border-painting on vellum: item for the fairest writing on vellum. The Burgomasters of the several towns were commanded to aid all the poorer competitors by receiving their specimens and sending them with due care to Rotterdam at the expense of their several burghs. When this was cried by the bellman through the streets of Tergou, a thousand mouths opened, and one heart beat—Gerard's. He told his family he should try for two of those prizes. They stared in silence, for their breath was gone at his conceit and audacity: but one horrid laugh exploded on the floor like a petard. Gerard looked down, and there was the dwarf, whose very whisper was a bassoon, slit and fanged from ear to ear at his expense, and laughing like a lion. Nature relenting at having made Giles so small, had given him as a set-off the biggest voice on record. He was like those stunted wide-mouthed pieces of ordnance we see on fortifications; they are more like a flower-pot than a cannon; but ods tympana how they bellow!

Gerard turned red with anger, the more so as the others began to titter. White Catherine saw, and a pink tinge just perceptible came to her cheek. She said softly, 'Why do you laugh? Is it because he is our brother you think he cannot be capable? Yes, Gerard, try with the rest. Many say you are skilful; and mother and I will pray the Virgin to guide your hand.'

'Thank you, little Kate. You shall pray to our Lady, and our mother shall buy vellum and the colours to illuminate with.'

'What will they cost?'

'Two gold crowns' (about three shillings and fourpence English money).

'What?' screamed the housewife; 'when the bushel of rye costs but a groat! What! me spend a month's meal and meat and fire on such vanity as that: the lightning from Heaven would fall on me, and my children would all be beggars.'

'Mother!' sighed little Catherine, imploringly.

‘Oh! it is in vain, Kate,’ said Gerard, with a sigh. ‘I shall have to give it up, or ask the dame Van Eyck. She would give it me, but I think shame to be for ever taking from her.’

‘It is not her affair,’ said Catherine, very sharply; ‘what has she to do coming between me and my son?’ And she left the room with a red face. Little Catherine smiled. Presently the housewife returned with a gracious, affectionate air, and the two little gold pieces in her hand.

‘There, sweetheart,’ said she, ‘you won’t have to trouble dame or demoiselle for two paltry crowns.’

C. READE.—*A Good Fight.*

POETRY AND PAINTING

POETRY having a more extensive power than our art, exerts its influence over almost all the passions; among those may be reckoned one of our most prevalent dispositions, anxiety for the future. Poetry operates by raising our curiosity, engaging the mind by degrees to take an interest in the event, keeping that event suspended, and surprising at last with an unexpected catastrophe.

The painter’s art is more confined, and has nothing that corresponds with, or perhaps is equivalent to, this power and advantage of leading the mind on, till attention is totally engaged. What is done by painting, must be done at one blow; curiosity has received at once all the satisfaction it can ever have. There are, however, other intellectual qualities and dispositions which the painter can satisfy and affect as powerfully as the poet: among those we may reckon our love of novelty, variety, and contrast; these qualities, on examination, will be found to refer to a certain activity and restlessness which has a pleasure and delight in being exercised and put in motion. Art therefore only administers to those wants and desires of the mind.

It requires no long disquisition to show that the dispositions which I have stated actually subsist in the human mind. Variety reanimates the attention, which is apt to languish under a continual sameness. Novelty makes

a more forcible impression on the mind than can be made by the representation of what we have often seen before ; and contrasts rouse the power of comparison by opposition. All this is obvious ; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that the mind, though an active principle, has likewise a disposition to indolence ; and though it loves exercise, loves it only to a certain degree, beyond which it is very unwilling to be led or driven ; the pursuit therefore of novelty and variety may be carried to excess. When variety entirely destroys the pleasure proceeding from uniformity and repetition, and when novelty counteracts and shuts out the pleasure arising from old habits and customs, they oppose too much the indolence of our disposition : the mind therefore can bear with pleasure but a small portion of novelty at a time. The main part of the work must be in the mode to which we have been used. An affection to old habits and customs I take to be the predominant disposition of the mind, and novelty comes as an exception ; where all is novelty, the attention, the exercise of the mind is too violent. Contrast, in the same manner, when it exceeds certain limits, is as disagreeable as a violent and perpetual opposition ; it gives to the senses, in their progress, a more sudden change than they can bear with pleasure.

It is then apparent, that those qualities, however they contribute to the perfection of art, when kept within certain bounds, if they are carried to excess, become defects, and require correction : a work consequently will not proceed better and better as it is more varied ; variety can never be the ground-work and principle of the performance—it must be only employed to recreate and relieve.

SIR J. REYNOLDS.—*Discourses.*

AT HOME AND NOT AT HOME

IN this manner entertained I myself till I arrived at Smith's ; and there the fellows set down their gay burden. Off went their hats ; Will ready at hand in a new livery ; up went the head ; out rushed my honour ; the woman behind the counter all in flutters, respect and fear giving

due solemnity to her features, and her knees, I doubt not, knocking against the inside of her wainscot fence.

Your servant, madam—Will, let the fellows move to some distance, and wait.

You have a young lady lodges here ; Miss Harlowe, madam : Is she above ?

Sir, sir, and please your honour : [the woman is struck with my figure, thought I] Miss Harlowe, sir ! There is, indeed, such a young lady lodges here—But, but——

But what, madam ?—I must see her.—One pair of stairs, is it not ?—Don't trouble yourself—I shall find her apartment. And was making towards the stairs.

Sir, sir, the lady, the lady is not at home—she is abroad—she is in the country——

In the country ! Not at home !—Impossible ! You will not pass this story upon me, good woman. I *must* see her. I have business of life and death with her.

Indeed, sir, the lady is not at home ! Indeed, sir, she is abroad !——

She then rung a bell : John, cried she, pray, step down !—Indeed, sir, the lady is not at home.

Down came John, the goodman of the house, when I expected one of his journeymen, by her saucy familiarity.

My dear, said she, the gentleman will not believe Miss Harlowe is abroad.

John bowed to my fine clothes : Your servant, sir,—indeed the lady is abroad. She went out of town this morning by six o'clock—into the country—by the doctor's advice. . . .

When I came into the shop, seeing no chair or stool, I went behind the compter, and sat down under an arched kind of canopy of carved work, which these proud traders, emulating the *royal niche-fillers*, often give themselves, while a joint-stool, perhaps, serves those by whom they get their bread ; such is the dignity of trade in this mercantile nation !

I looked about me, and above me ; and told them I was very proud of my seat ; asking, if John were ever permitted to fill this superb niche ?

Perhaps he was, he said, very surlily.

That is it that makes thee look so like a statue, man.

John looked plaguy glum upon me. But his man Joseph and my man Will turned round with their backs to us, to hide their grinning, with each his fist in his mouth.

I asked, what it was they sold ?

Powder, and wash-balls, and snuff, they said ; and gloves, and stockings.

O come, I'll be your customer. Will, do I want wash-balls ?

Yes, and please your honour, you can dispense with one or two.

Give him half a dozen, dame Smith.

She told me she must come where I was, to serve them. Pray, sir, walk from behind the compter.

Indeed, but I won't. The shop shall be mine. Where are they, if a customer should come in ?

She pointed over my head, with a purse mouth, as if she would not have simpered, could she have helped it. I reached down the glass, and gave Will six. There—put 'em up, sirrah. . . .

A female customer, who had been gaping at the door, came in for some Scots snuff ; and I would serve her. The wench was plaguy homely ; and I told her so ; or else, I said, I would have treated her. She, in anger [no woman is homely in her own opinion], threw down her penny ; and I put it in my pocket.

S. RICHARDSON.—*The History of Clarissa Harlowe.*

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, in his person, is really a very fine man. He is tall ; rather slender than full ; his face in shape is a fine oval : he seems to have florid health ; health confirmed by exercise.

His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man ; but, as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sunniness (I want a word), that shows he has been in warmer climates than England : and so it seems he has ; since the tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Afric, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a *man* has for such fine teeth, and so fine a mouth, as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shows him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye—— Indeed, my Lucy, his eye shows, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister——

Now, pray, be quiet, my dear uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man.

And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. His sister says, he is always the first to break through the restraints and to banish the diffidences, that will generally attend persons on a quite new acquaintance. He *may*; for he is sure of being acceptable in whatever he does or says. . . .

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness: he is above quarrelling with the world for trifles; but he is still more above making such compliances with it, as would impeach either his honour or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said, My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being a handsome man; not so much for his birth and fortune; not for this or that single worthiness; as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a *good man*. And at another time she said, that he lived to himself, and to his own heart; and though he had the happiness to please everybody, yet he made the judgement or approbation of the world matter but of second consideration. In a word, added she, Sir Charles Grandison, my *brother* (and when she looks proud, it is when she says, *my brother*), is not to be misled either by false glory, or false shame, which he calls, The great snares of virtue.

What a man is this, so to act!—What a woman is this, so to distinguish her brother's excellences!

S. RICHARDSON.—*Sir Charles Grandison.*

RICHARDSON'S SELF-PORTRAITURE

I go through the Park once or twice a week to my little retirement, but I will for a week together be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description, namely, short; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five feet five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly fore-right, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish-faced and ruddy-cheeked; at some times looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it; a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; his eye always on the ladies; if they have very large hoops, he looks down and supercilious, and as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that; as he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up pretty quickly for a dull eye; and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as so or so, and then passes on to the next object he meets, only then looking back if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece, in the one light or in the other. Are these marks distinct enough, if you are resolved to keep all the advantages you set out with? And from this odd, this grotesque figure, think you, madam, that you have anything to apprehend? Anything that will not rather promote than check your mirth? I dare be bold to say (and allow it too) that you would rather see this figure than any other you ever saw, whenever you should find yourself graver than you wish to be.

S. RICHARDSON.—*Letter to Lady Bradshaigh.*

THE ASSASSINATION OF RIZZIO

THE low birth and indigent condition of this man placed him in a station in which he ought naturally to have remained unknown to posterity. But what fortune called him to act and to suffer in Scotland, obliges history to descend from its dignity, and to record his adventures. He was the son of a musician in Turin, and having accompanied the Piedmontese ambassador into Scotland, gained admission into the queen's family by his skill in music. As his dependent condition had taught him suppleness of spirit, and insinuating manners, he quickly crept into the queen's favour; and her French secretary happening to return at that time into his own country, was preferred by her to that office. He now began to make a figure in court, and to appear as a man of consequence. The whole train of suitors and expectants, who have an extreme sagacity in discovering the paths which lead most directly to success, applied to him. His recommendations were observed to have great influence over the queen, and he grew to be considered not only as a favourite, but as a minister. Nor was Rizzio careful to abate that envy which always attends such an extraordinary and rapid change of fortune. He studied, on the contrary, to display the whole extent of his favour. He affected to talk often and familiarly with the queen in public. He equalled the greatest and most opulent subjects, in richness of dress and in the number of his attendants. He discovered, in all his behaviour, that assuming insolence, with which unmerited prosperity inspires an ignoble mind. It was with the utmost indignation that the nobles beheld the power, it was with the utmost difficulty that they tolerated the arrogance, of this unworthy minion. Even in the queen's presence they could not forbear treating him with marks of contempt. Nor was it his exorbitant power alone which exasperated the Scots. They considered him, and not without reason, as a dangerous enemy to the Protestant religion, and suspected that he held, for this purpose, a secret correspondence with the court of Rome. . . .

Nothing now remained but to concert the plan of operation, to choose the actors, and to assign them their parts in perpetuating this detestable crime. Every circumstance

here paints and characterizes the manners and men of that age, and fills us with horror at both. The place chosen for committing such a deed was the queen's bed-chamber. Though Mary was now in the sixth month of her pregnancy, and though Rizzio might have been seized elsewhere without any difficulty, the king pitched upon this place, that he might enjoy the malicious pleasure of reproaching Rizzio with his crimes before the queen's face. The earl of Morton, the lord high chancellor of the kingdom, undertook to direct an enterprise, carried on in defiance of all the laws, of which he was bound to be the guardian. The lord Ruthven, who had been confined to his bed for three months by a very dangerous distemper, and who was still so feeble that he could hardly walk, or bear the weight of his own armour, was entrusted with the executive part. . . .

On the ninth of March, Morton entered the court of the palace with an hundred and sixty men ; and without noise, or meeting with any resistance, seized all the gates. While the queen was at supper with the countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few other persons, the king suddenly entered the apartment by a private passage. At his back was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, and with that ghastly and horrid look which long sickness had given him. Three or four of his most trusty accomplices followed him. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present. Rizzio instantly apprehended that he was the victim at whom the blow was aimed ; and in the utmost consternation retired behind the queen, of whom he laid hold, hoping that the reverence due to her person might prove some protection to him. The conspirators had proceeded too far to be restrained by any consideration of that kind. Numbers of armed men rushed into the chamber. Ruthven drew his dagger, and with a furious mien and voice commanded Rizzio to leave a place of which he was unworthy, and which he had occupied too long. Mary employed tears, and entreaties, and threatenings, to save her favourite. But, notwithstanding all these, he was torn from her by violence, and before he could be dragged through the next apartment, the rage of his enemies put an end to his life, piercing his body with fifty-six wounds.

W. ROBERTSON.—*History of Scotland.*

IN UTOPIA

THERE where all things be common to every man, it is not to be doubted that any man shall lack anything necessary for his private uses, so that the common store houses and barns be sufficiently stored. For there nothing is distributed after a niggish sort, neither there is any poor man or beggar. And though no man have anything, yet every man is rich. For what can be more rich than to live joyfully and merrily without all grief and pensiveness; not caring for his own living, nor vexed or troubled with his wife's importunate complaints, not dreading poverty to his son, nor sorrowing for his daughter's dowry? Yea, they take no care at all for the living and wealth of themselves and all theirs; of their wives, their children, their nephews, their children's children, and all the succession that ever shall follow in their posterity. And yet, besides this, there is no less provision for them that were once labourers, and be now weak and impotent, than for them that do now labour and take pain.

Here now would I see if any man dare be so bold as to compare with this equity the justice of other nations. Among whom, I forsake God, if I can find any sign or token of equity and justice. For what justice is this, that a rich goldsmith or an usurer, or, to be short, any of them, which either do nothing at all; or else that which they do is such that it is not very pleasant to the commonwealth; should have a pleasant and a wealthy living, either by idleness or by unnecessary business? when in the meantime poor labourers, carters, ironsmiths, carpenters, and ploughmen, by so great and continual toil as drawing and bearing beasts be scant able to sustain; and again so necessary toil that without it no commonwealth were able to continue and endure one year; do yet get so hard and poor a living, and live so wretched and miserable a life, that the state and condition of the labouring beasts may seem much better and wealthier. For they be not put to so continual labour, nor their living is not much worse, yea, to them much pleasanter; taking no thought in the mean season for the time to come. But these silly poor wretches be presently tormented with barren and unfruitful labour. And the remembrance of their poor indigent

and beggarly old age killeth them up. For their daily wages is so little that it will not suffice for the same day ; much less it yieldeth any overplus that may daily be laid up for the relief of old age.

Is not this an unjust and an unkind public weal which giveth great fees and rewards to gentlemen, as they call them, and to goldsmiths, and to such other, which be either idle persons or else only flatterers, and devisers of vain pleasures ; and, of the contrary part, maketh no gentle provision for poor ploughmen, colliers, labourers, carters, ironsmiths, and carpenters ; without whom no commonwealth can continue ? But when it hath abused the labours of their lusty and flowering age, at the last, when they be oppressed with old age and sickness, being needy, poor, and indigent of all things ; then, forgetting their so many painful watchings, not remembering their so many and so great benefits, recompenseth and acquiteth them most unkindly with miserable death. And yet besides this the rich men not only by private fraud but also by common laws, do every day pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their daily living. So, whereas it seemed before unjust to recompense with unkindness their pains that have been beneficial to the public weal, now they have to this their wrong and unjust dealing (which is yet a much worse point), given the name of justice, yea, and that by force of a law.

R. ROBINSON.—Translation of
More's *Utopia*.

A VISION OF THE SOUL

A WOMAN was present in his room, clad to the hands and feet with a green and grey raiment, fashioned to that time. It seemed that the first thoughts he had ever known were given him as at first from her eyes, and he knew her hair to be the golden veil through which he beheld his dreams. Though her hands were joined, her face was not lifted, but set forward ; and though the gaze was austere, yet her mouth was supreme in gentleness. And as he looked, Chiaro's spirit appeared abashed of its own intimate

presence, and his lips shook with the thrill of tears : it seemed such a bitter while till the spirit might be indeed alone.

She did not move closer towards him, but he felt her to be as much with him as his breath. He was like one who, scaling a great steepness, hears his own voice echoed in some place much higher than he can see, and the name of which is not known to him. As the woman stood, her speech was with Chiaro : not, as it were, from her mouth or in his ears ; but distinctly between them.

‘I am an image, Chiaro, of thine own soul within thee. See me and know me as I am. Thou sayest that fame has failed thee, and faith failed thee ; but because at least thou hast not laid thy life unto riches, therefore, though thus late, I am suffered to come into thy knowledge.’ . . .

And she came to him, and cast her hair over him, and took her hands about his forehead, and spoke again :

‘Thou hast said,’ she continued gently, ‘that faith failed thee. This cannot be so. Either thou hadst it not, or thou hast it. But who bade thee strike the point betwixt love and faith ? Wouldst thou sift the warm breeze from the sun that quickens it ? Who bade thee turn upon God and say : “ Behold, my offering is of earth, and not worthy : thy fire comes not upon it : therefore, though I slay not my brother whom thou acceptest, I will depart before thou smite me ” ? Why shouldst thou rise up and tell God He is not content ? Had He, of His warrant, certified so to thee ? Be not nice to seek out division ; but possess thy love in sufficiency : assuredly this is faith, for the heart must believe first. What He hath set in thine heart to do, that do thou ; and even though thou do it without thought of Him, it shall be well done : it is this sacrifice that He asketh of thee, and His flame is upon it for a sign. Think not of Him ; but of His love and thy love. For God is no morbid exactor : He hath no hand to bow beneath, nor a foot, that thou shouldst kiss it.’

And Chiaro held silence, and wept into her hair which covered his face ; and the salt tears that he shed ran through her hair upon his lips ; and he tasted the bitterness of shame.

Then the fair woman, that was his soul, spoke again to him, saying :

'And for this thy last purpose, and for those unprofitable truths of thy teaching,—thine heart hath already put them away, and it needs not that I lay my bidding upon thee. How is it that thou, a man, wouldst say coldly to the mind what God hath said to the heart warmly? Thy will was honest and wholesome; but look well lest this also be folly—to say, "I, in doing this, do strengthen God among men." When at any time hath He cried unto thee, saying, "My son, lend me thy shoulder, for I fall"?'

D. G. ROSSETTI.—*Hand and Soul*.

THE BOYHOOD OF TURNER

'THAT mysterious forest below London Bridge'—better for the boy than wood of pine, or grove of myrtle. How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, and round and round the ships, and with the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships, staring and clambering;—these the only quite beautiful things he can see in all the world, except the sky; but these, when the sun is on their sails, filling or falling, endlessly disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchorage, beautiful unspeakably; which ships also are inhabited by glorious creatures—red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gun-wales, true knights, over their castle parapets—the most angelic beings in the whole compass of London world. And Trafalgar happening long before we can draw ships, we, nevertheless, coax all current stories out of the wounded sailors, do our best at present to show Nelson's funeral streaming up the Thames; and vow that Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which, accordingly, is accomplished—once, with all our might, for its death; twice, with all our might, for its victory; thrice, in pensive farewell to the old *Téméraire*, and, with it, to that order of things.

J. RUSKIN.—*Modern Painters*.

ST. MARK'S REST

THROUGH the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest [Doge Andrea Dandolo], let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced ; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars ; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels ; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back, at every curve and angle, some feeble gleaming to the flames ; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream ; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together, dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal ; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption, for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone ; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapped round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet, but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, 'Mother of God,' she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is

first seen, and always, burning in the centre of the temple ; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power or returning in judgement.

J. RUSKIN.—*Stones of Venice*.

THE PEERAGE OF WORDS

You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 'illiterate', uneducated person ; but . . . if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely ; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly ; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words ; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille ; remembers all their ancestry—their intermarriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports ; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person : so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

J. RUSKIN.—*Sesame and Lilies*.

WORK NOBLE AND IGNOBLE

HERE we have at last an inevitable distinction. There *must* be work done by the arms, or none of us could live. There *must* be work done by the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both. There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it ; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it ; and it is physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of the other. And it is of no use to try to conceal this sorrowful fact by fine words, and to talk to the workman about the honourableness of manual labour, and the dignity of humanity. That is a grand old proverb of Sancho Panza's, ' Fine words butter no parsnips ' ; and I can tell you that, all over England just now, you workmen are buying a great deal too much butter at that dairy. Rough work, honourable or not, takes the life out of us ; and the man who has been heaving clay out of a ditch all day, or driving an express train against the north wind all night, or holding a collier's helm in a gale on a lee shore, or whirling white-hot iron at a furnace mouth, that man is not the same at the end of his day, or night, as one who has been sitting in a quiet room, with everything comfortable about him, reading books, or classing butterflies, or painting pictures. If it is any comfort to you to be told that the rough work is the more honourable of the two, I should be sorry to take that much of consolation from you ; and in some sense I need not. The rough work is at all events real, honest, and generally, though not always, useful ; while the fine work is, a great deal of it, foolish and false as well as fine, and therefore dishonourable : but when both kinds are equally well and worthily done, the head's is the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble ; and of all hand work whatsoever, necessary for the maintenance of life, those old words, ' In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread,' indicate that the inherent nature of it is one of calamity ; and that the ground, cursed for our sake, casts also some shadow of degradation into our contest with its thorn and its thistle ; so that all nations have held their days honourable, or ' holy ', and constituted them ' holy days ' or ' holidays ', by making them days of rest.

J. RUSKIN.—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

THE ACQUITTAL OF LORD DELAMERE

I PRESUME, Doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London) that you are at leisure to peruse the enclosed papers ; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener, if you desire it.

Yesterday the Lord Delamere passed his trial, and was acquitted. I do bless God that He has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But, Doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness ; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs : but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here ; for which I hope my punishment will end with life.

The accounts from France are more and more astonishing ; the perfecting the work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed, it is thought ; all, without exception, having a day given them ; only these I am going to mention have found so much grace as I'll tell you. The Countess de Roy is permitted, with two daughters, to go within fourteen days to her husband, who is in Denmark, in that King's service ; but five other of her children are put into monasteries. Mareschal Schomberg and his wife are commanded to be prisoners in their house, in some remote part of France appointed them. My uncle and his wife are permitted to come out of France. This I was told for a truth last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers and sent into monasteries ; their mothers to another. The husband to prison or the galleys. These are amazing providences, Doctor ! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers.

RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.—*Letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

FREE THINKING

THERE has been much noise made about free thinking, and men have been animated, in the contest, by a spirit that becomes neither the character of divines, nor that of good citizens ; by an arbitrary tyrannical spirit under the mask of religious zeal, and by a presumptuous, factious spirit under that of liberty. If the first could prevail, they would establish implicit belief and blind obedience, and an inquisition to maintain this abject servitude. To assert antipodes might become once more as heretical as Arianism or Pelagianism : and men might be dragged to the jails of some holy office, like Galilei, for saying they had seen what in fact they had seen, and what every one else that pleased might see. If the second could prevail, they would destroy at once the general influence of religion, by shaking the foundations of it which education had laid. These are wide extremes. Is there no middle path in which a reasonable man and a good citizen may direct his steps ? I think there is.

Every one has an undoubted right to think freely : nay, it is the duty of every one to do so, as far as he has the necessary means, and opportunities. This duty too is in no case so incumbent on him, as in those that regard what I call, the first philosophy. They who have neither means nor opportunities of this sort, must submit their opinions to authority ; and to what authority can they resign themselves so properly, and so safely, as to that of the laws and constitution of their country ? In general, nothing can be more absurd than to take opinions, of the greatest moment, and such as concern us the most intimately, on trust. But there is no help against it in many particular cases. Things the most absurd in speculation become necessary in practice. Such is the human constitution, and reason excuses them on the account of this necessity. Reason does even a little more ; and it is all she can do. She gives the best direction possible to the absurdity. Thus she directs those who must believe because they cannot know, to believe in the laws of their country, and conform their opinions and practice to those of their ancestors, to those of Coruncanius, of Scipio, of Scaevola, not to those of Zeno, of Cleanthes, of Chrysippus.

But now the same reason that gives this discretion to such men as these will give a very contrary direction to those who have the means and opportunities the others want. Far from advising them to submit to this mental bondage, she will advise them to employ their whole industry, to exert the utmost freedom of thought, and to rest on no authority but hers, that is, their own. She will speak to them in the language of the Sufis, a sect of philosophers in Persia, that travellers have mentioned. 'Doubt', say these wise and honest free-thinkers, 'is the key of knowledge. He who never doubts, never examines. He who never examines, discovers nothing. He who discovers nothing, is blind, and will remain so. If you find no reason to doubt concerning the opinions of your fathers, keep to them, they will be sufficient for you. If you find any reason to doubt concerning them, seek the truth quietly, but take care not to disturb the minds of other men.'

Let us proceed agreeably to these maxims. Let us seek truth, but seek it quietly as well as freely. Let us not imagine, like some who are called free-thinkers, that every man, who can think and judge for himself, as he has a right to do, has therefore a right of speaking, any more than of acting, according to the full freedom of his thoughts. The freedom belongs to him as a rational creature. He lies under the restraint as a member of society.

H. SAINT-JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.—*Letter addressed to Alexander Pope.*

PARLIAMENT AND THE EXECUTIVE

THE government of Britain has, in some sort, the appearance of an oligarchy ; and monarchy is rather hid behind it than shown, rather weakened than strengthened, rather imposed upon than obeyed. The wonder, therefore, is to observe how imagination and custom (a giddy fool and a formal pedant) have rendered these cabals or oligarchies more respected than majesty itself. That this should happen in countries where princes who have absolute power may be tyrants themselves, or substitute subordinate tyrants, is not wonderful. It has happened often :

but that it should happen in Britain may be justly an object of wonder. In these countries the people had lost the armour of their constitution: they were naked and defenceless. Ours is more complete than ever. But though we have preserved the *armour*, we have lost the *spirit* of our constitution: and therefore we bear, from little engrossers of delegated power, what our fathers would not have suffered from true proprietors of the royal authority. Parliaments are not only, what they always were, essential parts of our constitution, but essential parts of our administration too. They do not claim the executive power. No. But the executive power cannot be exercised without their annual concurrence. How few months, instead of years, have princes and ministers now to pass without inspection and control! How *easy* therefore is it become to check every growing evil in the bud, to change every bad administration, to keep such farmers of government in awe, to maintain and revenge, if need be, the constitution!

H. SAINT-JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.—
On the Spirit of Patriotism.

THE JOYS OF PATRIOTISM

NEITHER Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a *real patriot*, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to *act*, goes on and carries his scheme into execution.

His labour continues, it varies, it increases ; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies ; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintains no displeasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done ; a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being, on a survey of His works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser ; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with afflictions ; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

H. SAINT-JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.—
On the Spirit of Patriotism.

IN DEFENCE OF THE TRIMMER

It must be more than an ordinary provocation that can tempt a man to write in an age over-run with scribblers as Egypt was with flies and locusts. That worst vermin of small authors hath given the world such a surfeit that instead of desiring to write, a man would be more inclined to wish, for his own ease, that he could not read ; but there are some things which do so raise our passions that our reason can make no resistance ; and when madmen, in two extremes, shall agree to make common sense treason,

and join to fix an ill character upon the only men in the nation who deserve a good one, I am no longer master of my better resolution to let the world alone, and must break loose from my more reasonable thoughts to expose these false coiners, who would make their copper wares pass upon us for good payment.

Amongst all the engines of dissension there hath been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach: and the reason is plain, in respect of the people, who, though generally they are incapable of making a syllogism, or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serveth their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like; such things ever begin in jest and end in blood; and the same word which at first makes the company merry, groweth in time to a military signal to cut one another's throats.

These mistakes are to be lamented, though not easily cured, being suitable enough to the corrupted nature of mankind; but 'tis hard that men will not only invent ill names, but they will wrest and misinterpret good ones; so afraid some are even of a reconciling sound, that they raise another noise to keep it from being heard, lest it should set up and encourage a dangerous sort of men, who prefer peace and agreement before violence and confusion.

Were it not for this, why, after we have played the fool with throwing Whig and Tory at one another, as boys do snowballs, do we grow angry at a new name, which by its true signification might do as much to put us into our wits as the other hath done to put us out of them?

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers. Now, 'tis hard to imagine by what figure in language, or by what rule in sense, this cometh to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy.

G. SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.—*The Character of a Trimmer.*

MEG MERRILIES AND THE DOMINIE

THE figure of Meg Merrilies, well known, though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood immediately before him in the footpath, confronting him so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of.

'I kenn'd ye wad be here,' she said, with her harsh and hollow voice: 'I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do my bidding.'

'Get thee behind me!' said the alarmed Dominie—
'Avoid ye!—*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—spurcissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—conjuro te!!!—*'

Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. 'Is the carl daft,' she said, 'wi' his glamour?'

'*Conjuro,*' continued the Dominie, '*abjuro, contestor, atque viriliter impero tibi!—*'

'What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi' your French gibberish that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye stickit stibbler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it while there's a limb o' ye hings to anither! Tell Colonel Manner that I ken he's seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

Hae, there's a letter to him; I was gaun to send it in another way.—I canna write mysell; but I hae them that will baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the time's coming now, and the weird's dreed, and the wheel's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before.—Will ye mind a' this?'

'Assuredly,' said the Dominie, 'I am dubious—for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee.'

'They'll do you nae ill, though, and maybe muckle gude.'

'Avoid ye! I desire no good that comes by unlawful means.'

‘Fule-body that thou art!’ said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows—‘fule-body! if I meant ye wrang, couldna I clod ye ower that craig, and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye worricow?’

‘In the name of all that is good,’ said the Dominie, recoiling, and pointing his long pewter-headed walking-cane like a javelin at the supposed sorceress,—‘in the name of all that is good, bide off hands! I will not be handled—woman, stand off, upon thine own proper peril!—desist, I say—I am strong—lo, I will resist!’ Here his speech was cut short; for Meg, armed with supernatural strength (as the Dominie asserted), broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted him into the vault, ‘as easily,’ said he, ‘as I could sway a Kitchen’s Atlas.’

‘Sit down there,’ she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher with some violence against a broken chair—‘sit down there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o’ the kirk that ye are!—Are ye fou or fasting?’

‘Fasting—from all but sin,’ answered the Dominie. . . .

Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers’ chaudrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture; but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy, which flowed from his chops, as it were, in streams of water, and the witch’s threats decided him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent casuists.

‘Saul,’ said Hunger, ‘feasted with the witch of Endor.’—‘And,’ quoth Fear, ‘the salt which she sprinkled upon the food showeth plainly it is not a necromantic banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs.’—‘And besides,’ says Hunger, after the first spoonful, ‘it is savoury and refreshing viands.’

‘So ye like the meat?’ said the hostess.

‘Yea,’ answered the Dominie, ‘and I give thee thanks—*sceleratissima*!—which means—Mrs. Margaret.’

‘Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye kenn’d how it was gotten, ye maybe wadna like it sae weel.’ Sampson’s spoon dropped in the act of conveying its load to his mouth. ‘There’s been mony a moonlight watch to bring

a' that trade thegither,' continued Meg,—'the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game-laws.'

'Is that all?' thought Sampson, resuming his spoon, and shovelling away manfully; 'I will not lack my food upon that argument.'

'Now, ye maun tak a dram.'

'I will,' quoth Sampson—'*conjuro te*—that is, I thank you heartily,' for he thought to himself, in for a penny, in for a pound; and he fairly drank the witch's health in a cupful of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, 'mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him.' . . .

Sampson gazed after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne at a pace very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, 'Prodigious! prodigious! pro-di-gi-ous!'

SIR W. SCOTT.—*Guy Mannering*.

DESULTORY READING

THE library at Waverley-Honour, a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery, contained such a miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes as had been assembled together, during the course of two hundred years, by a family which had been always wealthy, and inclined, of course, as a mark of splendour, to furnish their shelves with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny, or nicety of discrimination. Throughout this ample realm Edward was permitted to roam at large. . . . With a desire of amusement, therefore, which better discipline might soon have converted into a thirst for knowledge, young Waverley drove through the sea of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratifying it. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and

must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more. Edward, on the contrary, like the epicure who only deigned to take a single morsel from the sunny side of a peach, read no volume a moment after it ceased to excite his curiosity or interest; and it necessarily happened, that the habit of seeking only this sort of gratification rendered it daily more difficult of attainment, till the passion for reading, like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Ere he attained this indifference, however, he had read, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakespeare and Milton; of our earlier dramatic authors; of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles; and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination before the passions have roused themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description. In this respect his acquaintance with Italian opened him yet a wider range. He had perused the numerous poems which from the days of Pulci have been a favourite exercise for the wits of Italy; and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of *novelle*, which were brought forth by the genius of that elegant though luxurious nation in emulation of the *Decameron*. In classical literature Waverley had made the usual progress, and read the usual authors; and the French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs scarcely more faithful than romances, and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from those of Brantome and De la Noue he learned to compare the wild and loose yet superstitious character of the Nobles of the League with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party. The Spanish had contributed to his stock of chivalrous and romantic lore. The earlier literature of the northern nations did not escape the study of one who read rather to awaken the

imagination than to benefit the understanding. And yet, knowing much that is known but to few, Edward Waverley might justly be considered as ignorant, since he knew little of what adds dignity to man and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated position in society.

SIR W. SCOTT.—*Waverley*.

POETRY

1. OVID was not only a fine poet, but, as a man may speak, a great canon lawyer, as appears in his *Fasti* where we have more of the festivals of the old Romans than anywhere else : 'tis pity the rest were lost.

2. There is no reason plays should be in verse, either in blank or rhyme ; only the poet has to say for himself that he makes something like that which somebody made before him. The old poets had no other reason but this, their verse was sung to music, otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fettered up themselves.

3. I never converted but two, the one was Mr. Crashaw from writing against plays, by telling him a way how to understand that place, *of putting on women's apparel*, which has nothing to do with the business (as neither has it, that the fathers speak against plays in their time, with reason enough, for they had real idolatries mixed with their plays, having three altars perpetually upon the stage). The other was a doctor of divinity from preaching against painting, which simply in itself is no more hurtful than putting on my clothes, or doing anything to make myself like other folks, that I may not be odious or offensive to the company. Indeed, if I do it with an ill attention it alters the case. So, if I put on my gloves with an intention to do a mischief, I am a villain.

4. 'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse, but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak or write or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely ; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.

5. 'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses ; 'tis well

enough to make 'em to please himself, but to make them public is foolish. If a man in a private chamber twirls his bandstring, or plays with a rush to please himself, 'tis well enough ; but if he should go into Fleet street, and sit upon a stall, and twirl a bandstring or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him.

6. Verse proves nothing but the quantity of syllables ; they are not meant for logic.

J. SELDEN.—*Table Talk*.

[SHAFTESBURY, LORD.—*See COOPER.*]

A ROYAL WOOING

KING HENRY. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places ; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do

always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHARINE. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

KING HENRY. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

KATHARINE. I cannot tell vat is dat.

KING HENRY. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. . . .

Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate! by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better.

And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

W. SHAKESPEARE.—*King Henry the Fifth.*

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS

HAMLET. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

FIRST PLAYER. I warrant your honour.

HAMLET. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come

tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

FIRST PLAYER. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

HAMLET. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

W. SHAKESPEARE.—*Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.*

THE QUINTESSENCE OF DUST

I HAVE of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither.

W. SHAKESPEARE.—*Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.*

MUCH VIRTUE IN IF

JAQUES. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCHSTONE. Salutation and greeting to you all !

JAQUES. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQUES. And how was that ta'en up ?

TOUCHSTONE. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQUES. How seventh cause ? Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR. I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE. God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own : a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE SENIOR. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQUES. But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

TOUCHSTONE. Upon a lie seven times removed :—bear your body more seeming, Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard : he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called 'the retort courteous'. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the 'quip modest'. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled

my judgement: this is called the 'reply churlish'. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant': if again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'counter-check quarrelsome': and so to the 'lie circumstantial', and the 'lie direct'.

JAQUES. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE. I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial', nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct'; and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQUES. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous'; the second, the 'quip modest'; the third, the 'reply churlish'; the fourth, the 'reproof valiant'; the fifth, the 'counter-check quarrelsome'; the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance'; the seventh, the 'lie direct'. All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if'. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'if', as 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker, much virtue in 'if'.

JAQUES. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE SENIOR. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

W. SHAKESPEARE.—*As You Like It*.

[SHARP, WILLIAM.—See 'MACLEOD, FIONA'.]

POETRY AND PROSE: A VULGAR ERROR

AN observation of the regular mode of the recurrence of harmony in the language of poetical minds, together with its relation to music, produced metre, or a certain system of traditional forms of harmony and language.

Yet it is by no means essential that a poet should accommodate his language to this traditional form, so that the harmony, which is its spirit, be observed. The practice is indeed convenient and popular, and to be preferred, especially in such composition as includes much action: but every great poet must inevitably innovate upon the example of his predecessors in the exact structure of his peculiar versification. The distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error. The distinction between philosophers and poets has been anticipated. Plato was essentially a poet—the truth and splendour of his imagery, and the melody of his language, are the most intense that it is possible to conceive. He rejected the measure of the epic, dramatic, and lyrical forms, because he sought to kindle a harmony in thoughts divested of shape and action, and he forbore to invent any regular plan of rhythm which would include, under determinate forms, the varied pauses of his style. Cicero sought to imitate the cadence of his periods, but with little success. Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect; it is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy. All the authors of revolutions in opinion are not only necessarily poets as they are inventors, nor even as their words unveil the permanent analogy of things by images which participate in the life of truth; but as their periods are harmonious and rhythmical, and contain in themselves the elements of verse; being the echo of the eternal music. Nor are those supreme poets, who have employed traditional forms of rhythm on account of the form and action of their subjects, less capable of perceiving and teaching the truth of things, than those who have omitted that form. Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton (to confine ourselves to modern writers) are philosophers of the very loftiest power.

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth. There is this difference between a story and a poem, that a story is a catalogue of detached facts, which have no other connexion than time, place, circumstance,

cause, and effect; the other is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature, as existing in the mind of the Creator, which is itself the image of all other minds. The one is partial, and applies only to a definite period of time, and a certain combination of events which can never again recur; the other is universal, and contains within itself the germ of a relation to whatever motives or actions have place in the possible varieties of human nature. Time, which destroys the beauty and the use of the story of particular facts, stripped of the poetry which should invest them, augments that of poetry, and for ever develops new and wonderful applications of the eternal truth which it contains. Hence epitomes have been called the moths of just history; they eat out the poetry of it. A story of particular facts is as a mirror which obscures and distorts that which should be beautiful: poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted.

The parts of a composition may be poetical, without the composition as a whole being a poem. A single sentence may be considered as a whole, though it may be found in the midst of a series of unassimilated portions: a single word even may be a spark of inextinguishable thought. And thus all the great historians, Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, were poets; and although the plan of these writers, especially that of Livy, restrained them from developing this faculty in its highest degree, they made copious and ample amends for their subjection, by filling all the interstices of their subjects with living images.

P. B. SHELLEY.—*A Defence of Poetry.*

NIOBE

OF all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, this figure is perhaps the most consummate personification of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of woman. It is colossal; the size adds to its value; because it allows to the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to

catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children.

The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defence where it never before could have been sought in vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate woof; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of extending it over the child in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right (as the restorer has properly imagined), is drawing up her daughter to her: and with that instinctive gesture, and by its gentle pressure, is encouraging the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything.

That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined, and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger:—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself: the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

Everything is swallowed up in sorrow: she is all tears; her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow

piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.

It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance, or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results.

The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear forehead, over which its strings are drawn. The face is of an oval fullness, and the features conceived with the daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which Nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial.

P. B. SHELLEY.—*Critical Notices of the Sculpture in the Florence Gallery.*

ON WRITING AND BOOKS

FINE writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style.

Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus—

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

To say a person writes a good style is originally as pedantic an expression as to say he plays a good fiddle.

The writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.

A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one may call an inequality.

A poet hurts himself by writing prose, as a racehorse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

A poetical genius seems the most elegant of youthful accomplishments; but it is entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, sprightliness of dress, and a blooming aspect, conspire very amicably to their mutual embellishment; but the poetic talent has no more to do with age, than it would avail his Grace of Canterbury to have a knack at country dances or a genius for a catch.

Critics must excuse me if I compare them to certain animals called asses; who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel management of some

familiar ideas, seems to have no equal. He discovers an eloignement from vulgar phrases much becoming a person of quality. His sketches should be studied, like those of Raphael. His inquiry is one of the shortest and clearest systems of morality.

The style of letters, perhaps, should not rise higher than the style of refined conversation.

Nothing tends so much to produce drunkenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parentheses in conversation.

Harmony of period and melody of style have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgement we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect what texts of scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones.

What is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry: of which instances may be given.

W. SHENSTONE.—*Essays on Men and Manners.*

THE ART OF PUFFING

PUFF. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St. James's Street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park—'Good God, Lady Mary, I'm surprised to meet you in a white jacket, for I expected never to have seen you but in a full-trimmed uniform and a light-horseman's cap!' 'Heavens, George, where could you have learned that?' 'Why,' replied the wit, 'I just saw a print of you, in a new publication called the *Camp Magazine*, which, by the by, is a devilish clever thing, and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, price only one shilling!'

SNEER. Very ingenious indeed!

PUFF. But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets.—An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem

called *Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpine's Fête Champêtre*, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read ! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking ! And as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age !—Here, you see, the two strongest inducements are held forth : first, that nobody ought to read it ; and secondly, that everybody buys it ; on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first ; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for *scan. mag.* !

DANGLE. Ha ! ha ! ha !—'gad, I know it is so.

PUFF. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance ; it attracts in titles and presumes in patents ; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places ; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity ; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach. It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honour* on the *patrons* ; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen—who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribbon for implied services, in the air of a common report ; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands, to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me is of the highest dignity—yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit ; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics : the applause of genius ! the register of charity ! the triumph of heroism ! the self-defence of contractors ! the fame of orators !—and the gazette of ministers !

R. B. SHERIDAN.—*The Critic.*

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE

THIS indeed ought to be the constant exercise of the Christian life ; it is fit for all times and for all persons, and without some degree of it, it is impossible to conquer the temptations of the world, or to live in the practice of divine and heavenly virtues. But this ought to be the constant business or entertainment rather, of those happy men who have lived long enough in the world to take a fair leave of it, who have run through all the scenes and stages of human life, and have now death and another world in view and prospect.

And it is this makes a retirement from the world so necessary or very useful, not merely to ease our bodily labours, and to get a little rest from business, to dissolve in sloth and idleness, or to wander about to seek a companion, or to hear news, or to talk politics, or to find out some way to spend time, which now lies upon their hands, and is more uneasy and troublesome to them than business was. This is a more dangerous state, and does more indispose them for a happy death than all the cares and troubles of an active life ; but we must retire from this world to have more leisure and greater opportunities to prepare for the next, to adorn and cultivate our minds, and dress our souls like a bride who is adorned to meet her bridegroom.

When men converse much in this world and are distracted with the cares and business of it, when they live in a crowd of customers or clients, and are hurried from their shops to the Exchange or custom-house, or from their chambers to the bar, and when they have discharged one obligation are pressed hard by another, that at night they have hardly spirits left to say their prayers, nor any time for them in the morning, and the Lord's Day itself is thought more proper for rest and refreshment than devotion ; I say, what dull cold apprehensions must such men have of another world ! And after all the care we can take, how will this world inflame itself into our affections, when it employs our time and thoughts, when our whole business is buying and selling, and driving good bargains, and making conveyances and settlements of estates ? How will this disorder our passions, occasion feuds and quarrels,

give us a tincture of pride, ambition, covetousness ; that there is work enough after a busy life, even for very good men, to wash out these stains and pollutions, and to get the taste and relish of this world out of their mouths, and to revive and quicken the sense of God and of another world.

This is a sufficient reason for such men, as I observed before, to think when it is time to leave off, and if not wholly to withdraw from the world, yet to contract their business, and to have the command of it, that they may have more leisure to take care of their souls before they have so near a call and summons to Death ; but much more necessary is it, when Death is even at the door, and by the course of Nature we know that it is so.

It is very proper to leave the world, before we are removed out of it, that we may know how to live without it, that we may not carry any hankerings after this world with us into the next ; and therefore it is very fitting, that there should be a kind of a middle state between this world and the next ; that is, that we should withdraw from this world, to wean ourselves from it, even while we are in it ; which will make it more easy to part with this world, and make us more fit to go to the next. But it seems strangely undecent, unless the necessities of their families, or the necessities of the public call for it and exact it, to see men who are just a-going out of the world, who, it may be, bow as much under their riches, as under their age, plunging themselves over head and ears in this world, courting new honours and preferments with as much zeal as those who are but entering into the world. It is to be feared, such men think very little of another world, and will never be satisfied with earth, till they are buried in it.

W. SHERLOCK.—*A practical Discourse
concerning Death.*

THE CREATION OF KINGS

WE have already mentioned the histories of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, from which nations, together with the Britons, we are descended, and finding that they were severe assertors of their liberties, acknowledged no human

laws but their own, received no kings but such as swore to observe them, and deposed those who did not well perform their oaths and duty, 'tis evident that their kings were made by the people according to the law ; and that the law by which they became what they were could not be from themselves. Our ancestors were so fully convinced that in the creation of kings they exercised their own right, and were only to consider what was good for themselves, that without regard to the memory of those who had gone before, they were accustomed to take such as seemed most like wisely, justly, and gently to perform their office ; refused those that were suspected of pride, cruelty, or any other vice that might bring prejudice upon the public, what title soever they pretended ; and removed such as had been placed in the throne if they did not answer the opinion conceived of their virtue ; which I take to be a manner of proceeding that agrees better with the quality of masters, making laws and magistrates for themselves, than of slaves receiving such as were imposed upon them. . . .

Though it should be granted that all nations had at the first been governed by kings, it were nothing to the question ; for no man or number of men was ever obliged to continue in the errors of his predecessors. The authority of custom as well as of law (I mean in relation to the power that made it to be) consists only in its rectitude : and the same reason which may have induced one or more nations to create kings when they knew no other form of government, may not only induce them to set up another, if that be found inconvenient to them, but proves that they may as justly do so, as remove a man who performs not what was expected from him. If there had been a rule given by God and written in the minds of men by nature, it must have been from the beginning, universal and perpetual ; or at least must have been observed by the wisest and best instructed nations : which not being in any measure (as I have proved already), there can be no reason why a polite people should not relinquish the errors committed by their ancestors in the time of their barbarism and ignorance, and why they should not do it in matters of government, as well as in any other thing relating to life. Men are subject to errors, and 'tis the work of the

best and wisest to discover and amend such as their ancestors may have committed, or to add perfection to those things which by them have been well invented. This is so certain, that whatsoever we enjoy beyond the misery in which our barbarous ancestors lived, is due only to the liberty of correcting what was amiss in their practice, or inventing that which they did not know : and I doubt whether it be more brutish to say we are obliged to continue in the idolatry of the Druids, with all the miseries and follies that accompany the most savage barbarity, or to confess that though we have a right to depart from these, yet we are for ever bound to continue the government they had established, whatever inconveniences might attend it.

A. SIDNEY.—*Discourses concerning Government.*

SCENES IN ARCADIA

THERE were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees ; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers ; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers ; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds ; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort : here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old ; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice's music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour ; a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness and of a civil wildness. . . .

The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs, rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer : and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected ; each place

handsome without curiosity and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on nor yet slubbered up with good fellowship: all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behaviour, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. . . .

This country Arcadia among all the provinces of Greece hath ever been had in singular reputation: partly for the sweetness of the air and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory so much affected by other nations doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which as by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening that their posterity should long after say, they had done so. Even the Muses seem to approve their good determination by choosing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

SIR P. SIDNEY.—*The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.*

STYLE AND POETRY

Now, for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) *Diction*, it is even well worse. So is that honey-flowing matron eloquence apparelled, or rather disguised, in a courtesan-like painted affectation: one time with so far-fetched words, they may seem monsters, but must seem strangers to any poor Englishman; another time, with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a Dictionary; another time, with figures or flowers, extremely winter-starved. But I would this

fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers, or (which is to be marvelled) among scholars, or (which is to be pitied) among some preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes (most worthy to be imitated) did not so much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation (as it were) devour them whole, or make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served to the table; like those Indians, not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place over the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their noses and lips because they will be sure to be fine. . . .

Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers smally learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning: of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier, following that which by practice he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to show art, and not to hide art (as in these cases he should do), flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art. . . .

So that sith the ever praise-worthy poesy, is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning: sith the blames laid against it, are either false or feeble; sith the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; sith lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy, and to be honoured by poesy; I conjure you all, that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy, no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverent title of a rhymers; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity. To believe, with Bembus, that they were first bringers in of all civility. To believe, with Scaliger, that no philosophers' precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil. To believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly Deity, by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of

fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, natural and moral ; and *quid non* ? To believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused. To believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops ; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface ; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all ; you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculeæ proles*,

si quid mea carmina possunt.

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice, or Virgil's Anchises. But if (fie of such a but) you be born so near the dull making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry, if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry : then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses (as Bubonax was) to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland ; yet thus much curse I must send you, in the behalf of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a sonnet ; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph.

SIR P. SIDNEY.—*An Apology for Poetry.*

MANNERS

MORALS and manners, which give colour to life, are of much greater importance than laws, which are but their manifestations. The law touches us here and there, but manners are about us everywhere, pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners, as we call them, are neither more nor less than good behaviour ; consisting of

courtesy and kindness ; benevolence being the preponderating element in all kinds of mutually beneficial and pleasant intercourse amongst human beings. ' Civility ', said Lady Montagu, ' costs nothing and buys everything.' The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice. ' Win hearts ', said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, ' and you have all men's hearts and purses.' If we would only let nature act kindly, free from affectation and artifice, the results on social good-humour and happiness would be incalculable. The little courtesies which form the small change of life, may separately appear of little intrinsic value, but they acquire their importance from repetition and accumulation. They are like the spare minutes, or the groat a day, which proverbially produce such momentous results in the course of a twelvemonth, or in a lifetime.

Manners are the ornament of action ; and there is a way of speaking a kind word, or of doing a kind thing, which greatly enhances their value. What seems to be done with a grudge, or as an act of condescension, is scarcely accepted as a favour. Yet there are men who pride themselves upon their gruffness ; and though they may possess virtue and capacity, their manner is often such as to render them almost insupportable. It is difficult to like a man who, though he may not pull your nose, habitually wounds your self-respect, and takes a pride in saying disagreeable things to you. There are others who are dreadfully condescending, and cannot avoid seizing upon every small opportunity of making their greatness felt. When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew Hospital, he called upon such a person—a rich grocer, one of the governors. The great man behind the counter seeing the great surgeon enter, immediately assumed the grand air towards the supposed suppliant for his vote. ' I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life.' Abernethy, who hated humbugs, and felt nettled at the tone, replied : ' No, I don't : I want a pennyworth of figs ; come, look sharp and wrap them up ; I want to be off !'

S. SMILES.—*Self-Help.*

DEMAND AND SUPPLY

THE lottery of the law, therefore, is very far from being a perfectly fair lottery, and that, as well as many other liberal and honourable professions, is, in point of pecuniary gain, evidently under-recompensed.

Those professions keep their level, however, with other occupations; and notwithstanding these discouragements, all the most generous and liberal spirits are eager to crowd into them. Two different causes contribute to recommend them. First, the desire of the reputation which attends upon superior excellence in any of them; and, secondly, the natural confidence which every man has more or less not only in his own abilities, but in his own good fortune.

To excel in any profession, in which but few arrive at mediocrity, is the most decisive mark of what is called genius, or superior talents. The public admiration which attends upon such distinguished abilities makes always a part of their reward; a greater or smaller, in proportion as it is higher or lower in degree. It makes a considerable part of that reward in the profession of physic; a still greater, perhaps, in that of law; in poetry and philosophy it makes almost the whole.

There are some very agreeable and beautiful talents, of which the possession commands a certain sort of admiration, but of which the exercise for the sake of gain is considered, whether from reason or prejudice, as a sort of public prostitution. The pecuniary recompense, therefore, of those who exercise them in this manner must be sufficient, not only to pay for the time, labour, and expense of acquiring the talents, but for the discredit which attends the employment of them as the means of subsistence. The exorbitant rewards of players, opera-singers, opera-dancers, &c., are founded upon those two principles, the rarity and beauty of the talents, and the discredit of employing them in this manner. It seems absurd at first sight that we should despise their persons, and yet reward their talents with the most profuse liberality. While we do the one, however, we must of necessity do the other. Should the public opinion or prejudice ever alter with regard to such occupations, their pecuniary recompense would quickly diminish.

More people would apply to them, and the competition would quickly reduce the price of their labour.

Such talents, though far from being common, are by no means so rare as is imagined. Many people possess them in great perfection who disdain to make this use of them, and many more are capable of acquiring them if anything could be made honourably by them.

A. SMITH.—*The Wealth of Nations.*

TRAVELLERS' TALES

SNAKES are certainly an annoyance ; but the snake, though high-spirited, is not quarrelsome ; he considers his fangs to be given for defence, and not for annoyance, and never inflicts a wound but to defend existence. If you tread upon him, he puts you to death for your clumsiness, merely because he does not understand what your clumsiness means ; and certainly a snake, who feels fourteen or fifteen stone stamping upon his tail, has little time for reflection, and may be allowed to be poisonous and peevish. American tigers generally run away—from which several respectable gentlemen in Parliament inferred, in the American war, that American soldiers would run away also !

The description of the birds is very animated and interesting ; but how far does the gentle reader imagine the campanero may be heard, whose size is that of a jay ? Perhaps 300 yards. Poor innocent, ignorant reader ! unconscious of what Nature has done in the forests of Cayenne, and measuring the force of tropical intonation by the sounds of a Scotch duck ! The campanero may be heard three miles !—this single little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral, ringing for a new dean—just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family ! . . . It is impossible to contradict a gentleman who has been in the forests of Cayenne ; but we are determined, as soon as a campanero is brought to England, to make him toll in a public place, and have the distance measured.

The toucan has an enormous bill, makes a noise like

a puppy dog, and lays his eggs in hollow trees. How astonishing are the freaks and fancies of nature ! To what purpose, we say, is a bird placed in the woods of Cayenne with a bill a yard long, making a noise like a puppy dog, and laying eggs in hollow trees ? The toucans, to be sure, might retort, to what purpose were gentlemen in Bond Street created ? To what purpose were certain foolish prating members of Parliament created ?—pestering the House of Commons with their ignorance and folly, and impeding the business of the country ? There is no end of such questions. So we will not enter into the metaphysics of the toucan. . . .

The sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. The eagle to the sky, the mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree ; but what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches, but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.

S. SMITH.—*Article in the Edinburgh Review.*

RAILWAY REGULATIONS

RAILROAD travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird ; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be

every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris ; then all the newspapers up in arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts as before.

The locking plea of directors is philanthropy ; and I admit that to guard men from the commission of moral evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical suffering. There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind to travel on railways without paying ; and to lock mankind in till they have completed their share of the contract is benevolent, because it guards the species from degrading and immoral conduct ; but to burn or crush a whole train merely to prevent a few immoral insides from not paying, is, I hope, a little more than Ripon or Gladstone will bear.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops ; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual concoction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefit to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed ; no more fatal deference to the directors ; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body ; no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible *voyager libre sans mourir*.

S. SMITH.—*Letters*.

MRS. PARTINGTON

As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the

winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrific storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

S. SMITH.—*Speech on the Reform Bill.*

TOM BOWLING

HE was a strong-built man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a neck like that of a bull, and a face which you might easily perceive had withstood the most obstinate assaults of the weather. His dress consisted of a soldier's coat altered for him by the ship's tailor, a striped flannel jacket, a pair of red breeches japanned with pitch, clean grey worsted stockings, large silver buckles that covered three-fourths of his shoes, a silver-laced hat, whose crown overlooked the brims about an inch and a half; a black bob-wig in buckle, a check shirt, a silk handkerchief, a hanger, with a brass handle, girded to his thigh by a tarnished lace belt, and a good oak plant under his arm. Thus equipped, he set out with me (who by his bounty made a very decent appearance) for my grandfather's house, where we were saluted by Jowler and Caesar, whom my cousin, young master, had let loose at our approach. Being well acquainted with the inveteracy of these curs, I was about to betake myself to my heels, when my uncle seized me with one hand, brandished his cudgel with the other, and at one blow laid Caesar sprawling on the ground; but, finding himself attacked at the same time in the rear by Jowler, and fearing Caesar might recover, he drew his hanger,

wheeled about, and by a lucky stroke severed Jowler's head from his body. By this time the young foxhunter and three servants, armed with pitchforks and flails, were come to the assistance of the dogs, whom they found breathless on the field; and my cousin was so provoked at the death of his favourites that he ordered his attendants to advance, and take vengeance on their executioner, whom he loaded with all the curses and reproaches his anger could suggest. . . .

We were admitted, and conducted to my grandfather's chamber through a lane of my relations, who honoured me with very significant looks as I passed along. When we came into the judge's presence, my uncle, after two or three sea bows, expressed himself in this manner: 'Your servant, your servant. What cheer, father?—what cheer? I suppose you don't know me,—mayhap you don't. My name is Tom Bowling: and this here boy, you look as if you did not know him neither; 'tis like you mayn't. He's new rigged, i' faith: his cloth don't shake in the wind so much as it wont to do. 'Tis my nephew, d'ye see: Roderick Random—your own flesh and blood, old gentleman. Don't lag astern, you dog,' pulling me forward. My grandfather, who was laid up with the gout, received this relation, after his long absence, with that coldness of civility which was peculiar to him, told him he was glad to see him, and desired him to sit down. 'Thank ye, thank ye, sir; I had as lief stand,' said my uncle: 'for my own part, I desire nothing of you; but if you have any conscience at all, do something for this poor boy, who has been used at a very unchristian rate. Unchristian do I call it? I am sure the Moors in Barbary have more humanity than to leave their little ones to want. I would fain know why my sister's son is more neglected than that there fair-weather Jack?'—pointing to the young squire, who with the rest of my cousins had followed us into the room. 'Is he not as near akin to you as the other? Is he not much handsomer and better built than that great chuckle-head?'

T. SMOLLETT.—*Roderick Random*.

THE RULERS OF THE NATION

CAPTAIN C—— entered into conversation with us in the most familiar manner, and treated the duke's character without any ceremony. 'This wiseacre,' said he, 'is still abed; and, I think, the best thing he can do is to sleep on till Christmas; for when he gets up, he does nothing but expose his own folly. Since Grenville was turned out, there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig. They are so ignorant, they scarce know a crab from a cauliflower; and then they are such dunces, that there's no making them understand the plainest proposition. In the beginning of the war, this poor half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Acadia to Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" said I. "Transports!" cried he, "I tell you they marched by land."—"By land, to the island of Cape Breton?"—"What! is Cape Breton an island?"—"Certainly."—"Hah! are you sure of that?" When I pointed it out on the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then taking me in his arms, "My dear C——," cried he, "you always bring us good news. Egad, I'll go directly, and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island."

He seemed disposed to entertain us with more anecdotes of this nature, at the expense of his grace, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the Algerine ambassador, a venerable Turk, with a long white beard, attended by his dragoman, or interpreter, and another officer of his household, who had got no stockings to his legs. Captain C—— immediately spoke with an air of authority to a servant in waiting, bidding him go tell the duke to rise, as there was a great deal of company come, and, among others, the ambassador from Algiers. Then, turning to us, 'This poor Turk,' said he, 'notwithstanding his grey beard, is a greenhorn. He has been several years resident in London, and still is ignorant of our political revolutions. This visit is intended for the Prime Minister of England; but you'll see how this wise duke will receive it as a mark of attachment to his own person.' Certain it is, the duke seemed eager to acknowledge the compliment. A door opening, he suddenly bolted out, with a shaving-cloth under his chin,

his face frothed up to the eyes with soap-lather : and, running up to the ambassador, grinned hideous in his face. —‘My dear Mahomet,’ said he, ‘God love your long beard ; I hope the dey will make you a horse-tail at the next promotion, ha, ha, ha !—Have but a moment’s patience, and I’ll send to you in a twinkling.’ So saying, he retreated into his den, leaving the Turk in some confusion. After a short pause, however, he said something to his interpreter, the meaning of which I had great curiosity to know, as he turned up his eyes while he spoke, expressing astonishment mixed with devotion. We were gratified by means of the communicative Captain C——, who conversed with the dragoman as an old acquaintance. Ibrahim, the ambassador, who had mistaken his grace for the minister’s fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect—‘Holy prophet ! I don’t wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the council of idiots ; a species of men, whom all good Mussulmen revere as the organs of immediate inspiration !’

T. SMOLLETT.—*The Expedition of
Humphry Clinker.*

THE MAISON CARRÉE AT NÎMES

It is amazing, that the successive irruptions of barbarous nations, of Goths, Vandals, and Moors ; of fanatic croisards, still more sanguinary and illiberal than those barbarians, should have spared this temple [the Temple of Diana], as well as two other still more noble monuments of architecture, that to this day adorn the city of Nîmes : I mean the amphitheatre and the edifice called *Maison Carrée*. . . . If the amphitheatre strikes you with an idea of greatness, the *Maison Carrée* enchants you with the most exquisite beauties of architecture and sculpture. This is an edifice, supposed formerly to have been erected by Adrian, who actually built a basilica in this city, though no vestiges of it remain : but the following inscription, which was discovered on the front of it, plainly proves, that it was built

by the inhabitants of Nîmes, in honour of Caius and Lucius Caesar, the grandchildren of Augustus, by his daughter Julia, the wife of Agrippa.

C. Caesari. Augusti. F. Cos.

L. Caesari. Augusti. F. Cos.

Designato.

Principibus Juventutis.

‘To *Caius* and *Lucius Caesar*, sons of Augustus, consuls elect, Princes of the Roman youth.’

This beautiful edifice, which stands upon a pediment six feet high, is eighty-two feet long, thirty-five broad, and thirty-seven high, without reckoning the pediment. The body of it is adorned with twenty columns engaged in the wall, and the peristyle, which is open, with ten detached pillars that support the entablature. They are all of the Corinthian order, fluted and embellished with capitals of the most exquisite sculpture; the frieze and cornice are much admired, and the foliage is esteemed inimitable. The proportions of the building are so happily united, as to give it an air of majesty and grandeur, which the most indifferent spectator cannot behold without emotion. A man needs not be a connoisseur in architecture, to enjoy these beauties. They are indeed so exquisite that you may return to them every day with a fresh appetite for seven years together. What renders them the more curious, they are still entire, and very little affected, either by the ravages of time, or the havoc of war. Cardinal Alberoni declared, that it was a jewel that deserved a cover of gold to preserve it from external injuries. An Italian painter, perceiving a small part of the roof repaired by modern French masonry, tore his hair, and exclaimed in a rage, ‘Zounds! what do I see? harlequin’s hat on the head of Augustus!’

Without all doubt it is ravishingly beautiful. The whole world cannot parallel it.

T. SMOLLETT.—*Travels through
France and Italy.*

IN GOD'S IMAGE

I CONFESS, it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding; namely, that storehouse of the soul, in which are treasured up the rules of action and the seeds of morality. Where, we must observe, that many who deny all connate notions in the speculative intellect, do yet admit them in this. Now of this sort are these maxims; that God is to be worshipped; that parents are to be honoured; that a man's word is to be kept, and the like; which, being of universal influence as to the regulation of the behaviour and converse of mankind are the ground of all virtue and civility, and the foundation of religion.

It was the privilege of Adam, innocent, to have these notions also firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart, and to have such a conscience as might be its own casuist: and certainly those actions

must needs be regular, where there is an identity between the rule and the faculty. His own mind taught him a due dependence upon God, and chalked out to him the just proportions and measures of behaviour to his fellow creatures. He had no catechism but the creation, needed no study but reflection, read no book, but the volume of the world, and that, too, not for rules to work by, but for objects to work upon. Reason was his tutor, and first principles his *magna moralia*. The decalogue of Moses was but a transcript, not an original. All the laws of nations, and wise decrees of states, the statutes of Solon, and the Twelve Tables, were but a paraphrase upon this standing rectitude of nature, this fruitful principle of justice, that was ready to run out, and enlarge itself into suitable determinations, upon all emergent objects and occasions. Justice then was neither blind to discern, nor lame to execute. It was not subject to be imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite, for an *utile* or *jucundum* to turn the balance to a false or dishonest sentence. In all its directions of the inferior faculties, it conveyed its suggestions with clearness, and enjoined them with power; it had the passions in perfect subjection; and though its command over them was but suasive and political, yet it had the force of coercion, and despotical. It was not then, as it is now, where the conscience has only power to disapprove, and to protest against the exorbitances of the passions; and rather to wish, than make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions, as old Eli did his lustful, domineering sons; 'Not so, my sons, not so'; but the voice of conscience then was not, This should or this ought to be done; but, This *must*, this *shall be done*. It spoke like a legislator; the thing spoke was a law; and the manner of speaking it a new obligation. In short, there was as great a disparity between the practical dictates of the understanding then and now, as there is between empire and advice, counsel and command, between a companion and a governor.

And thus much for the image of God, as it shone in man's understanding.

R. SOUTH.—*Sermons preached upon
Several Occasions.*

HYPOCRITES

BODILY abstinence, joined with a demure, affected countenance, is often called and accounted *piety* and *mortification*. Suppose a man infinitely ambitious, and equally spiteful and malicious; one who poisons the ears of great men by venomous whispers, and rises by the fall of better men than himself; yet if he steps forth with a Friday look and a lenten face, with a *Blessed Jesu!* and a mournful ditty for the vices of the times, oh! then he is a saint upon earth; an Ambrose or an Augustine; I mean not for that earthly trash of book-learning; for, alas! such are above that, or at least that is above them; but for zeal, and for fasting, for a devout elevation of the eyes, and a holy rage against other men's sins. And happy those ladies and religious dames (characters in 2 Tim. iii. 6) who can have such self-denying, thriving, able men for their confessors! and thrice happy those families where they vouchsafe to take their Friday night's refreshments! and thereby demonstrate to the world what Christian abstinence, and what primitive, self-mortifying rigour there is in forbearing a dinner that they may have the better stomach to their supper.

In fine, the whole world stands in admiration of them; fools are fond of them, and wise men are afraid of them; they are talked of, they are pointed at; and as they order the matter, they draw the eyes of all men after them, and generally something else.

But as it is observed in greyhounds, that the thinness of their jaws does not at all allay the ravening fury of their appetite, there being no creature whose teeth are sharper, and whose feet are swifter when they are in pursuit of their prey; so woe be to that man who stands in the way of a meagre, mortified, fasting, sharp-set zeal, when it is in full chase of its spiritual game. And therefore, as the apostle admonishes the Philippians (Phil. iii. 2) to 'beware of dogs', so his advice cannot be too frequently remembered, nor too warily observed, when we have to deal with those who are always fawning upon some and biting others, as shall best serve their occasions.

Some have found a way to smooth over an implacable, unalterable spleen and malice, by dignifying it with the

name of *constancy*. There are several in the world (and those of no small note for godliness too) who take up disgusts easily, and prosecute them irreconcilably; not by way of revenge (though even that is utterly contrary to Christianity), for revenge, in the nature of it, supposes an injury first done; whereas this generally has nothing of retaliation in it, but commences entirely upon humour, fancy, and false apprehensions, and the man in the whole course of his spite is perfectly the aggressor. . . .

And if these wretches, in the prosecution of their malicious rage, chance to find themselves (as they do very often) mistaken in their main ground and first motive of it; yet, rather than own a mistake, and not seem infallible, as well as implacable, they will be sure to follow their blow, and the injury must still go on, till it becomes infinite and unmeasurable. And this some call *constancy*, *greatness*, and *firmness of mind*, and a kind of approach to unchangeableness; thus in effect clothing a devilish quality with a divine attribute. For it would sound but scurvily to say in plain terms, 'That such a one is a person of an obstinate, inexorable, impregnable malice; take heed of him, have nothing to do with him.' And therefore it strikes the ear much softer and better to say, 'He is one of great constancy and steadiness, always like himself, and not apt to change or vary from the rule which he has once pitched upon to act by.' Though the real, naked truth, which lies under all this disguise of words is, that the person so set off is a kind of devil incarnate, void not only of religion, but humanity; his ignorance first apprehends and makes injuries, and then his malice pursues them.

R. SOUTH.—*Sermon on the mischievous Influence of Words and Names falsely applied.*

HENRY VIII'S POPULARITY

IN this temper, Henry VIII departed, little expecting how odious many of his actions would appear to posterity, and perhaps not reckoning the worst of them among the things of which he repented. It is more remarkable, that so many revolting acts of caprice and cruelty did not

deprive him of the affection of his subjects, but that he retained his popularity to the last. This could not have been, had he been the mere monster which, upon a cursory view of his history, he must needs appear to every young and ingenuous mind. Large allowances are to be made for an age, wherein the frequency of atrocious punishments had hardened the public character, and rendered all men (the very few excepted, who seem to be so constituted, that no circumstances can corrupt them) unfeeling to a degree, which happily we, in these days, are hardly capable of conceiving. Much must also be allowed for his situation. The person, whose moral nature is not injured by the possession of absolute power, must be even more elevated above his fellow creatures in wisdom and in virtue, than in authority; and that Henry was, in fact, as absolute as any of the Caesars, he knew, and none of his subjects would have disputed. If his heart had been open to any compunctious visitings, the ready assent with which the intimation of his will, in its worst purposes, was received by obsequious counsellors and servile parliaments, would have repressed them. Whatever was his pleasure, they pronounced to be just and lawful. When he sent a minister or a wife to the scaffold, with as little compassion as he would have shown in ordering a dog to be drowned, he felt no weight upon his conscience, because the murder was performed with all the legality which could be given it by Acts of Parliament, formalities of law, and courts of justice!

The qualities which endeared him to his subjects were, probably, his lavish liberality, and that affability in his better moods which, in the great, has always the semblance, and frequently something of the reality, of goodness. He never raised any man to rank and power, who was not worthy of elevation for his attainments and capacity, whatever he might be in other respects. To be in Henry's service, and more especially to be in his confidence, was a sure proof of ability; and thus it was, that though he had some wicked counsellors, he never had a weak one.

R. SOUTHEY.—*The Book of the Church.*

THE MOURNING FOR NELSON

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all that they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and ‘old men from the chimney corner’ to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon

opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them; verifying, in this sense, the language of the old mythologist:

Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονες εἰσι, Διὸς μεγάλου διὰ βουλὰς,
ἑσθλοί, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

R. SOUTHEY.—*Life of Nelson.*

‘THE PILGRIM’S PROGRESS’

WHEN Cowper composed his *Satires*, he hid the name of Whitefield ‘beneath well-sounding Greek’; and abstained from mentioning Bunyan while he panegyricized him, ‘lest so despised a name should move a sneer.’ In Bunyan’s case this could hardly have been needful forty years ago; for though a just appreciation of our elder and better writers was at that time far less general than it appears to be at present, the author of the *Pilgrim’s Progress* was even then in high repute. His fame may literally be said to have risen; beginning among the people it had made its way up to those who are called the public. In most instances the many receive gradually and slowly the opinions of the few respecting literary merit; and sometimes in assentation to such authority profess with their lips an admiration of they know not what, they know not why. But here the opinion of the multitude had been ratified by the judicious. The people knew what they

admired. It is a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart: the child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years, and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age. . . .

Bunyan was confident in his own powers of expression; he says:—

Thine only way
Before them all, is to say out thy say
In thine own native language, which no man
Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.

And he might well be confident in it. His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one: and what a difference is there between its homeliness, and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity;—his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shows, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline of the picture only is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.

R. SOUTHEY.—*Life of John Bunyan.*

DEMOCRACY IN DRESS

WHOEVER has studied the physiognomy of political meetings, cannot fail to have remarked a connexion between democratic opinions and peculiarities of costume. At a Chartist demonstration, a lecture on Socialism, or a *soirée* of the Friends of Italy, there will be seen many among the audience, and a still larger ratio among the speakers, who get themselves up in a style more or less unusual. One gentleman on the platform divides his hair down the centre, instead of on one side; another brushes it back off the forehead, in the fashion known as 'bringing out the intellect'; a third has so long forsworn the scissors, that his locks sweep his shoulders. A considerable sprinkling of moustaches may be observed; here and there an imperial; and occasionally some courageous breaker of conventions exhibits a full-grown beard. This nonconformity in hair is countenanced by various nonconformities in dress, shown by others of the assemblage. Bare necks, shirt-collars *à la* Byron, waistcoats cut Quaker-fashion, wonderfully shaggy great coats, numerous oddities in form and colour, destroy the monotony usual in crowds. Even those exhibiting no conspicuous peculiarity, frequently indicate by something in the pattern or make-up of their clothes, that they pay small regard to what their tailors tell them about the prevailing taste. And when the gathering breaks up, the varieties of head-gear displayed—the number of caps, and the abundance of felt hats—suffice to prove that were the world at large like-minded, the black cylinders which tyrannize over us would soon be deposed.

The foreign correspondence of our daily press shows that this relationship between political discontent and the disregard of customs exists on the Continent also. Red republicanism has always been distinguished by its hirsuteness. The authorities of Prussia, Austria, and Italy alike recognize certain forms of hat as indicative of disaffection, and fulminate against them accordingly. In some places the wearer of a blouse runs a risk of being classed among the *suspects*; and in others, he who would avoid the bureau of police, must beware how he goes out

in any but the ordinary colours. Thus democracy abroad, as at home, tends towards personal singularity.

Nor is this association of characteristics peculiar to modern times, or to reformers of the State. It has always existed ; and it has been manifested as much in religious agitations as in political ones. Along with dissent from the chief established opinions and arrangements, there has ever been some dissent from the customary social practices. The Puritans, disapproving of the long curls of the Cavaliers, as of their principles, cut their own hair short, and so gained the name of 'Roundheads'. The marked religious nonconformity of the Quakers was accompanied by an equally marked nonconformity of manners—in attire, in speech, in salutation. The early Moravians not only believed differently, but at the same time dressed differently, and lived differently, from their fellow Christians.

That the association between political independence and independence of personal conduct, is not a phenomenon of to-day only, we may see alike in the appearance of Franklin at the French court in plain clothes, and in the white hats worn by the last generation of radicals. Originality of nature is sure to show itself in more ways than one. The mention of George Fox's suit of leather, or Pestalozzi's school name, 'Harry Oddity,' will at once suggest the remembrance that men who have in great things diverged from the beaten track, have frequently done so in small things likewise. Minor illustrations of this truth may be gathered in almost every circle. We believe that whoever will number up his reforming and rationalist acquaintances, will find among them more than the usual proportion of those who in dress or behaviour exhibit some degree of what the world calls eccentricity.

H. SPENCER.—*Manners and Fashion.*

THE IRISH SOLDIERS AND BARDS

IRENÆUS. Sure they are very valiant and hardy, for the most part great endurers of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardness, very active and strong of hand, very swift of

foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils, very great scorers of death.

EUDOXUS. Truly by this you say it seems that the Irishman is a very brave soldier.

IRENAEUS. Yea, surely ; in that rude kind of service he beareth himself very courageously. But when he cometh to experience of service abroad, or is put to a piece or a pike, he maketh as worthy a soldier as any nation he meeteth with. But let us, I pray you, turn again to our discourse of evil customs amongst the Irish.

EUDOXUS. Methinks all this which you speak of concerneth the customs of the Irish very materially, for their uses in war are of no small importance to be considered, as well to reform those which are evil as to confirm and continue those which are good. But follow you your own course, and show what other their customs you have to dislike of.

IRENAEUS. There is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people, called Bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rhymes ; the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings, by certain other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them.

EUDOXUS. Do you blame this in them, which I would otherwise have thought to have been worthy of good account, and rather to have been maintained and augmented amongst them, than to have been disliked ? For I have read that in all ages poets have been had in special reputation, and that (methinks) not without great cause ; for besides their sweet inventions, and most witty lays, they have always used to set forth the praises of the good and virtuous, and to beat down and disgrace the bad and vicious. So that many brave young minds have oftentimes, through hearing of the praises and famous eulogies of worthy men sung and reported unto them, been stirred up to affect the like commendations, and so to strive to the like deserts. So they say that the Lacedaemonians were more excited to desire of honour with the excellent verses

of the poet Tirtaeus, than with all the exhortations of their captains, or authority of their rulers and magistrates.

IRENAEUS. It is most true that such poets, as in their writings do labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweet bait of their numbers, to steal into the young spirits a desire of honour and virtue, are worthy to be had in great respect. But these Irish bards are for the most part of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow.

E. SPENSER.—*A View of the Present State of Ireland.*

AN ENGLISH ACADEMY

THE purity of speech and greatness of empire have in all countries still met together. The Greeks spoke best when they were in their glory of conquest. The Romans made those times the standard of their wit, when they subdued and gave laws to the world. And from thence, by degrees, they declined to corruption, as their valour, their prudence, and the honour of their arms did decay, and at last did even meet the Northern nations half way in barbarism, a little before they were overrun by their armies.

But besides, if we observe well the English language, we shall find that it seems at this time more than others to require some such aid to bring it to its last perfection. The truth is, it has been hitherto a little too carelessly handled, and, I think, has had less labour spent about its polishing than it deserves. Till the time of King Henry the Eighth, there was scarce any man regarded it but Chaucer, and nothing was written in it which one would be willing to read twice but some of his poetry. But then it began to raise itself a little, and to sound tolerably well. From

that age down to the beginning of our late Civil Wars, it was still fashioning and beautifying itself. In the wars themselves (which is a time wherein all languages use, if ever, to increase by extraordinary degrees, for in such busy and active times there arise more new thoughts of men, which must be signified and varied by new expressions), then, I say, it received many fantastical terms, which were introduced by our religious sects, and many outlandish phrases, which several writers and translators in that great hurry brought in and made free as they pleased, and with all it was enlarged by many sound and necessary forms and idioms which it before wanted. And now, when men's minds are somewhat settled, their passions allayed, and the peace of our country gives us the opportunity of such diversions, if some sober and judicious men would take the whole mass of our language into their hands as they find it, and would set a mark on the ill words, correct those which are to be retained, admit and establish the good, and make some emendations in the accent and grammar, I dare pronounce that our speech would quickly arrive at as much plenty as it is capable to receive, and at the greatest smoothness which its derivation from the rough German will allow it.

T. SPRAT.—*The History of the Royal Society of London.*

LORD BOLINGBROKE

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of Lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid, colours ; and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum . . .

his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger—ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character ; but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself, in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence ; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care perhaps at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed, reflected principles of good nature and friendship ; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest ; and resented with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blest with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative political and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it ; but how steadily he pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristical ardour ; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge

were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination ; he must go *extra flammantia moenia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination, where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners ; he had all the dignity and good breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief, and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, 'God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter ; and he knows best what to do. May he bless you !'

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas ! poor human nature !

P. D. STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.—
Characters.

THE DRESS OF THOUGHTS

I HAVE written to you so often of late upon good breeding, address, *les manières liantes*, the graces, &c., that I shall confine this letter to another subject, pretty near akin to them, and which, I am sure, you are full as deficient in—I mean, style.

Style is the dress of thoughts ; and let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received as your person, though ever so well proportioned, would, if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters. It is not every understanding that can judge of matter, but every ear can and does judge, more or less, of style ; and were I either to speak

or write to the public, I should prefer moderate matter, adorned with all the beauties and elegancies of style, to the strongest matter in the world, ill-worded and ill-delivered. Your business is negotiation abroad and oratory in the House of Commons at home. What figure can you make in either case if your style be inelegant, I do not say bad? Imagine yourself writing an office-letter to a Secretary of State, which letter is to be read by the whole Cabinet Council, and very possibly afterwards laid before Parliament; any one barbarism, solecism, or vulgarism in it would, in a very few days, circulate through the whole kingdom to your disgrace and ridicule. For instance; I will suppose you had written the following letter from the Hague, to the Secretary of State at London; and leave you to suppose the consequences of it.

MY LORD,

I *had*, last night, the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 24th; and will *set about doing* the orders contained *therein*; and *if so be* that I can get that affair done by the next post, I will not fail *for* to give your Lordship an account of it by *next post*. I have told the French Minister, *as how*, that *if* that affair be not soon concluded, your Lordship would think it *all long of him*; and that he must have neglected *for to* have wrote to his Court about it. I must beg leave to put your Lordship in mind, *as how*, that I am now full three quarters in arrear; and *if so be* that I do not very soon receive at least one half-year, I shall *cut a very bad figure*; for *this here* place is very dear. I shall be *vastly beholden* to your Lordship for *that there* mark of your favour; and so I *rest, or remain*, Your, &c.

You will tell me, possibly, that this is a *caricatura* of an illiberal and inelegant style; I will admit it: but assure you, at the same time, that a despatch with less than half these faults would blow you up for ever. It is by no means sufficient to be free from faults in speaking and writing; you must do both correctly and elegantly. In faults of this kind, it is not *ille optimus qui minimis urgetur*; but he is unpardonable who has any at all, because it is his own fault: he need only attend to, observe, and imitate the best authors.

It is a very true saying, that a man must be born a poet,

but that he may make himself an orator ; and the very first principle of an orator is, to speak his own language particularly, with the utmost purity and elegance. A man will be forgiven, even great errors, in a foreign language ; but in his own, even the least slips are justly laid hold of and ridiculed.

A person of the House of Commons, speaking two years ago upon naval affairs, asserted, that we had then the finest navy *upon the face of the yearth*. This happy mixture of blunder and vulgarism, you may easily imagine, was matter of immediate ridicule ; but I can assure you that it continues so still, and will be remembered as long as he lives and speaks. Another, speaking in defence of a gentleman upon whom a censure was moved, happily said that he thought that gentleman was more *liable* to be thanked and rewarded, than censured. You know, I presume, that *liable* can never be used in a good sense.

You have with you three or four of the best English authors, Dryden, Atterbury, and Swift ; read them with the utmost care, and with a particular view to their language, and they may possibly correct that *curious infelicity of diction*, which you acquired at Westminster. Mr. Harte excepted, I will admit that you have met with very few English abroad who could improve your style ; and with many, I dare say, who speak as ill as yourself, and it may be worse ; you must therefore take the more pains, and consult your authors, and Mr. Harte the more. I need not tell you how attentive the Romans and Greeks, particularly the Athenians, were to this object. It is also a study among the Italians and the French, witness their respective Academies and Dictionaries, for improving and fixing their languages. To our shame be it spoken, it is less attended to here than in any polite country ; but that is no reason why you should not attend to it ; on the contrary it will distinguish you the more. Cicero says, very truly, that it is glorious to excel other men in that very article, in which men excel brutes ; *speech*.

Constant experience has shown me, that great purity and elegance of style, with a graceful elocution, cover a multitude of faults in either a speaker or a writer. For my own part, I confess (and I believe most people are of my mind) that if a speaker should ungracefully mutter or

stammer out to me the sense of an angel, deformed by barbarism and solecisms, or larded with vulgarisms, he should never speak to me a second time, if I could help it. Gain the heart, or you gain nothing ; the eyes and the ears are the only roads to the heart. Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure them when gained. Pray have that truth ever in your mind. Engage the eyes by your address, air, and motions ; sooth the ears by the elegance and harmony of your diction ; the heart will certainly follow ; and the whole man or woman will as certainly follow the heart. I must repeat it to you over and over again, that with all the knowledge which you may have at present, or hereafter acquire, and with all the merit that ever man had, if you have not a graceful address, liberal and engaging manners, a prepossessing air, and a good degree of eloquence in speaking and writing, you will be nobody ; but will have the daily mortification of seeing people, with not one-tenth part of your merit or knowledge, get the start of you, and disgrace you both in company and in business.

P. D. STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.—
Letters to his Son.

THE JE NE SAIS QUOI

I DARE say you have heard and read of the *Je ne sais quoi*, both in French and English, for the expression is now adopted in our language ; but I question whether you have any clear idea of it, and indeed it is more easily felt than defined. It is a most inestimable quality, and adorns every other. I will endeavour to give you a general notion of it, though I cannot an exact one ; experience must teach it you, and will, if you attend to it. It is in my opinion a compound of all the agreeable qualities of body and mind, in which no one of them predominates in such a manner as to give exclusion to any other. It is not mere wit, mere beauty, mere learning, nor indeed mere any one thing that produces it, though they all contribute something towards it. It is owing to this *Je ne sais quoi* that one takes a liking to some one particular person at first rather than to another. One feels oneself prepossessed

in favour of that person without being enough acquainted with him to judge of his intrinsic merits or talents, and one finds oneself inclined to suppose him to have good sense, good nature, and good humour. A genteel address, graceful motions, a pleasing elocution, and elegance of style, are powerful ingredients in this compound. It is in short an extract of all the Graces.

P. D. STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.—
Letters to his Godson.

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

TOM LIZARD told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his Inns of Court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough'. I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and, as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light, than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them. . . . Story-telling is not an art, but what we call a 'knack'; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know

very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end ; but this is by no means a general rule ; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features, of him who relates it. . . .

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists ; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened, in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—no, it was William—started a hare in the common field ; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed, and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions ; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him ; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping ; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, ' Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

SIR R. STEELE.—*Guardian*, No. 42.

THE DE COVERLEY FAMILY PORTRAITS

‘ You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court ; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard, you may be sure, won the fair lady, who was a maid-of-honour and the greatest beauty of her time ; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist ; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife ; she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white pot.

‘ If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view ; these are three sisters. She on the right hand who is so very beautiful, died a maid ; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will ; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution ; for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing) : you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world ; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners ; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life ; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with

his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed, that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid-of-honour I showed you above: but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time.'

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

SIR R. STEELE.—*Spectator*, No. 109.

THE CANT OF CRITICISM

—AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? —Oh, against all rule, my Lord,—most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus,—stopping, as if the point wanted settling; —and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times three seconds and three fifths by a stop-watch, my Lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian! —But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my Lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, &c., my Lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

—And for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at —upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of

it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my Lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Domenichino—the correggiesscity of Correggio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachis—or the grand contour of Angelo—Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

L. STERNE.—*Tristram Shandy.*

THE POOR ASS

—'TWAS by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in

framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this : for parrots, jackdaws, &c.,—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c., for pretty near the same reason ; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent : nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog he would speak if he could)—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty ! said I,—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out ?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver :—He turned his head thoughtfully about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—If thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well ! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropped it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again—God help thee, Jack ! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour,—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in

the conceit, of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presides in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he looked up pensive in my face—Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may—

If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the Abbess of Andoüillet's—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

L. STERNE.—*Tristram Shandy*.

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

WHEN that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès

and the congregated nightcaps ; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place ; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists : at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm ; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of goodwill than grace in his performance ; but he trolled with ample lungs ; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities ; some of them sang ; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double : first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night ; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

R. L. STEVENSON.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

LIFE AND ART

No art—to use the daring phrase of Mr. James—can successfully ‘compete with life’; and the art that seeks to do so is condemned to perish *montibus aviis*. Life goes before us, infinite in complication; attended by the most various and surprising meteors; appealing at once to the eye, to the ear, to the mind—the seat of wonder, to the touch—so thrillingly delicate, and to the belly—so imperious when starved. It combines and employs in its manifestation the method and material, not of one art only, but of all the arts. Music is but an arbitrary trifling with a few of life’s majestic chords; painting is but a shadow of its pageantry of light and colour; literature does but drily indicate that wealth of incident, of moral obligation, of virtue, vice, action, rapture and agony, with which it teems. To ‘compete with life’, whose sun we cannot look upon, whose passions and diseases waste and slay us—to compete with the flavour of wine, the beauty of the dawn, the scorching of fire, the bitterness of death and separation—here is, indeed, a projected escalade of heaven; here are, indeed, labours for a Hercules in a dress coat, armed with a pen and a dictionary to depict the passions, armed with a tube of superior flake-white to paint the portrait of the insufferable sun. No art is true in this sense: none can ‘compete with life’: not even history, built indeed of indisputable facts, but these facts robbed of their vivacity and sting; so that even when we read of the sack of a city or the fall of an empire, we are surprised, and justly commend the author’s talent, if our pulse be quickened. And mark, for a last differentia, that this quickening of the pulse is, in almost every case, purely agreeable; that these phantom reproductions of experience, even at their most acute, convey decided pleasure; while experience itself, in the cockpit of life, can torture and slay.

What, then, is the object, what the method, of an art, and what the source of its power? The whole secret is that no art does ‘compete with life’. Man’s one method, whether he reasons or creates, is to half-shut his eyes against the dazzle and confusion of reality. The arts, like arithmetic and geometry, turn away their eyes from the gross,

coloured and mobile nature at our feet, and regard instead a certain figmentary abstraction. Geometry will tell us of a circle, a thing never seen in nature; asked about a green circle or an iron circle, it lays its hand upon its mouth. So with the arts. Painting, ruefully comparing sunshine and flake-white, gives up truth of colour, as it had already given up relief and movement; and instead of vying with nature, arranges a scheme of harmonious tints. Literature, above all in its most typical mood, the mood of narrative, similarly flees the direct challenge and pursues instead an independent and creative aim. So far as it imitates at all, it imitates not life but speech: not the facts of human destiny, but the emphasis and the suppressions with which the human actor tells of them. The real art that dealt with life directly was that of the first men who told their stories round the savage camp-fire. Our art is occupied, and bound to be occupied, not so much in making stories true as in making them typical; not so much in capturing the lineaments of each fact, as in marshalling all of them towards a common end. For the welter of impressions, all forcible but all discreet, which life presents, it substitutes a certain artificial series of impressions, all indeed most feebly represented, but all aiming at the same effect, all eloquent of the same idea, all chiming together like consonant notes in music or like the graduated tints in a good picture. From all its chapters, from all its pages, from all its sentences, the well-written novel echoes and re-echoes its one creative and controlling thought; to this must every incident and character contribute; the style must have been pitched in unison with this; and if there is anywhere a word that looks another way, the book would be stronger, clearer, and (I had almost said) fuller without it. Life is monstrous, infinite, illogical, abrupt and poignant; a work of art, in comparison, is neat, finite, self-contained, rational, flowing and emasculate. Life imposes by brute energy, like inarticulate thunder; art catches the ear, among the far louder noises of experience, like an air artificially made by a discreet musician. A proposition of geometry does not compete with life; and a proposition of geometry is a fair and luminous parallel for a work of art. Both are reasonable, both untrue to the crude fact; both inhere in nature, neither represents

it. The novel, which is a work of art, exists, not by its resemblances to life, which are forced and material, as a shoe must still consist of leather, but by its immeasurable difference from life, which is designed and significant, and is both the method and the meaning of the work.

R. L. STEVENSON.—*Memories and Portraits.*

WOMAN AS SHE IS

By this time Archie was in the condition of a hunted beast. He had come, braced and resolute; he was to trace out a line of conduct for the pair of them in a few cold, convincing sentences; he had now been there some time, and he was still staggering round the outworks and undergoing what he felt to be a savage cross-examination.

'Mr. Frank!' she cried. 'What nex', I would like to ken?'

'He spoke most kindly and truly.'

'What like did he say?'

'I am not going to tell you; you have nothing to do with that,' cried Archie, startled to find he had admitted so much.

'O, I have naething to do with it!' she repeated, springing to her feet. 'A'body at Hermiston's free to pass their opinions upon me, but I have naething to do wi' it! Was this at prayers like? Did ye ca' the grieve [land-steward] into the consultation? Little wonder if a'body's talking, when ye make a'body ye're confidants! But as you say, Mr. Weir—most kindly, most considerately, most truly, I'm sure—I have naething to do with it. And I think I'll better be going. I'll be wishing you good evening, Mr. Weir.' And she made him a stately curtsy, shaking as she did so from head to foot, with the barren ecstasy of temper.

Poor Archie stood dumbfounded. She had moved some steps away from him before he recovered the gift of articulate speech.

'Kirstie!' he cried. 'O, Kirstie woman!'

There was in his voice a ring of appeal, a clang of mere

astonishment that showed the schoolmaster was vanquished.

She turned round on him. 'What do ye Kirstie me for?' she retorted. 'What have ye to do wi' me? Gang to your ain freends and deave [deafen] them!'

He could only repeat the appealing 'Kirstie!'

'Kirstie, indeed!' cried the girl, her eyes blazing in her white face. 'My name is Miss Christina Elliott, I would have ye to ken, and I daur ye to ca' me out of it. If I canna get love, I'll have respect, Mr. Weir. I'm come of decent people, and I'll have respect. What have I done that ye should lightly me? What have I done? What have I done? O, what have I done?' and her voice rose upon the third repetition. 'I thocht—I thocht—I thocht I was sae happy!' and the first sob broke from her like the paroxysm of some mortal sickness.

Archie ran to her. He took the poor child in his arms and she nestled to his breast as to a mother's, and clasped him in hands that were strong like vices. He felt her whole body shaken by the throes of distress, and had pity upon her beyond speech. Pity, and at the same time a bewildered fear of this explosive engine in his arms, whose works he did not understand, and yet had been tampering with. There arose from before him the curtains of boyhood, and he saw for the first time the ambiguous face of woman as she is. In vain he looked back over the interview; he saw not where he had offended. It seemed unprovoked, a wilful convulsion of brute nature.

R. L. STEVENSON.—*Weir of Hermiston.*

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

INQUIRIES after truth have that peculiar commendation above all other designs, that they come on purpose to gratify the most noble faculty of our souls, and do most immediately tend to re-advance the highest perfection of our rational beings. For all our most laudable endeavours after knowledge now are only the gathering up some scattered fragments of what was once an entire fabric, and

the recovery of some precious jewels which were lost out of sight, and sunk in the shipwreck of human nature. That saying of Plato, that all knowledge is remembrance, and all ignorance forgetfulness, is a certain and undoubted truth, if by forgetfulness be meant the loss, and by remembrance the recovery of those notions and conceptions of things which the mind of man once had in its pure and primitive state, wherein the understanding was the truest microcosm, in which all the beings of the inferior world were faithfully represented according to their true, native, and genuine perfections. God created the soul of man not only capable of finding out the truth of things, but furnished him with a sufficient κριτήριον or touchstone to discover truth from falsehood by a light set up in his understanding, which if he had attended to, he might have secured himself from all impostures and deceits. As all other beings were created in the full possession of the agreeable perfections of their several natures, so was man too; else God would have never closed the work of Creation with those words, 'And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good;' that is, endued with all those perfections which were suitable to their several beings. Which man had been most defective in, if his understanding had not been endowed with a large stock of intellectual knowledge, which is the most natural and genuine perfection belonging to his rational being. For reason being the most raised faculty of human nature, if that had been defective in its discoveries of truth, which is its proper object, it would have argued the greatest maim and imperfection in the being itself. For if it belongs to the perfection of the sensitive faculties to discern what is pleasant from what is hurtful, it must needs be the perfection of the rational to find out the difference of truth from falsehood. Not as though the soul could then have had any more than now an actual notion of all the beings in the world co-existing at the same time, but that it would have been free from all deceits in its conceptions of things, which were not caused through inadvertency.

E. STILLINGFLEET.—*Origines Sacrae*.

A PETITION FOR A PENSION

PLEASETH it your honour and worships to understand that where your orator, John Stowe, citizen, &c., being now of the age of threescore years four, hath for the space of almost xxx years last past (besides his Chronicles dedicated to the Earl of Leicester) set forth divers summaries dedicated to the Lord Mayor, his brethren the aldermen, and commoners of the city. In all which he hath specially noted the memorable acts of famous citizens by them done to the great benefit of the commonwealth and honour of the same city; as also (in showing themselves thankful unto God for his blessings) have left a godly example to the posterity by them to be embraced and imitated. And forasmuch as the travel to many places for search of sundry records, whereby the verity of things may come to light, cannot but be chargeable to the said John more than his ability can afford, he now craveth your honour's and worships' aid as in consideration of the premises to bestow on him some yearly pension, or otherwise whereby he may reap somewhat toward his great charges. And your orator according to his bounden duty shall hereafter, God willing, employ his diligent labour to the honour of this city and commodity of the citizens thereof, and also daily pray for your honour's and worships' prosperity during life.

J. Stow.

INCONVENIENCES OF ABOLISHING CHRISTIANITY

ANOTHER advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one-seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into playhouses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in

order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice ; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-houses ? are not the taverns and coffee-houses open ? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic ? is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs ? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied. Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry ? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress ? where more meetings for business ? where more bargains driven of all sorts ? and where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep ? . . .

If Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities ? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject ? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left ? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials ? what other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers ?

J. SWIFT.—*An Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may be attended with Inconveniences.*

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest : it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full

of boughs : but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk : it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air ; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself : at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, **SURELY MAN IS A BROOMSTICK!** Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk : he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder), that never grew on his head ; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences and other men's defaults !

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head ; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be grovelling on the earth ? And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before ; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away : his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving ; till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

J. SWIFT.

THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND MOHUN

London, Novr. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that has almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that duke Hamilton had fought with lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house in St. James' Square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning: the dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and while the duke was over him, Mohun shortening his sword stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped towards the cake-house by the ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of lord Mohun's stabbed duke Hamilton, and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her for two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater lover in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have moved her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

J. SWIFT.—*Journal to Stella.*

LAWYERS' PRACTICE

I SAID, 'there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill will. The second disadvantage is that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dextrous lawyers who are grown old or lazy; and having been biased all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

'It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce

as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions ; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

‘ In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause ; but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned ; they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow : but whether the said cow were red or black ; her horns long or short ; whether the field I graze her in be round or square ; whether she was milked at home or abroad ; what diseases she is subject to, and the like ; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

‘ It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply ; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong ; so that it will take thirty years to decide, whether the field, left me by my ancestors for six generations, belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off ! ’

J. SWIFT.—*Gulliver's Travels : A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.*

A STANDARD FOR LANGUAGE

IF it were not for the Bible and Common Prayer Book in the vulgar tongue, we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us a hundred years ago ; which is certainly true : for those books, being perpetually read in churches, have proved a kind of standard for language, especially to the common people. And I doubt whether the alterations since introduced have added much to the beauty or strength of the English tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from that simplicity which is one of the greatest perfections in any language. You, my lord, who are so conversant in the sacred writings, and so great a judge of them in their

originals, will agree, that no translation our country ever yet produced, has come up to that of the Old and New Testaments : and by the many beautiful passages which I have often had the honour to hear your lordship cite from thence, I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings ; which I take to be owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole. Then, as to the greatest part of our liturgy, compiled long before the translation of the Bible now in use, and little altered since, there seem to be in it as great strains of true sublime eloquence as are anywhere to be found in our language ; which every man of good taste will observe in the communion service, that of burial, and other parts.

J. SWIFT.—*To the Earl of Oxford.*

THE LAKE OF GAUBE

To the letter from Caunterets the lovers of that sublimely lovely valley will naturally be tempted to turn on first opening this volume ; and it will be with a shock of disappointed amazement that they will find no mention of its crowning glory. Of all great poets that ever lived, with the one possible and doubtful exception of Dante, Victor Hugo is the one who would have seemed most fit to describe and most capable of describing the lake of Gaube ; and he, of all men and all tourists, was the one to turn back down the half-ascended valley, and leave it unvisited. The description of the mountain landscape before dawn is noble and lifelike, touched with earnest thought and coloured by living fancy ; but I for one had hoped to find some notice of the flora and fauna which combine to give this high borderland its peculiar charm of brilliant and fervent life. The fiery exuberance of flowers among which the salamanders glide like creeping flames, radiant and vivid, up to the very skirt of the tragic little pine wood at whose heart the fathomless little lake lies silent, with a dark dull gleam on it as of half-tarnished steel ; the deliciously keen

and exquisite shock of a first plunge under its tempting and threatening surface, more icy cold in spring than the sea in winter; the ineffable and breathless purity of the clasping water in which it seems to savour of intrusive and profane daring that a swimmer should take his pleasure till warned back by fear of cramp when but halfway across the length of it, and doubtful whether his stock of warmth would hold out for a return from the far edge opposite, to which no favouring magic can be expected to transport the clothes left behind him on the bank off which he dived; the sport of catching and taming a salamander till it became the pleasantest as well as the quaintest of dumb four-footed friends; the beauty of its purple-black coat of scaled armour inlaid with patches of dead-leaf gold, its shining eyes and its flashing tongue—these things, of which a humbler hand could write at greater length than this, would require such a hand as Hugo's to do them any sort of justice.

A. C. SWINBURNE.—*Studies in
Prose and Poetry.*

ROBERT HERRICK

THE last of his line, he is and will probably be always the first in rank and station of English song-writers. We have only to remember how rare it is to find a perfect song, good to read and good to sing, combining the merits of Coleridge and Shelley with the capabilities of Tommy Moore and Haynes Bayly, to appreciate the unique and unapproachable excellence of Herrick. The lyrist who wished to be a butterfly, the lyrist who fled or flew to a lone vale at the hour (whatever hour it may be) 'when stars are weeping', have left behind them such stuff as may be sung, but certainly cannot be read and endured by any one with an ear for verse. The author of the Ode on France and the author of the Ode to the West Wind have left us hardly more than a song apiece which has been found fit for setting to music; and, lovely as they are, the fame of their authors does not mainly depend on the song of Glycine or the song of which Leigh Hunt so justly

and so critically said that Beaumont and Fletcher never wrote anything of the kind more lovely. Herrick, of course, lives simply by virtue of his songs; his more ambitious or pretentious lyrics are merely magnified and prolonged and elaborated songs. Elegy or litany, epicede or epithalamium, his work is always a song-writer's; nothing more, but nothing less, than the work of the greatest song-writer—as surely as Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist—ever born of English race. The apparent or external variety of his versification is, I should suppose, incomparable; but by some happy tact or instinct he was too naturally unambitious to attempt, like Jonson, a flight in the wake of Pindar. He knew what he could not do: a rare and invaluable gift. Born a blackbird or a thrush, he did not take himself (or try) to be a nightingale.

It has often been objected that he did mistake himself for a sacred poet; and it cannot be denied that his sacred verse at its worst is as offensive as his secular verse at its worst; nor can it be denied that no severer sentence of condemnation can be passed upon any poet's work. But neither Herbert nor Crashaw could have bettered such a divinely beautiful triplet as this:—

We saw Him come, and know Him ours,
Who with His sunshine and His showers
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

That is worthy of Miss Rossetti herself; and praise of such work can go no higher.

A. C. SWINBURNE.—*Studies in
Prose and Poetry.*

THE SISTINE CHAPEL

MICHELET says, not without truth, that the spirit of Savonarola lives again in these frescoes. The procession of the four-and-twenty elders, arraigned before the people of Brescia to accuse Italy of sin—the voice that cried to Florence, 'Behold the sword of the Lord, and that swiftly! Behold I, even I, do bring a deluge on the earth!' are both seen and heard here very plainly. But there is more

than Savonarola in this prophecy of Michael Angelo's. It contains the stern spirit of Dante, aflame with patriotism, passionate for justice. It embodies the philosophy of Plato. The creative God, who divides light from darkness, who draws Adam from the clay and calls forth new-born Eve in awful beauty, is the Demiurgus of the Greek. Again, it carries the indignation of Isaiah, the wild denunciations of Ezekiel, the monotonous refrain of Jeremiah—'Ah, Lord, Lord!' The classic Sibyls intone their mystic hymns; the Delphic on her tripod of inspiration, the Erythraean bending over her scrolls, the withered witch of Cumae, the parched prophetess of Libya—all seem to cry, 'Repent, repent! for the kingdom of the spirit is at hand! Repent and awake, for the judgement of the world approaches!' And above these voices we hear a most tremendous wail: 'The nations have come to the birth; but there is not strength to bring forth.' That is the utterance of the Renaissance, as it had appeared in Italy. She who was first among the nations was now last; bound and bleeding, she lay prostrate at the temple-gate she had unlocked. To Michael Angelo was given for his portion—not the alluring mysteries of the new age, not the joy of the nascent world, not the petulant and pulsing rapture of youth; these had been divided between Lionardo, Raphael, and Correggio—but the bitter burden of the sense that the awakening to life is in itself a pain, that the revelation of the liberated soul is itself judgement, that a light is shining, and that the world will not comprehend it. Pregnant as are the paintings of Michael Angelo with religious import, they are no longer Catholic in the sense in which the frescoes of the Lorenzetti and Orcagna and Giotto are Catholic. He went beyond the ecclesiastical standing ground and reached one where philosophy includes the Christian faith. Thus the true spirit of the Renaissance was embodied in his work of art.

J. A. SYMONDS.—*Renaissance in Italy :
The Fine Arts.*

MARRIED LIFE

THIS state hath proper exercises and trials for those graces, for which single life can never be crowned ; here is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relatives ; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre : marriage is the nursery of heaven ; the virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him ; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts ; it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life ; it hath more care, but less danger ; it is more merry, and more sad ; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys ; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity ; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. . . .

There is nothing can please a man without love ; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise, ' for nothing can sweeten felicity itself, but love ' ; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his

children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges ; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society ; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows ; and blessing itself cannot make him happy ; so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to 'love his wife', are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. 'She that is loved, is safe ; and he that loves is joyful.' Love is a union of all things excellent ; it contains in it proportion and satisfaction, and rest and confidence.

J. TAYLOR.—*The Marriage Ring.*

MOURNING

WHEN we have received the last breath of our friend, and closed his eyes, and composed his body for the grave, then seasonable is the counsel of the son of Sirach ; 'Weep bitterly, and make great moan, and use lamentation, as he is worthy ; and that a day or two ; lest thou be evil spoken of ; and then comfort thyself for thy heaviness. But take no grief to heart ; for there is no turning again : thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself.' Solemn and appointed mournings are good expressions of our dearness to the departed soul, and of his worth, and our value of him ; and it hath its praise in nature, and in manners, and in public customs ; but the praise of it is not in the gospel, that is, it hath no direct and proper uses in religion. For if the dead did die in the Lord, then there is joy to him, and it is an ill expression of our affection and our charity, to weep uncomfortably at a change, that hath carried my friend to the state of a huge felicity. But if the man did perish in his folly and his sins, there is indeed cause to mourn, but no hopes of being comforted ; for he shall never return to light, or to hopes of restitution : therefore beware, lest thou also come into the same place

of torment ; and let thy grief sit down and rest upon thy own turf, and weep till a shower springs from thy eyes to heal the wounds of thy spirit ; turn thy sorrow into caution, thy grief for him that is dead, to thy care for thyself who art alive, lest thou die and fall like one of the fools, whose life is worse than death, and their death is the consummation of all felicities. The Church in her funerals of the dead used to sing psalms, and to give thanks for the redemption and delivery of the soul from the evils and dangers of mortality. And therefore we have no reason to be angry, when God hears our prayers, who call upon him to hasten his coming, and to fill up his numbers, and to do that, which we pretend to give him thanks for. And St. Chrysostom asks, 'To what purpose is it that thou singest, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul," &c., if thou dost not believe thy friend to be in rest ? and if thou dost, why dost thou weep impertinently and unreasonably ?' Nothing but our own loss can justly be deplored : and him, that is passionate for the loss of his money or his advantages, we esteem foolish and imperfect ; and therefore have no reason to love the immoderate sorrows of those, who too earnestly mourn for their dead, when, in the last resolution of the inquiry, it is their own evil and present or feared inconveniences they deplore : the best, that can be said of such a grief, is, that these mourners love themselves too well. Something is to be given to custom, something to fame, to nature, and to civilities, and to the honour of the deceased friends ; for that man is esteemed to die miserable, for whom no friend or relative sheds a tear, or pays a solemn sigh. I desire to die a *dry death*, but am not very desirous to have a *dry funeral* : some flowers sprinkled upon my grave would do well and comely ; and a soft shower to turn those flowers into a springing memory or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors, as my servants carry the entrails of beasts.

J. TAYLOR.—*Holy Dying.*

THE RIVER

So have I seen a river, deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the 'fiscus', the great 'exchequer' of the sea, the prince of all the watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it, a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbour bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel: so have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety.

J. TAYLOR.—*Funeral Sermon on the Countess of Carbery.*

THE LARK

So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man.

J. TAYLOR.—*Sermons: The Return of Prayers.*

THE ROSE

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and, at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.

J. TAYLOR.—*Holy Dying.*

OF POETRY

It may seem strange, I confess, upon the first thought, that a sort of style so regular and so difficult should have grown in use before the other so easy and so loose. . . . Before the discourses and disputes of philosophers began to busy or amuse the Grecian wits, there was nothing written in prose, but either laws, some short sayings of wise men, or some riddles, parables, or fables, wherein were couched by the ancients many strains of natural or moral wisdom and knowledge, and besides these some short memorials of persons, actions, and of times. Now 'tis obvious enough to conceive how much easier all such writings should be learnt and remembered in verse than in prose. . . .

But to spin off this thread which is already grown too long : what honour and request the ancient poetry has lived in may not only be observed from the universal reception and use in all nations from China to Peru, from Scythia to Arabia, but from the esteem of the best and the greatest men as well as the vulgar. Among the Hebrews, David and Solomon, the wisest kings, Job and Jeremiah, the holiest men, were the best poets of their nation and language. Among the Greeks, the two most renowned sages and lawgivers were Lycurgus and Solon, whereof the last is known to have excelled in poetry, and the first was so great a lover of it, that to his care and industry we are said by some authors to owe the collection and preservation of the loose and scattered pieces of Homer in the order wherein they have since appeared. Alexander is reported neither to have travelled nor slept without those admirable poems always in his company. Phalaris, that was inexorable to all other enemies, relented at the charms of Stesichorus his muse. Among the Romans, the last and great Scipio passed the soft hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Caesar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and composed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his muse. Augustus was not only a patron, but a friend and companion of Virgil and Horace, and was himself both an admirer of poetry and a pretender too, as far as his genius would reach, or his busy scene allow. 'Tis true, since his age we have few such

examples of great Princes favouring or affecting poetry, and as few perhaps of great Poets deserving it. Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it, certain it is, that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes, and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too: and happy those that content themselves with these or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them!

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

SIR W. TEMPLE.—*Of Poetry.*

THE IDEAL GARDEN

As to the size of a garden which will perhaps, in time, grow extravagant among us, I think from four or five, to seven or eight acres, is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it, as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family.

In every garden four things are necessary to be provided for, flowers, fruit, shade, and water; and whoever lays out a garden without all these, must not pretend it in any perfection. It ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it), should be a parterre for flowers, or grass-plots bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass-plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls. If this take up one half of the garden, the other should be fruit-trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf-trees, and the last standard-fruit; or else the second part fruit-trees, and the third all sorts of winter-greens, which provide for all seasons of the year. . . .

The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone-stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park, in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne; and

with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost ; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed ; which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in everything else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature, may best be judged, by observing how seldom God Almighty does it Himself, by so few, true and undisputed miracles, as we see or hear of in the world. For my own part, I know not three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private men, than—

*Servare modum, finemque tueri,
Naturamque sequi:*

SIR W. TEMPLE—*Upon the Gardens of
Epicurus ; or, of Gardening.*

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

I MUST request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R.A., 'The fighting Téméraire'—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old *Téméraire* is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume ? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it ; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to

sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the *Agamemnon* and the *Captain*, the *Vanguard*, the *Culloden*, and the *Victory*, ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of St. Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so : but Bowbellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory ; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson, when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you ; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's 'Battle of Vittoria', in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of 'God save the King' was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so ? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his 'Fighting Téméraire' ; which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

W. M. THACKERAY.—*Art Criticisms.*

TELMESSUS

THERE should have been a poet in our company to describe that charming little bay of Glaucus, into which we entered on the 26th of September, in the first steam-boat that ever disturbed its beautiful waters. You can't put down in prose that delicious episode of natural poetry ; it ought to be done in a symphony, full of sweet melodies and swelling harmonies ; or sung in a strain of clear crystal iambics, such as Milnes knows how to write. A mere map, drawn in words, gives the mind no notion of that exquisite nature. What do mountains become in type, or rivers in Mr. Vizetelly's best brevier ? Here lies the sweet bay, gleaming peaceful in the rosy sunshine : green islands dip here and there in its waters : purple mountains swell circling round it ; and towards them, rising from the bay, stretches a rich green plain, fruitful with herbs and various foliage, in the midst of which the white houses twinkle. I can see a little minaret, and some spreading palm-trees ; but, beyond these, the description would answer as well for Bantry Bay as for Makri. You could write so far, nay, much more particularly and grandly, without seeing the place at all, and after reading Beaufort's *Caramania*, which gives you not the least notion of it.

Suppose the great hydrographer of the Admiralty himself can't describe it, who surveyed the place ; suppose Mr. Fellowes, who discovered it afterwards—suppose I say Sir John Fellowes, Knt.—can't do it (and I defy any man of imagination to get an impression of Telmessus from his book)—can you, vain man, hope to try ? The effect of the artist, as I take it, ought to be to produce upon his hearer's mind, by his art, an effect something similar to that produced on his own, by the sight of the natural object. Only music, or the best poetry, can do this. Keats's *Ode to the Grecian Urn* is the best description I know of that sweet, old, silent ruin of Telmessus. After you have once seen it, the remembrance remains with you, like a tune from Mozart, which he seems to have caught out of heaven, and which rings sweet harmony in your ears for ever after ! It's a benefit for all after-life ! You have but to shut your eyes, and think, and recall it, and the delightful vision

comes smiling back, to your order!—the divine air—the delicious little pageant, which nature set before you on this lucky day.

W. M. THACKERAY.—*A Journey from
Cornhill to Grand Cairo.*

THE DUEL WITH THE PRINCE

‘HERE, may it please your Majesty,’ says he [Colonel Esmond], ‘is the patent of Marquis sent over by your royal father at St. Germain to Viscount Castlewood, my father: here is the witnessed certificate of my father’s marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go baptism and marriage, and here the marquisate and the august sign-manual, with which your predecessor was pleased to honour our race.’ And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brasier. ‘You will please, sir, to remember,’ he continued, ‘that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear lord’s grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father’s second wife, after giving away her honour to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the king; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue ribbon. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it: I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and, had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won’t you, cousin?’

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers as they flamed in the old brasier, took out his sword and broke it, holding his head down:—‘I go with my cousin,’ says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. ‘Marquis or not, by —, I stand by him any day. I beg

your Majesty's pardon for swearing; that is—that is—I'm for the Elector of Hanover. It's all your Majesty's own fault. The queen's dead most likely by this time. And you might have been king if you hadn't come dangling after 'Trix.'

'Thus to lose a crown,' says the young prince, starting up, and speaking French in his eager way; 'to lose the loveliest woman in the world; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my lords, enough of humiliation?—Marquis, if I go on my knees will you pardon me?—No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honour, that of gentlemen. Favour me by crossing the sword with mine: yours is broke—see, yonder in the armoire are two;' and the prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them towards Esmond:—'Ah! you will? *Merci, monsieur, merci!*'

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honour, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met, than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broke off short at the shell; and the colonel falling back a step dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly satisfied.

'*Eh bien, vicomte,*' says the young prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, '*il ne nous reste qu'une chose à faire:*' he placed his sword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast:—'We have one more thing to do,' says he; 'you do not divine it?' He stretched out his arms:—'*Embrassons-nous!*'

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room:—What came she to seek there? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman, drawn swords, broken sword-blades, and papers yet smouldering in the brasier.

'Charming Beatrix,' says the prince, with a blush which became him very well, 'these lords have come a-horseback from London, where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes himself desired. Pardon me for my escapade of last evening. I had been so long a prisoner, that I seized the occasion of a promenade on

horseback, and my horse naturally bore me towards you. I found you a queen in your little court, where you deigned to entertain me. Present my homages to your maids of honour. I sighed as you slept, under the window of your chamber, and then retired to seek rest in my own. It was there that these gentlemen agreeably roused me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a prince acquainted, at whatever cost to his vanity, with such a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Esmond.'

W. M. THACKERAY.—*The History of Henry Esmond.*

SNOBS

I HAVE long gone about with a conviction in my mind that I had a work to do—a Work, if you like, with a great W ; a Purpose to fulfil ; a chasm to leap into, like Curtius, horse and foot ; a Great Social Evil to Discover and to Remedy. That Conviction Has Pursued me for Years. It has Dogged me in the Busy Street ; Seated Itself By Me in The Lonely Study ; Jogged My Elbow as it Lifted The Wine-cup at The Festive Board ; Pursued me through the Maze of Rotten Row ; Followed me in Far Lands, on Brighton's Shingly Beach, or Margate's Sand. The Voice Outpiped the Roaring of the Sea ; it Nestles in my Night-cap, And It Whispers, ' Wake, Slumberer, thy Work Is not Yet Done.' Last Year, By Moonlight, in the Colosseum, the Little Sedulous Voice Came To Me And Said, ' Smith, or Jones ' (The Writer's Name is Neither Here nor There), ' Smith, or Jones, my fine fellow, this is all very well ; but you ought to be at home writing your great work on SNOBS.'

When a man has this sort of vocation it is all nonsense attempting to elude it. He *must* speak out to the nations ; he must *unbusm* himself, as Jeames would say, or choke and die. ' Mark to yourself,' I have often mentally exclaimed to your humble servant, ' the gradual way in which you have been prepared for, and are now led by an irresistible necessity to enter upon, your great labour. First the World was made : then, as a matter of course, Snobs ; they existed for years and years, and were no

more known than America. But presently,—*ingens patebat tellus*—the people became darkly aware that there was such a race. Not above five-and-twenty years since, a name, an expressive monosyllable arose to designate that race. That name has spread over England like railroads subsequently; Snobs are known and recognized throughout an Empire on which I am given to understand the Sun never sets. *Punch* appears at the ripe season, to chronicle their history; and THE INDIVIDUAL comes forth to write that history in *Punch*.

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful, it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish: to track Snobs through history, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles: to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snob-bishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never have heard, 'beating with equal foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors.' It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of Snobs I believe is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs: to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

W. M. THACKERAY.—*The Book of Snobs*.

SILENCE

SILENCE is the universal refuge, the sequel to all dull discourses and all foolish acts, a balm to our every chagrin, as welcome after satiety as after disappointment; that background which the painter may not daub, be he master or bungler, and which, however awkward a figure we may have made in the foreground, remains ever our inviolable asylum, where no indignity can assail, no personality disturb us.

The orator puts off his individuality, and is then most eloquent when most silent. He listens while he speaks, and is

a hearer along with his audience. Who has not hearkened to Her infinite din? She is Truth's speaking-trumpet, the sole oracle, the true Delphi and Dodona, which kings and courtiers would do well to consult, nor will they be baulked by an ambiguous answer. For through Her all revelations have been made, and just in proportion as men have consulted her oracle within, they have obtained a clear insight, and their age has been marked as an enlightened one. But as often as they have gone gadding abroad, to a strange Delphi and her mad priestess, their age has been dark and leaden. Such were garrulous and noisy eras, which no longer yield any sound, but the Grecian or silent and melodious era is ever sounding and resounding in the ears of men.

A good book is the plectrum with which our else silent lyres are struck. We not unfrequently refer the interest which belongs to our own unwritten sequel to the written and comparatively lifeless body of the work. Of all books this sequel is the most indispensable part. It should be the author's aim to say once and emphatically, 'He said,' ἔφη. This is the most the bookmaker can attain to. If he makes his volume a mole whereon the waves of Silence may break, it is well.

It were vain for me to endeavour to interrupt the Silence. She cannot be done into English. For six thousand years men have translated her with what fidelity belonged to each, and still she is little better than a sealed book. A man may run on confidently for a time, thinking he has her under his thumb, and shall one day exhaust her, but he too must at last be silent, and men may remark only how brave a beginning he made; for when he at length dives into her, so vast is the disproportion of the told and the untold, that the former will seem but the bubble on the surface where he disappeared. Nevertheless, we will go on, like those Chinese cliff swallows, feathering our nests with the froth, which may one day be bread of life to such as dwell by the sea-shore.

H. THOREAU.—*A Week on the Concord.*

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better ; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to, for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it ; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one, but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction ; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth and seeth our hearts ; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit ; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use ; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he has to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

But a dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretence ; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Truth always lies uppermost, and if a man do not carefully attend, he will be apt to bolt it out : whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world ; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions ; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards, for anything he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage ; a man hath so many things to attend to, so many ends to bring together, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. *Oportet mendacem esse memorem, A liar had need of a good memory*, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another : but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery ; of which the crafty man is always in danger ; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them : he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

J. TILLOTSON.—*Sermons.*

THE WORLD SEEN BY A CHILD

THE corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones

of the street were as precious as gold : the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me ; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men ! oh, what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem ! Immortal cherubims ! And young men glittering and sparkling angels ! and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty ! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels : I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes, and gold and silver were mine as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine ; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties nor bounds nor divisions ; but all proprieties and divisions were mine, all treasurers and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world—which I now unlearn, and become, as it were—a little child again, that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

T. TRAHERNE.—*Centuries of Meditation.*

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE fact that they please the people, and have pleased them for ages,—that they possess so vigorous a principle of life, as to have maintained their ground, ever new and ever young, through all the centuries of a nation's existence—nay, that many of them have pleased not one nation only, but many, so that they have made themselves a home in the most different lands,—and further, that they have, not a few of them, come down to us from remotest antiquity, borne safely upon the waters of that great stream of time,

which has swallowed so much beneath its waves,—all this, I think, may well make us pause, should we be tempted to turn away from them with anything of indifference or disdain.

And then, further, there is this to be considered, that some of the greatest poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most learned scholars, the most genial writers in every kind, have delighted in them, have made large and frequent use of them, have bestowed infinite labour on the gathering and elucidating of them. In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'no man of fashion', as I think is his exact word, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who, with all his greatness, is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of *them* in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these :

' Hang 'em !

They said they were an-hungry, sighed forth proverbs;
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only :—with these shreds
They vented their complainings.'

Coriolanus, Act I, Sc. 1.

But that they have been always dear to the true intellectual aristocracy of a nation, there is abundant evidence to prove. Take but these three names in evidence, which, though few, are in themselves a host. Aristotle made a collection of proverbs; nor did he count that he was herein doing aught unworthy of his great reputation, however some of his adversaries may afterwards have made of the fact that he did so a charge against him. He is said to have been the first collector of them, though many afterwards followed in the same path. Shakespeare loves them so well, that besides often citing them, and scattering innumerable covert allusions, rapid side glances at them, which we are in danger of missing unless at home in the proverbs of England, several of his plays, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, have popular proverbs for their titles. And Cervantes, a name only inferior to Shakespeare, has made very plain the affection with which

he regarded them. Every reader of *Don Quixote* will remember his squire, who sometimes cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words. I might name others who held the proverb in honour—men, who though they may not attain to these first three, are yet deservedly accounted great ; as Plautus, the most genial of Latin poets ; Rabelais and Montaigne, the two most original of French authors ; and how often Fuller, whom Coleridge has styled the wittiest of writers, justifies this praise in his witty employment of some old proverb. R. C. TRENCH.—*On the Lessons in Proverbs.*

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY

YE shall understand that the second Saint Patrick that was abbot and not bishop, while he preached in Ireland laboured and studied for to turn thilk wicked men that lived as beasts out of their evil life, for dread of pains of hell, and for to confirm them in good life, and they said they would not turn, but some of them might know somewhat of the great pains and also of bliss that he spake of. Then Saint Patrick prayed to God Almighty therefore, and our lord Jesu Christ appeared to Saint Patrick, and took him a staff, and led him into a wild place, and showed him there a round pit that was dark within, and said that if a man were very repentant and stable of belief, and went into this pit and walked therein a day and a night, he should see the sorrows and the pains of evil men and the joy and bliss of good men. Then Christ vanished out of Patrick's sight, and Saint Patrick areared and builded there a church and put therein canons regular, and closed the pit about with a wall, and is now in the churchyard at east end of the church and fast shut with a strong door. For no man should nicely go in without leave of the bishop or of the prior of the place. Many men went in and come out again in Patrick's time and told of pains and joy that they had seen and the marvels that they saw were there yet written, and because thereof many men turned and were converted to right belief. Also many men went in and come never again.

JOHN DE TREVISA.—*The descryptyon
of Irlonde.*

THE CHURCH IN DISHABILLE

DR. GRANTLY, who has as many eyes as Argus, and has long seen how the wind blows in that direction, thinks there are various strong reasons why this should not be so. He has not thought it wise as yet to speak to his father-in-law on the subject, for he knows how foolishly indulgent is Mr. Harding in everything that concerns his daughter; but he has discussed the matter with his all-trusted help-mate, within that sacred recess formed by the clerical bed-curtains at Plumstead Episcopi.

How much sweet solace, how much valued counsel has our archdeacon received within that sainted enclosure! 'Tis there alone that he unbends, and comes down from his high church pedestal to the level of a mortal man. In the world Dr. Grantly never lays aside that demeanour which so well becomes him. He has all the dignity of an ancient saint with the sleekness of a modern bishop; he is always the same; he is always the archdeacon; unlike Homer, he never nods. Even with his father-in-law, even with the bishop and dean, he maintains that sonorous tone and lofty deportment which strikes awe into the young hearts of Barchester, and absolutely cows the whole parish of Plumstead Episcopi. 'Tis only when he has exchanged that ever-new shovel hat for a tasselled nightcap, and those shining black habiliments for his accustomed *robe de nuit*, that Dr. Grantly talks, and looks, and thinks like an ordinary man.

Many of us have often thought how severe a trial of faith must this be to the wives of our great church dignitaries. To us these men are personifications of St. Paul: their very gait is a speaking sermon; their clean and sombre apparel exacts from us faith and submission, and the cardinal virtues seem to hover round their sacred hats. A dean or archbishop, in the garb of his order, is sure of our reverence, and a well-got-up bishop fills our very souls with awe. But how can this feeling be perpetuated in the bosoms of those who see the bishops without their aprons, and the archdeacons even in a lower state of dishabille?

Do we not all know some reverend, all but sacred, personage before whom our tongue ceases to be loud, and our step to be elastic? But were we once to see him

stretch himself beneath the bed-clothes, yawn widely, and bury his face upon his pillow, we could chatter before him as glibly as before a doctor or a lawyer. From some such cause, doubtless, it arose that our archdeacon listened to the counsels of his wife, though he considered himself entitled to give counsel to every other being whom he met.

A. TROLLOPE.—*The Warden*.

CHRIST'S SERMON TO HIS DISCIPLES

ONE of the company said unto him : Master, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me. And he said unto him : Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you ? And he said unto them : take heed, and beware of covetousness. For no man's life standeth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. And he put forth a similitude unto them saying :

The lands of a certain man brought forth fruits plentifully, and he thought in himself saying : what shall I do because I have no room where to bestow my fruits ? And he said : This will I do. I will destroy my barns, and build greater, and therein will I gather all my fruits, and all my goods : and I will say to my soul : Soul, thou hast much goods laid up in store for many years, take thine ease : eat, drink and be merry. But God said unto him : Thou fool, this night will they fetch away thy soul again from thee. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided ? So is it with him that gathereth riches, and is not rich in God.

And he spake unto his disciples : Therefore I say unto you : Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, neither for your body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Mark well the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and yet God feedeth them. How much are ye better than the fowls.

Which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit ? If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the remnant ? Consider the lilies how they grow. They labour not : they spin

not : and I say unto you, Solomon in all his royalty was not clothed like unto one of these.

If God then so clothe the grass which is to-day in the fields, and to-morrow shall be cast into the furnace, how much more will he clothe you, O ye endued with little faith ? And ask not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither climb ye up on high, for all such things the heathen people of the world seek after. Your father knoweth that ye have need of such things. Wherefore seek ye after the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be ministered unto you.

W. TYNDALE.—*The Translation of the New Testament*,
1525 (Luke xii, 13-31).

ALONE ON MONTE ROSA

A WORLD of clouds and mountains lay beneath me. Switzerland, with its pomp of summits, was clear and grand ; Italy was also grand, but more than half obscured. Dark cumulus and dark crag vied in savagery, while at other places white snows and white clouds held equal rivalry. The scooped valleys of Monte Rosa itself were magnificent, all gleaming in the bright sunlight—tossed and torn at intervals, and sending from their rents and walls the magical blue of the ice. Ponderous *névés* lay upon the mountains, apparently motionless, but suggesting motion—sluggish, but indicating irresistible dynamic energy, which moved them slowly to their doom in the warmer valleys below. I thought of my position : it was the first time that a man had stood alone upon that wild peak, and were the imagination let loose amid the surrounding agencies, and permitted to dwell upon the perils which separated the climber from his kind, I dare say curious feelings might have been engendered. But I was prompt to quell all thoughts which might lessen my strength, or interfere with the calm application of it. Once indeed an accident made me shudder. While taking the cork from a bottle which is deposited on the top, and which contains the names of those who have ascended the

mountain, my axe slipped out of my hand, and slid some thirty feet away from me. The thought of losing it made my flesh creep, for without it descent would be utterly impossible. I regained it, and looked upon it with an affection which might be bestowed upon a living thing, for it was literally my staff of life under the circumstances. One look more over the cloud-capped mountains of Italy, and I then turned my back upon them, and commenced the descent.

The brown crags seemed to look at me with a kind of friendly recognition, and, with a surer and firmer feeling than I possessed on ascending, I swung myself from crag to crag and from ledge to ledge with a velocity which surprised myself. I reached the summit of the Kamm, and saw the party which I had passed an hour and a half before, emerging from one of the hollows of the mountain; they had escaped from the edge which now lay between them and me. The thought of the possible loss of my axe at the summit was here forcibly revived, for without it I dared not take a single step. My first care was to anchor it firmly in the snow, so as to enable it to bear at times nearly the whole weight of my body. In some places, however, the anchor had but a loose hold; the 'cornice' to which I have already referred became granular, and the handle of the axe went through it up to the head, still, however, remaining loose. Some amount of trust had thus to be withdrawn from the staff and placed in the limbs. A curious mixture of carelessness and anxiety sometimes fills the mind on such occasions. I often caught myself humming a verse of a frivolous song, but this was mechanical, and the substratum of a man's feelings under such circumstances is real earnestness. The precipice to my left was a continual preacher of caution, and the slope to my right was hardly less impressive. I looked down the former but rarely, and sometimes descended for a considerable time without looking beyond my own footsteps.

J. TYNDALL.—*The Glaciers of the Alps.*

SCOTSMEN IN LONDON

ANOTHER thing there is that fixeth a grievous scandal upon that nation in matter of philargyrie or love of money ; and it is this : there hath been in London, and repairing to it, for these many years together, a knot of Scottish bankers, collybists or coney-coursers, of traffickers in merchandise to and again, and of men of other professions who by hook and crook, *fas et nefas*, flight and might (all being as fish their net could catch) having feathered their nests to some purpose, look so idolatrously upon their Dagon of wealth, and so closely (like the earth's dull centre) hug all unto themselves, that, for no respect of virtue, honour, kindred, patriotism, or whatever else (be it never so recommendable) will they depart from so much as one single penny, whose emission doth not, without any hazard of loss, in a very short time superlucrate beyond all conscience an additional increase, to the heap of that stock which they so much adore : which churlish and tenacious humour hath made many, that were not acquainted with any else of that country to imagine all their compatriots infected with the same leprosy of a wretched peevishness ; whereof those *quomodocunquizing* clusterfists and rapacious varlets have given of late such cannibal-like proofs, by their inhumanity and obdurate carriage towards some (whose shoes'-strings they are not worthy to untie) that were it not that a more able pen than mine, will assuredly not fail to jerk them on all sides, in case, by their better demeanour for the future, they endeavour not to wipe off the blot wherewith their native country by their sordid avarice and miserable baseness hath been so foully stained ; I would at this very instant blaze them out in their names and surnames, notwithstanding the vizard of Presbyterian zeal wherewith they mask themselves ; that like so many wolves, foxes, or Athenian Timons, they might in all times coming, be debarred the benefit of any honest conversation.

Thus is it perceptible how usual it is from the irregularity of a few, to conclude an universal defection ; and that the whole is faulty, because a part is not right.

SIR T. URQUHART.—*A Vindication of
the Honour of Scotland.*

THE BUSINESS OF COMEDY

THIS honest doctor, I find, does not yet understand the nature of comedy, though he has made it his study so long. For the business of comedy is to show people what they should do, by representing them upon the stage doing what they should not. Nor is there any necessity a philosopher should stand by, like an interpreter at a poppet-show, to explain the moral to the audience. The mystery is seldom so deep but the pit and boxes can dive into it; and 'tis their example out of the play-house that chiefly influences the galleries. The stage is a glass for the world to view itself in; people ought therefore to see themselves as they are; if it makes their faces too fair, they won't know they are dirty, and by consequence will neglect to wash 'em. If therefore I have showed *Constant* upon the stage, what generally the thing called a fine gentleman is off on 't, I think I have done what I should do. I have laid open his vices as well as his virtues. 'Tis the business of the audience to observe where his flaws lessen his value; and by considering the deformity of his blemishes, become sensible how much a finer thing he would be without 'em.

SIR J. VANBRUGH.—*A Short Vindication.*

VANITAS VANITATUM

WHAT is become now of these great merchants of the earth, and where is the fruit of all their labours under the sun? Why, truly, they are taken out of the way as all others, and they are cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. Their dwelling is in the dust, and as for their place here, it lies waste and is not known: nettles and brambles come up in it, and the owl and the raven dwell in it. But if you will visit them at their long homes, and knock at those desolate doors, you shall find some remains of them: a heap of loathsomeness and corruption. O miserable and sad mutations! Where is now their pompous and shining train? Where are their triumphs, fireworks, and feasts, with all the ridiculous tumults of a popular, prodigious pride? Where is their purple and fine linen, their chains

of massy gold, and sparkling ornaments of pearls ? Where are their cooks and carvers, their fowlers and fishers ? Where are their curious utensils, their cups of agate, crystal and china-earth ? Where are their sumptuous chambers, where they enclosed themselves in cedar, ivory and ebony ? Where is their music, their soft and delicate dressings, pleasing motions, and excellency of looks ? Where are their rich perfumes, costly conserves, with their precious and various store of foreign and domestic wines ? Where are their sons and their daughters, fair as the flowers, straight as the palm-trees, and polished as the corners of the Temple ? O pitiful and astonishing transformations ! all is gone, all is dust, deformity, and desolation. Their bones are scattered in the pit, and instead of well-set hair there is baldness, and loathsomeness instead of beauty. This is the state of their bodies ; and O blessed Jesus ! who knows the state of their souls ? To have a sad guess at this, it will not be much out of our way if we step and visit a Roman Emperor upon his death-bed. If you desire his name, it is Hadrian : the most ingenious and learned that ever sat upon the throne of Caesar. You may believe he was royally accommodated, and wanted nothing which this world could afford ; but how far he was from receiving any comfort in his death from the pompous and fruitless abundance you shall learn from his own mouth. Consider, I pray, what he speaks, for they are the words of a dying man, and spoken by him to his departing soul :

My soul, my pleasant soul and witty,
The guest and consort of my body !
Into what place now all alone,
Naked and sad, wilt thou be gone ?
No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,
Nor jests, wilt thou afford me more.

Certainly this is the saddest poetry that ever I met with : and what he thought of his soul in that last agony, when the pangs of death came thick upon him, is enough to draw tears and commiseration from a heart of flint.

H. VAUGHAN.—*Man in Darkness.*

TO MY LADY —

MADAM,—Your commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed, but intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe : for, here your Ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times ; as Sir *Philip Sidney*, Sir *Francis Bacon*, Cardinal *Perron* (the ablest of his countrymen) and the former Pope ; who they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, Madam, these nightingales sung only in the spring ; it was the diversion of their youth ; as ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further ; for, as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry ; so this is not always practised without some villany to the mind ; wresting it from present occasions ; and accustoming us to a style somewhat removed from common use. But, that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses : we are told, that *Tully* (the greatest Wit among the *Romans*) was once sick of this disease, and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give-over in time, leaves a man without excuse : the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made, which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear ; if you publish them, they are your own : and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, cast them into the fire : or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone), tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of *Orpheus* ; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his

limbs, as the story will have it,) I suppose were scattered by the *Thracian* dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are : how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our, sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship's for a *Roman* name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect Nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your LADYSHIP's
most humble Servant,
Edmund Waller.

STRAWBERRY HILL

TWICKENHAM, June 8, 1747.

YOU perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges :

A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises : barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window ; Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospect ; but, thank God ! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind ; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves : up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one

shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity, while a Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know it is going to be dissolved: I am told, you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether anybody that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as that little bug the Marquis of Rockingham did; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the Prince has taken up two hundred thousand pounds, to carry elections which he won't carry:—he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen.

H. WALPOLE.—*Letters to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1750

ARLINGTON STREET, *March 11, 1750.*

Products and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, (exactly a month since the first shock,) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and

great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say, they are not frightened but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had, was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, 'I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgement.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

H. WALPOLE.—*Letters to Horace Mann.*

THE SEDATE SPECTRE

MANFRED rose to pursue her [Isabella], when the moon, which was now up, and gleamed in at the opposite casement, presented to his sight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which rose to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempestuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and rustling sound. Isabella, who gathered courage from her situation, and who dreaded nothing so much as Manfred's pursuit of his declaration, cried—

'Look, my Lord! see, Heaven itself declares against your impious intentions!'

‘Heaven nor Hell shall impede my designs,’ said Manfred, advancing again to seize the Princess.

At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh, and heaved its breast.

Isabella, whose back was turned to the picture, saw not the motion, nor knew whence the sound came, but started, and said—

‘Hark, my Lord! What sound was that?’ and at the same time made towards the door.

Manfred, distracted between the flight of Isabella, who had now reached the stairs, and yet unable to keep his eyes from the picture, which began to move, had, however, advanced some steps after her, still looking backwards on the portrait, when he saw it quit its panel, and descend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air.

‘Do I dream?’ cried Manfred, returning; ‘or are the devils themselves in league against me? Speak, infernal spectre! Or, if thou art my grandsire, why dost thou too conspire against thy wretched descendant, who too dearly pays for’—— Ere he could finish the sentence, the vision sighed again, and made a sign to Manfred to follow him.

‘Lead on!’ cried Manfred; ‘I will follow thee to the gulf of perdition.’

The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little distance, full of anxiety and horror, but resolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped to with violence by an invisible hand.

H. WALPOLE.—*The Castle of Otranto.*

OLD-FASHIONED POETRY

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, ’twas a handsome milk-maid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be (as too many men too often do) but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; ’twas that smooth song, which

was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago : and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder ! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again, I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman, I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-Woman. Marry God requite you sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully, and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a-grace of God I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads ; for she and I both love all Anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men ; in the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk, you shall have it freely.

Piscator. No, I thank you, but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt ; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-Woman. What song was it, I pray ? Was it 'Come, Shepherds, deck your herds', or, 'As at noon Dulcina rested' ; or 'Philida flouts me' : or 'Chevy Chase' ? or 'Johnny Armstrong' ? or 'Troy Town' ?

Piscator. No, it is none of those : it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-Woman. O, I know it now, I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter ; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me : but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love Anglers. Come Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

I. WALTON.—*The Compleat Angler.*

THE SWEET SINGER OF 'THE TEMPLE

I MAY not omit to tell, that he had often designed to leave the University, and decline all study, which, he thought, did impair his health, for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies ; for he would often say, ' He had too thoughtful a wit : a wit, like a pen-knife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body.' But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the University or to travel : and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother ; but did always submit to her wisdom. . . .

In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to court, God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did, in a short time, put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick Duke of Richmond, and James Marquis of Hamilton ; and not long after him, King James died also, and with them, all Mr. Herbert's court hopes : so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done. In this time of retirement he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court life, or betake himself to a study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders ? (to which his dear mother had often persuaded him). These were such conflicts, as they only can know that have endured them ; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside ; but, at last, God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar.

He did at his return to London acquaint a Court-friend with his resolution to enter into Sacred Orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, ' It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven, should be of the noblest families on earth :

and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus.'

I. WALTON.—*The Life of Mr. George Herbert.*

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH POETRY

THE age of Queen Elizabeth is commonly called the golden age of English poetry. It certainly may not improperly be styled the most poetical age of these annals.

Among the great features which strike us in the poetry of this period are the predominancy of fable, of fiction and fancy, and a predilection for interesting adventures and pathetic events. I will endeavour to assign and explain the cause of this characteristic distinction, which may chiefly be referred to the following principles, sometimes blended and sometimes operating singly; the revival and vernacular versions of the classics, the importation and translation of Italian novels, the visionary reveries or refinements of false philosophy, a degree of superstition sufficient for the purposes of poetry, the adoption of the machineries of romance, and the frequency and improvements of allegoric exhibition in the popular spectacles.

All or most of these circumstances contributed to give a descriptive, a picturesque, and a figurative cast to the poetical language. This effect appears even in the prose compositions of the reign of Elizabeth. In the subsequent age, prose became the language of poetry.

In the meantime general knowledge was increasing with a wide diffusion and a hasty rapidity. Books began to be multiplied, and a variety of the most useful and rational topics had been discussed in our own language. But science had not made too great advances. On the whole,

we were now arrived at that period, propitious to the operations of original and true poetry, when the coyness of fancy was not always proof against the approaches of reason; when genius was rather directed than governed by judgement; and when taste and learning had so far only disciplined imagination as to suffer its excesses to pass without censure or control, for the sake of the beauties to which we were allied.

T. WARTON.—*History of English Poetry.*

A FAREWELL ADDRESS

IN the discharge of this trust I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgement was capable—Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome.—Satisfied, that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgement of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honours it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes

dubious,—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging,—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.—Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

G. WASHINGTON.—*The Farewell Address to the People of the United States.*

THE PLACE OF LATIN IN EDUCATION

AND here, I think, I have a fair occasion given me to consider that question which has been often debated in conversation, viz., whether the teaching of a school full of boys to learn Latin by the heathen poets, as Ovid in his *Epistles*, and the silly fables of his *Metamorphoses*, Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, in their impure odes, satires, and epigrams, &c., is so proper and agreeable a practice in a Christian country.

1. I grant the language and style of those men who wrote in their own native tongue must be more pure and perfect, in some nice elegancies and peculiarities than modern writers of other nations who have imitated them; and it is owned also, that the beauties of their poesy may much excel; but in either of these things boys cannot be supposed to be much improved or injured by one or the other.

2. It shall be confessed, too, that modern poets in every living language, have brought into their work so many

words, epithets, phrases, and metaphors, from the heathen fables and stories of their gods and heroes, that in order to understand these modern writers, it is necessary to know a little of those ancient follies : but it may be answered that a good dictionary, or such a book as the Pantheon, or history of those Gentile deities, may give sufficient information of those stories, so far as they are necessary and useful to schoolboys.

3. I will grant yet further that lads who are designed to make great scholars or divines may, by reading these heathen poets, be taught better to understand the writings of the ancient Fathers against the heathen religion ; and they learn here what ridiculous fooleries the Gentile nations believed as the articles of their faith, what wretched and foul idolatries they indulged and practised as duties of religion, for want of the divine revelation. But this perhaps may be learned as well either by the Pantheon, or some other collection at school ; or after they have left the school, they may read what their own inclinations lead them to, and whatsoever of this kind may be really useful for them.

But the great question is whether all these advantages which have been mentioned, will compensate for the long months and years that are wasted among their incredible and trifling romances, their false and shameful stories of the gods and goddesses and their amours, and the lewd heroes and vicious poets of the heathen world. Can these idle and ridiculous tales be of any real and solid advantage in human life ? Do they not too often defile the mind with vain, mischievous, and impure ideas ? Do they not stick long upon the fancy and leave an unhappy influence upon youth ? Do they not tincture the imagination with folly and vice very early, and pervert it from all that is good and holy ? . . .

A little book collected from the psalms of both these translators, Buchanan and Johnston, and a few other Christian poets, would be of excellent use for schools to begin their instructions in Latin poesy ; and I am well assured this would be richly sufficient for all those in lower rank, who never design a learned profession, and yet custom has foolishly bound them to learn that language.

I. WATTS.—*The Improvement of the Mind.*

BUNKER HILL

WE know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription or entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it had not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must for ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish

that labour may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toll. We wish that in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise ! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming ; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

D. WEBSTER.—*Oration on the
Bunker Hill Monument.*

DRESS

I CONJURE you all who have any regard for *me*, show me before I go hence that I have not laboured, even in this respect, in vain, for near half a century. Let me see, before I die, a Methodist congregation, full as plain dressed as a Quaker congregation. Only be more consistent with yourselves. Let your dress be *cheap* as well as plain. Otherwise you do but trifle with God and me and your own souls. I pray, let there be no costly silks among you, how grave soever they may be. Let there be no Quaker-linen, proverbially so called, for their exquisite fineness ; no Brussels lace, no elephantine hats or bonnets, those scandals of female modesty. Be all of a piece, dressed from head to foot as persons *professing godliness* ; professing to do everything, small and great, with the single view of pleasing God.

Let not any of you who are rich in this world endeavour to excuse yourselves from this by talking nonsense. It is stark staring nonsense to say, ' Oh, I can *afford* this or that.' If you have regard to common sense, let that silly word never come out of your mouth. No man living can *afford* to waste any part of what God has committed to his trust. None can *afford* to throw any part of that food and raiment

into the sea, which was lodged with him on purpose to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked. And it is far worse than simple waste, to spend any part of it in gay or costly apparel. For this is no less than to turn wholesome food into deadly poison. It is giving so much money to poison both yourself and others, as far as your example spreads, with pride, vanity, anger, lust, love of the world, and a thousand 'foolish and hurtful desires', which tend to 'pierce them through with many sorrows'. And is there no harm in all this? O God, arise, and maintain Thy own cause! Let not men or devils any longer put out our eyes, and lead us blindfold into the pit of destruction!

I beseech you every man that is here present before God, every woman, young or old, married or single, yea, every child that knows good from evil, take this to yourself. Each of you for one, take the Apostle's advice; at least, hinder not others from taking it. I beseech you, O ye parents, do not hinder your children from following their own convictions, even though you might think they would *look prettier*, if they were adorned with such gewgaws as other children wear! I beseech you, O ye husbands, do not hinder your wives! You, O ye wives, do not hinder your husbands, either by word or deed, from acting just as they are persuaded in their own minds! Above all, I conjure you, ye half-Methodists, you that trim between us and the world, you that frequently, perhaps constantly, hear our preaching, but are in no further connexion with us; yea, and all you that were once in full connexion with us, but are not so now; whatever ye do yourselves, do not say one word to hinder others from recovering and practising the advice which has been now given! Yet a little while, and we shall not need these poor coverings; for this corruptible body shall put on incorruption. Yet a few days hence and this mortal body shall put on immortality. In the meantime, let this be our only care, to put off the old man, our old nature—'which is corrupt', which is altogether evil—and to 'put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness'. In particular, 'put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies, kindness, gentleness, long-suffering.' Yea, to sum all up in one word; 'put on Christ;' that 'when He shall appear, ye may appear with Him in glory'. J. WESLEY.—*Sermons*.

OF THE BEST FOUNDATION OF STYLE

THERE are many advantages in the style of Hobbes, Hooker, Bacon, &c., over that now in use; and I do not know whether I should not use them, as a foundation, if I had the instruction of youth in composition. I certainly would, if I had it in my power to make the plan general. It may be a good sign for young writers to be flowery, but there is no need to teach them. If once they get a flowing, easy style, without nerve, they will rarely amend the fault; whereas solid gold may be easily polished. What our language has gained in elegance it has lost in force. One of its chief corrupters was Addison, whose singular beauties led many to copy his defects, his diffuseness and tautology. Johnson also produced a verbose style from another cause; for though the structure of his language admits of great density, yet it tempts a writer to admit empty sounds for the sake of antithesis. Many of his colours are like sham handles or keyholes, made only to answer to real ones. One of the most nervous of modern writers, and therefore the best for laying a foundation, is Paley.

R. WHATELY.—*Commonplace Book.*

CUCKOOS

SELBORNE, Feb. 19, 1770.

YOUR observation that ‘the cuckoo does not deposit its egg indiscriminately in the nest of the first bird that comes in its way, but probably looks out a nurse in some degree congenerous, with whom to entrust its young’, is perfectly new to me, and struck me so forcibly that I naturally fell into a train of thought that led me to consider whether the fact were so, and what reason there was for it. When I came to recollect and inquire, I could not find that any cuckoo had ever been seen in these parts, except in the nest of the wagtail, the hedge-sparrow, the titlark, the white-throat, and the redbreast, all soft-billed insectivorous birds. The excellent Mr. Willughby mentions the nest of the *Palumbus* (ring-dove), and of the *Fringilla* (chaffinch), birds that subsist on acorns and grains, and such hard food:

but then he does not mention them as of his own knowledge, but says afterwards that he saw himself a wagtail feeding a cuckoo. It appears hardly possible that a soft-billed bird should subsist on the same food with the hard-billed : for the former have thin membranaceous stomachs suited to their soft food ; while the latter, the granivorous tribe, have strong muscular gizzards, which, like mills, grind, by the help of small gravels and pebbles, what is swallowed. This proceeding of the cuckoo, of dropping its eggs as it were by chance, is such a monstrous outrage on maternal affection, one of the first great dictates of nature, and such a violence on instinct, that, had it only been related of a bird in the Brazils or Peru, it would never have merited our belief. But yet, should it further appear that this simple bird, when divested of that natural *στοργή* that seems to raise the kind in general above themselves, and inspire them with extraordinary degrees of cunning and address, may be still endued with a more enlarged faculty of discerning what species are suitable and congenerous nursing-mothers for its disregarded eggs and young, and may deposit them only under their care, this would be adding wonder to wonder, and instancing, in a fresh manner, that the methods of Providence are not subjected to any mode or rule, but astonish us in new lights, and in various and changeable appearances.

What was said by a very ancient and sublime writer concerning the defect of natural affection in the ostrich may be well applied to the bird we are talking of :—

‘She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers : Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath He imparted to her understanding.’

Query.—Does each female cuckoo lay but one egg in a season, or does she drop several in different nests according as opportunity offers ?

G. WHITE.—*The Natural History of Selborne.*

THE TORTOISE.

SELBORNE, April 21, 1780.

THE old Sussex tortoise that I have mentioned to you so often is become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentments by hissing; and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden: however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mould, and continues still concealed.

As it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life and propensities; and perceive already, that towards the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing-place in the ground near its head, requiring, I conclude, a freer respiration as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps great part of summer; for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower, and does not move at all in wet days.

When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

While I was writing this letter, a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of shell-snails; and at the same juncture the tortoise heaved up the mould and put out its head; and the next morning came forth, as it were raised from the dead, and walked about till four in the afternoon. This was a curious coincidence—a very amusing occurrence—to see such a similarity of feelings between two *φερέοικοι*,—for so the Greeks call both the shell-snail and the tortoise.

G. WHITE.—*The Natural History of Selborne.*

THE BLOODBEBATS OF SONG

THE land and sea, the animals, fishes and birds, the sky of heaven and the orbs, the forests, mountains, and rivers, are not small themes . . . but folks expect of the poet to indicate more than the beauty and dignity which always attach to dumb real objects . . . they expect him to indicate the path between reality and their souls. Men and women perceive the beauty well enough . . . probably as well as he. The passionate tenacity of hunters, woodmen, early risers, cultivators of gardens and orchards and fields, the love of healthy women for the manly form, seafaring persons, drivers of horses, the passion for light and the open air, all is an old varied sign of the unfailing perception of beauty and of a residence of the poetic in outdoor people. They can never be assisted by poets to perceive . . . some may but they never can. The poetic quality is not marshalled in rhyme or uniformity or abstract addresses to things nor in melancholy complaints or good precepts, but is the life of these and much else and is in the soul. The profit of rhyme is that it drops seeds of a sweeter and more luxuriant rhyme, and of uniformity that it conveys itself into its own roots in the ground out of sight. The rhyme and uniformity of perfect poems show the free growth of metrical laws and bud from them as unerringly and loosely as lilacs or roses on a bush, and take shapes as compact as the shapes of chestnuts and oranges and melons and pears, and shed the perfume impalpable to form. The fluency and ornaments of the finest poems or music or orations or recitations are not independent but dependent. All beauty comes from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain. If the greatnesses are in conjunction in a man or woman it is enough . . . the fact will prevail through the universe . . . but the gaggery and gilt of a million years will not prevail. Who troubles himself about his ornaments or fluency is lost. This is what you shall do: Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labour to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to any man or number of men, go

freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young and with the mothers of families, read these leaves in the open air every season of every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your own soul; and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency not only in its words but in the silent lines of its lips and face and between the lashes of your eyes and in every motion and joint of your body. . . . The poet shall not spend his time in unneeded work. He shall know that the ground is always ready ploughed and manured . . . others may not know it but he shall. He shall go directly to the creation. His trust shall master the trust of everything he touches . . . and shall master all attachment.

W. WHITMAN.—*Preface to 'Leaves of Grass.'*

THE ARTIST

ONE evening there came into his soul the desire to fashion an image of *The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment*. And he went forth into the world to look for bronze. For he could think only in bronze.

But all the bronze of the whole world had disappeared, nor anywhere in the whole world was there any bronze to be found, save only the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow that endureth for Ever*.

Now this image he had himself, and with his own hands, fashioned, and had set it on the tomb of the one thing he had loved in life. On the tomb of the dead thing he had most loved had he set this image of his own fashioning, that it might serve as a sign of the love of man that dieth not, and a symbol of the sorrow of man that endureth for ever. And in the whole world there was no other bronze save the bronze of this image.

And he took the image he had fashioned, and set it in a great furnace, and gave it to the fire.

And out of the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow that endureth for Ever* he fashioned an image of *The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment*.

O. WILDE.—*Poems in Prose.*

THE MOON A WORLD

FROM that which I have said may be gathered thus much.

1. That a new truth may seem absurd and impossible, not only to the vulgar, but to those also who are otherwise wise men, and excellent scholars. And hence it will follow that every new thing which seems to oppose common principles, is not presently to be rejected, but rather to be pried into with a diligent inquiry, since there are many things which are yet hid from us, and reserved for future discovery.

2. That it is not the commonness of an opinion that can privilege it for a truth ; the wrong way is sometimes a well-beaten path, whereas the right way (especially to hidden truths) may be less trodden and more obscure.

True indeed, the strangeness of this opinion will detract much from its credit ; but yet we should know that nothing is in itself strange, since every natural effect has an equal dependence upon its cause, and with the like necessity doth follow from it ; so that 'tis our ignorance which makes things appear so. And hence it comes to pass that many more evident truths seem incredible, to such who know not the causes of things. You may as soon persuade some country peasants that the moon is made of green cheese (as we say) as that 'tis bigger than his cart-wheel, since both seem equally to contradict his sight, and he has not reason enough to lead him further than his senses. Nay, suppose (saith Plutarch) a philosopher should be educated in such a secret place, where he might not see either sea or river, and afterwards should be brought out where one might show him the great ocean, telling him the quality of that water, that it is brackish, salt, and not potable, and yet there were many vast creatures of all forms living in it, which make use of the water as we do of the air ; questionless he would laugh at all this, as being monstrous lies and fables, without any colour of truth. Just so will this truth which I now deliver appear unto others, because we never dreamed of any such matter as a world in the moon ; because the state of that place hath as yet been veiled from our knowledge, therefore we can scarcely assent to any such matter. Things

are very hardly received, which are altogether strange to our thoughts and our senses. The soul may with less difficulty be brought to believe any absurdity, when as it has formerly been acquainted with some colours and probabilities for it; but when a new and an unheard-of truth shall come before it, though it have good grounds and reasons, yet the understanding is afraid of it as a stranger, and dares not admit it into his belief without a great deal of reluctancy and trial. And besides, things that are not manifested to the senses are not assented unto without some labour of mind, some travel and discourse of the understanding; and many lazy souls had rather quietly repose themselves in an easy error than take pains to search out the truth.

J. WILKINS.—*That the Moon may
be a World.*

THE AFFECTATION OF INKHORN TERMS

AMONG all other lessons this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received: neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say: and yet these fine English clerks will say, they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them for counterfeiting the King's English. Some far-journeyed gentlemen at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with oversea language. He that cometh lately out of France, will talk French English and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italienated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking, the which is, as if an orator that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far-fetched colours of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomach with the

prating of pedlars. The auditor in making his accompt and reckoning, cometh in with *sise sould*, and *cater denere*, for vi. s. iiii. d. The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mystical wiseman and poetical clerks will speak nothing but quaint proverbs, and blind allegories, delighting much in their own darkness, especially, when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days) will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words, and he that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman, and a good rhetorician.

T. WILSON.—*Art of Rhetorique.*

AN ATTACK ON BOOKSELLERS

MANY men of good sufficiency do wonder, as I hear, what abuses worthy all these words can be found among the Stationers. For alas, think they, those do but sell books to such as come for them, and are a harmless kind of people by whom, to their understanding, the Commonwealth can receive no great prejudice, in any matter concerning their mystery. But when they have read over this, it will beget another opinion: if not, my next discovery shall. For I can yet lance deeper and make it evident to the capacity of every common man, that such as those whom I have marked out are they who are the principal dispersers of heresies and the prime disturbers of unity in the Church. I can demonstrate that they are most times occasioners of those grudgings and discontentments which do otherwhile distemper the minds of the people. That much trouble to the State is procured by them, that they are the likeliest instruments to kindle factions, and stir up sedition, that they have involved and obscured the certain tenets of our Church among such a multitude of private fancies and opinions of upstart writers, that the common people scarce know what principles we profess; and our adversaries take advantage out of their unhallowed pamphlets to impute to the Church of England what

absurdities they please. I can make it evident they have so pestered their printing-houses and shops with fruitless volumes that the ancient and renowned authors are almost buried among them as forgotten ; and that they have so much work to prefer their termly pamphlets, which they provide to take up the people's money and time, that there is neither of them left to bestow on a profitable book : so they who desire knowledge are still kept ignorant ; their ignorance increaseth their affection to vain toys ; their affection makes the stationer to increase his provision of such stuff, and at last you shall see nothing to be sold amongst us but Curranto's *Bevis of Southampton* or such trumpery. The Arts are already almost lost among the writings of mountebank authors. For if any one among us would study Physic, the Mathematics, Poetry, or any of the liberal sciences, they have in their warehouses so many volumes of quack-salving receipts ; of false propositions ; and of inartificial rhymings (of which last sort they have some of mine there, God forgive me !) that unless we be directed by some artist, we shall spend half our age before we can find those authors which are worth our readings. For what need the stationer be at the charge of printing the labours of him that is master of his art, and will require that respect which his pain deserveth, seeing he can hire for a matter of forty shillings some needy ignoramus to scribble upon the same subject, and by a large promising title, make it as vendible for an impression or two, as though it had the quintessence of all art ?

G. WITHER.—*The Schollers Purgatory.*

MAN AND NATURE

FANCY a man walking in some retired field, far from noise and free from prejudice, to debate this matter with himself ; and then judge whether such meditations as these would not be just : ' I think I may be sure that neither lifeless matter, nor the vegetative tribe, that stone, that flower, that tree, have any reflex thoughts ; nor do the sensitive animals, that sheep, that ox, seem to have any such thing, or but in the lowest degree and but in respect

of present objects only. They do not reason nor discourse. I may therefore certainly pretend to be something much above all these. I not only apprehend and consider these external objects, acting at present upon my nerves, but have ideas raised within myself of a higher order, and many: I can not only represent to myself things that are, or have been, but deduce many other from them, make excursions into futurity, and foresee much of what will be, or at least may be; by strict thinking I had almost said, get into another world beforehand; and whether I shall live in some other state after death or not, I am certainly a being capable of such an expectation, and cannot but be solicitous about it; none of which things can be said of those clods or those brutes. Can I then be designed for nothing further than just to eat, drink, sleep, walk about, and act upon this earth; that is, to have no further being than what these brutes have so far beneath me? Can I be made capable of such great expectations which those animals know nothing of (happier by far in this regard than I am, if we must die alike), only to be disappointed at last? Thus placed, just upon the confines of another better world, and fed with hopes of penetrating into it and enjoying it, only to make a short appearance here, and then to be shut out, and totally sunk? Must I then when I bid farewell to these walks, when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this scene darken upon me, and go out, must I then only serve to furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these herds and plants, or with this dirt under my feet? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them at death?

This argument grows . . . strongest of all to one who, besides all this, endeavours in the conduct of his life to observe the laws of reason (that is, of his *nature*; and that is, of the Author of nature upon whom he depends); laments and labours against his own infirmities, implores the Divine mercy, prays for some better state hereafter, acts and lives in the hope of one, and denies himself many things upon that view; one who, by the exaltation of his reason and upper faculties, and that which is certainly the effect of real and useful philosophy, the practice of virtue, is still approaching toward a higher manner of being, and doth already taste something spiritual and above this world.

To such a one there must be a strong expectation indeed, and the argument built upon it must be proportionable ; for can he be endowed with such capacities, and have, as it were, overtures of immortality made him, if, after all, there is no such thing ?

W. WOLLASTON.—*Religion of Nature Delineated.*

[WOLLSTONECRAFT, MARY.—See GODWIN.]

OXFORD THE HOME OF MINERVA

WHAT we have here to entertain you is nothing almost of any antiquity now remaining to be seen. Such, it seems, is the envy of time and vicissitude of things who have long since worn out their memories and committed their ruins to the grave. To tell you of all the varieties of arts and sciences that have anciently been presented and delivered to us by the learnedest of all ages will perhaps now, by reason of the longinquity of time, seem incredible. To tell you also of the injunctions of our old statutes, concerning the continual reading here of the three philosophical and seven liberal arts and sciences, from the north part of S. Mary's Church even to the north wall of the city, will also, to those that converse with the actions but of yesterday, seem riddles and chimaeras ; but verily they are all so full of truth and obvious to every man's capacity, that if he doth but peep in our old statutes, or in the least give glance upon our ancient scripts, he cannot but conclude this place to be like the Areopagus at Athens, and style it by no other name than *Vicus Minervalis*. Here, had we lived in those days, we might have beheld with what great emulation our old philosophers would open their packs of literature (as I may say) to their hungry auditors. Here also, each order in our University at their first coming and plantation, would with great pride endeavour to blazon their parts, and give the world approbation of their profound knowledge and deep discoveries of those muffled-up secrets of theology and philosophy. Every corner porch, entry, hall, and school in this street was so wholly dedicated and sacred for the use only of the gown, that it was a great

piaculum for an apron to approach its borders. What shall I say? all things in relation towards the soul and accomplishment of man was here (only with the price of patience and endeavour) to be obtained. And so far was it different from the street at Paris where the philosophical professors taught, in the time of Dante the poet, and which, because of the continual noise of the disputants there, was by Petrarcha termed *Vicus Fragosus*, that every cell, cavern, or cubicle of this place had a pleasant consort and center of parts therein. In the grammar schools that were here (besides those in other places) you had the masters and regents in that faculty still inculcating to you the propriety of words; in the rhetoric, the several tropes and figures contained therein; in the logic, the deduction of consequences and the unravelling the mysteries therein, that thou mightest hereafter artificially open the several places of the scripture; in the mathematic and geometry those abstruse and sublime *recondita*, to increase thy reason and fortify thy judgement; and in the theological those continual expositions and readings on the sacred writ to munite thee against heresies and upstart notions that continually present themselves unto thee; and the like. Of all which, with several other exercises performed, as also of the schools here, I have more at large laid down in my discourse of the schools.

A. WOOD.—*Survey of the Antiquities
of the City of Oxford.*

PROSE AND METRE

IF in a Poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not

only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who by their reasonings have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire :
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
 Or chearful fields resume their green attire :
 These ears alas ! for other notes repine ;
A different object do these eyes require ;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire ;
 Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in italics : it is equally obvious, that except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word 'fruitless' for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry ; and I have previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition.

We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry

and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters : but where shall we find bonds of connexion sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition ? They both speak by and to the same organs ; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree. (I here use the word ' Poetry '—though against my own judgement—as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre ; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis ; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.) Poetry sheds no tears ' such as Angels weep ', but natural and human tears ; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose ; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

W. WORDSWORTH.—*Preface to Poems*, 1802.

A LETTER TO JOHN MILTON

From the College [Eton] this 13 of April, 1638.

SIR,—It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly ; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterward by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded [bandied] together some good authors of the ancient time : among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes ; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems printed at Oxford ; whereunto is added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

SIR H. WOTTON.—*Letters*.

A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

To my Lord's Grace of Canterbury now being, I leave my picture of Divine Love, rarely copied from one in the King's galleries, of my presentation to his Majesty, beseeching him to receive it as a pledge of my humble reverence to his great wisdom. And to the most worthy Lord Bishop of London, Lord High Treasurer, in true admiration of his Christian simplicity, and contempt of earthly pomp, I leave a picture of Heraclytus bewailing, and Democritus laughing at the world : Most humbly beseeching the said Lord Archbishop his Grace, and the said Bishop of London, of both whose favours I have tasted in my life time, to intercede with our most Gracious Sovereign after my death, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that out of compassionate memory of my long services (wherein I more studied the public honour, than my own utility) some order may be taken out of my arrears due in the Exchequer, for such satisfaction of my creditors, as those whom I have ordained supervisors of this my last will and testament shall present unto their lordships, without their own further

trouble : Hoping likewise in his Majesty's most indubitable goodness, that he will keep me from all prejudice, which I may otherwise suffer by any defect of formality, in the demand of my said arrears. To the Earl of Holland, for a poor addition to his cabinet, I leave, as emblems of his attractive virtues, and obliging nobleness, my great loadstone ; and a piece of amber of both kinds naturally united, and only differing in degree of concoction, which is thought somewhat rare. Item, a piece of crystal sex-angular (as they all grow) grasping divers several things within it, which I bought among the Rhaetian Alps, in the very place where it grew, recommending most humbly unto his lordship, the reputation of my poor name in the point of my debts, as I have done to the forenamed spiritual lords ; and heartily sorry, that I have no better token of my humble thankfulness to his honoured person. Item, I leave to Sir Francis Windebank, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of Estate (whom I have found my great friend in point of necessity) the Four Seasons of old Bassano, to hang near the eye in his parlour, (being in little form) which I bought at Venice, where I first entered into his most worthy acquaintance.

To the above named Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, I leave all my Italian books not disposed in this will. I leave to him likewise my *Viol di Gamba*, which hath been twice in Italy, in which country I first contracted with him an unremoveable affection. To my other supervisor Mr. Nicholas Pay, I leave my chest, or cabinet of instruments and engines of all kinds of uses : in the lower box whereof, are some fit to be bequeathed to none but [so] entire an honest man, as he is. I leave him likewise forty pounds for his pains in the solicitation of my arrears, and am sorry that my ragged estate can reach no further to one that hath taken such care for me in the same kind, during all my foreign employments. To the Library at Eton College I leave all my Manuscripts not before disposed, and to each of the Fellows a plain ring of gold, enamelled black, all save the verge, with this motto within, *Amor vincit omnia*.

SIR H. WOTTON.

RIGHT LIVING

IF thou be a lord, look thou live a rightful life in thine own person, both anent God and man, keeping the hests of God, doing the works of mercy, ruling well thy five wits, and doing reason and equity and good conscience to all men. The second time, govern well thy wife, thy children, and thy homely men in God's law, and suffer no sin among them, neither in word nor in deed, up[on] thy might, that they may be ensample of holiness and righteousness to all other. For thou shalt be damned for their evil life and thine evil sufferance, but if thou amend it up[on] thy might. The third time, govern well thy tenants, and maintain them in right and reason, and be merciful to them in their rents and worldly merciments, and suffer not thy officers to do them wrong nor extortions, and chastise in good manner them that be rebel against God's hests and virtuous living, more than for rebellion against thine own cause or person. And hold with God's cause, and love, reward, praise, and cherish the true and virtuous of life, more than if they do only thine own profit and worship; and maintain truly, up thy cunning and might, God's law and true preachers thereof, and God's servants in rest and peace, for by this reason thou holdest thy lordship of God. And if thou failest of this, thou forfeitest against God in all thy lordship, in body and soul; principally if thou maintainest Antichrist's disciples in their errors against Christ's life and his teaching, for blindness and covetise and worldly friendship, and helpest to slander and pursue true men, that teach Christ's gospel and his life. And warn the people of their great sins, and of false priests and hypocrites that deceive Christian men, in faith and virtuous life, and worldly goods also.

If thou be a labourer, live in meekness, and truly and wilfully do thy labour; that if thy lord or thy master be an heathen man, that by thy meekness and wilful and true service, he have not to gruche [murmur] against thee, nor slander thy God nor Christendom. And serve not to Christian lords with gruching, nor only in their presence, but truly and wilfully in their absence, not only for worldly dread nor worldly reward, but for dread of God and good

conscience, and for reward in heaven. For that God that putteth thee in such service wot what state is best for thee, and will reward thee more than all earthly lords may, if thou dost it truly and wilfully for his ordinance. And in all things beware of gruching against God and his visitation, in great labour and long, and great sickness, and other adversities, and beware of wrath, of cursing and warrying [cursing], or banning, of man or of beast. And ever keep patience and meekness and charity, both to God and man. And thus each man in these their stations oweth [ought] to live, to save himself and help other; and thus should good life, rest, peace, and charity be among Christian men, and they be saved, and heathen men soon converted, and God magnified greatly in all nations and sects, that now despise him and his law, for the wicked living of false Christian men.

J. WYCLIFFE.—*A Short Rule of Life.*

A PROTEST AGAINST MID-DAY DINNERS

THE ramble of the morning finished, we return in time to dress for dinner, at half after twelve or one: then adjourn to the drawing room of Madam de la Rochefoucauld or the Countess of Grandval alternately, the only ladies who have apartments large enough to contain the whole company. None are excluded; as the first thing done by every person who arrives, is to pay a morning visit to each party already in the place; the visit is returned, and then everybody is of course acquainted at these assemblies, which last till the evening is cool enough for walking. There is nothing in them but cards, trick-track, chess, and sometimes music; but the great feature is cards: I need not add, that I absented myself often from these parties, which are ever mortally insipid to me in England, and not less so in France. In the evening, the company splits into different parties, for their promenade, which lasts till half an hour after eight; supper is served at nine: there is, after it, an hour's conversation in the chamber of one of our ladies; and this is the best part of the day,—for the chat is free, lively, and unaffected; and uninterrupted,

unless on a post-day, when the duke has such packets of papers and pamphlets, that they make us all politicians. All the world are in bed by eleven.

In this arrangement of the day, no circumstance is so objectionable as that of dining at noon, the consequence of eating no breakfast ; for as the ceremony of dressing is kept up, you must be at home from any morning's excursion by twelve o'clock. This single circumstance, if adhered to, would be sufficient to destroy any pursuits, except the most frivolous. Dividing the day exactly in halves, destroys it for any expedition, inquiry, or business that demands seven or eight hours' attention, uninterrupted by any calls to the table or the toilette : calls which, after fatigue or exertion, are obeyed with refreshment and with pleasure. We dress for dinner in England with propriety, as the rest of the day is dedicated to ease, to converse, and relaxation : but by doing it at noon, too much time is lost. What is a man good for after his silk breeches and stockings are on, his hat under his arm, and his head *bien poudré* ?—Can he botanize in a watered meadow ?—Can he clamber the rocks to mineralize ?—Can he farm with the peasant and the ploughman ?—He is in order for the conversation of the ladies, which to be sure is in every country, but particularly in France, where the women are highly cultivated, an excellent employment ; but it is an employment that never relishes better than after a day spent in active toil or animated pursuit ; in something that has enlarged the sphere of our conceptions, or added to the stores of our knowledge.—I am induced to make this observation, because the noon dinners are customary all over France, except with persons of considerable fashion at Paris. They cannot be treated with too much ridicule or severity, for they are absolutely hostile to every view of science, to every spirited exertion, and to every useful pursuit in life.

A. YOUNG.—*Travels during the Years 1787, 1788, and 1789.*

NICENESS IN WORDS

ANOTHER thing we think good to admonish thee of (gentle Reader) that we have not tied ourselves to a uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because they observe, that some learned men somewhere, have been as exact as they could that way. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that which we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places (for there be some words that be not of the same sense everywhere) we were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But, that we should express the same notion in the same particular word ; as for example, if we translate the *Hebrew* or *Greek* word once by *Purpose*, never to call it *Intent* ; if one where *Journeying*, never *Travelling* ; if one where *Think*, never *Suppose* ; if one where *Pain*, never *Ache* ; if one where *Joy*, never *Gladness*, &c. Thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the Atheist, than bring profit to the godly Reader. For is the kingdom of God become words or syllables ? why should we be in bondage to them if we may be free, use one precisely when we may use another no less fit, as commodiously ? A godly Father in the Primitive time showed himself greatly moved, that one of newfangledness called *κράββατον σκίμπος*, though the difference be little or none ; and another reporteth, that he was much abused for turning *Cucurbita* (to which reading the people had been used) into *Hedera*. Now if this happen in better times, and upon so small occasions, we might justly fear hard censure, if generally we should make verbal and unnecessary changings. We might also be charged (by scoffers) with some unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words. For as it is written of a certain great Philosopher, that he should say, that those logs were happy that were made images to be worshipped ; for their fellows, as good as they, lay for blocks behind the fire : so if we should say, as it were, unto certain words, Stand up higher, have a place in the Bible always, and to others of like quality, Get ye hence, be banished for ever, we might be taxed peradventure with St. James his words, namely, *To be partial in ourselves and*

judges of evil thoughts. Add hereunto, that niceness in words was always counted the next step to trifling, and so was to be curious about names too : also that we cannot follow a better pattern for elocution than God himself ; therefore he using divers words, in his holy writ, and indifferently for one thing in nature : we, if we will not be superstitious, may use the same liberty in our English versions out of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, for that copy or store that he hath given us. Lastly, we have on the one side avoided the scrupulosity of the Puritans, who leave the old Ecclesiastical words, and betake them to other, as when they put *washing* for *Baptism*, and *Congregation* instead of *Church* : as also on the other side we have shunned the obscurity of the Papists, in their *Azimes*, *Tunike*, *Rational*, *Holocausts*, *Praepuce*, *Pasche*, and a number of such like, whereof their late Translation is full, and that of purpose to darken the sense, that since they must needs translate the Bible, yet by the language thereof, it may be kept from being understood. But we desire that the Scripture may speak like itself, as in the language of *Canaan*, that it may be understood even of the very vulgar.

THE TRANSLATORS OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION
OF THE HOLY BIBLE, 1611.—*Preface.*

A MESSIANIC VISION

WHO hath believed our report ? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed ? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground : he hath no form nor comeliness ; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men ; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief : and we hid as it were our faces from him ; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows : yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,

yet he opened not his mouth : he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgement : and who shall declare his generation ? for he was cut off out of the land of the living : for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death ; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

*The Book of the Prophet Isaiah
(Authorized Version, 1611).*

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies :

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions :

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing :

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations :

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be, which have no memorial ; who are perished, as though they had never been ; and are become as though they had never been born ; and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace ; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

*The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of
Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus.*

CHARITY

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child : but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

*The First Epistle of Paul the Apostle
to the Corinthians.*

A GENERAL CONFESSION

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father ; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done ; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done ; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent ; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake ; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

The Book of Common Prayer.

THE EXHORTATION TO THE HOLY COMMUNION

WHEREFORE it is our duty to render most humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God our heavenly Father, for that he hath given his Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, not only to die for us, but also to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that holy Sacrament. Which being so divine and comfortable a thing to them who receive it worthily, and so dangerous to them that will presume to receive it unworthily ; my duty is to exhort you in the mean season to consider the dignity of that holy mystery, and the great peril of the unworthy receiving thereof ; and so to search and examine your own consciences, (and that not lightly, and after the manner of dissemblers with God ; but so) that ye may come holy and clean to such a heavenly Feast, in the marriage-garment required by God in holy Scripture, and be received as worthy partakers of that holy Table.

The way and means thereto is ; First, to examine your lives and conversations by the rule of God's commandments ; and whereinsoever ye shall perceive yourselves to have offended, either by will, word, or deed, there to bewail your own sinfulness, and to confess yourselves to

Almighty God, with full purpose of amendment of life. And if ye shall perceive your offences to be such as are not only against God, but also against your neighbours ; then ye shall reconcile yourselves unto them ; being ready to make restitution and satisfaction, according to the uttermost of your powers, for all injuries and wrongs done by you to any other ; and being likewise ready to forgive others that have offended you, as ye would have forgiveness of your offences at God's hand : for otherwise the receiving of the holy Communion doth nothing else but increase your damnation. Therefore if any of you be a blasphemer of God, an hinderer or slanderer of his Word, an adulterer, or be in malice, or envy, or in any other grievous crime, repent you of your sins, or else come not to that holy Table ; lest, after the taking of that holy Sacrament, the devil enter into you, as he entered into Judas, and fill you full of all iniquities, and bring you to destruction both of body and soul.

And because it is requisite, that no man should come to the holy Communion, but with a full trust in God's mercy, and with a quiet conscience ; therefore if there be any of you, who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned Minister of God's Word, and open his grief ; that by the ministry of God's holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness.

The Book of Common Prayer.

A BIDDING PRAYER

YE shall pray for Christ's holy Catholic Church, that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world, and especially for the Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland : and herein I require you most especially to pray for the King's most excellent Majesty, our Sovereign Lord James, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Supreme Governor in these his realms, and all other his

dominions and countries, over all persons, in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal. Ye shall also pray for our gracious Queen Anne, the noble Prince Henry, and the rest of the King and Queen's royal issue. Ye shall also pray for the Ministers of God's holy Word and Sacraments, as well Archbishops and Bishops, as other pastors and curates. Ye shall also pray for the King's most honourable Council, and for all the nobility and magistrates of this realm ; that all and every of these, in their several callings, may serve truly and painfully to the glory of God, and the edifying and well-governing of his people, remembering the account that they must make. Also ye shall pray for the whole Commons of this realm, that they may live in true faith and fear of God, in humble obedience to the King, and brotherly charity one to another. Finally, let us praise God for all those which are departed out of this life in the faith of Christ, and pray unto God that we may have grace to direct our lives after their good example ; that, this life ended, we may be made partakers with them of the glorious resurrection in the life everlasting.

The English Church Canons of 1604.

NOTES

PAGE 1. *Adams*.—Southey described Adams as the 'prose Shakespeare of Puritan theologians': he was chaplain to Sir Henry Montague, Earl of Manchester, the author of *Manchester Al Mondo*.

P. 2. *Addison*.—'It has of late been the fashion to compare the style of Addison and Johnson, and to depreciate, I think very unjustly, the style of Addison as nerveless and feeble, because it has not the strength and energy of that of Johnson. Their prose may be balanced like the poetry of Dryden and Pope. Both are excellent, though in different ways. Addison writes with the ease of a gentleman. His readers fancy that a wise and accomplished companion is talking to them; so that he insinuates his sentiments and taste into their minds by an imperceptible influence. Johnson writes like a teacher. He dictates to his readers as if from an academical chair. They attend with awe and admiration; and his precepts are impressed upon them by his commanding eloquence. Addison's style, like a light wine, pleases everybody from the first. Johnson's, like a liquor of more body, seems too strong at first, but, by degrees, is highly relished; and such is the melody of his periods, so much do they captivate the ear, and seize upon the attention, that there is scarcely any writer, however inconsiderable, who does not aim, in some degree, at the same species of excellence. But let us not ungratefully undervalue that beautiful style, which has pleasingly conveyed to us much instruction and entertainment. Though comparatively weak, opposed to Johnson's Herculean vigour, let us not call it positively feeble. Let us remember the character of his style, as given by Johnson himself.'—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

Boswell notes that Johnson said: 'Sir, Addison had his style, and I have mine.' 'When I ventured to ask him, whether the difference did not consist in this, that Addison's style was full of idioms, colloquial phrases, and proverbs; and his own more strictly grammatical, and free from such phraseology and modes of speech as can never be literally translated or understood by foreigners; he allowed that discrimination to be just.'

Johnson, in the passage of his *Life of Addison* referred to by Boswell, wrote that Addison's 'prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration: always equable and always easy, without glowing

words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connexions, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed: he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity: his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

'No praise of Addison's style can exaggerate its merits. Its art is perfectly marvellous. No change of time can render the workmanship obsolete. His style has that nameless urbanity in which we recognize the perfection of manner—courteous, but not courtier-like; so dignified, yet so kindly; so easy, yet so high-bred. Its form of English is fixed—a safe and eternal model, of which all imitation pleases—to which all approach is scholarship—like the Latin of the Augustan age.'—Lytton.

P. 7. *Addison*.—*Juv. Sat. i. 18*:

In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

P. 8. *Alison*.—This author figures in Disraeli's *Coningsby* as Mr. Wordy, who wrote a history to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories.

P. 10. *Amory*.—See p. 313.

P. 13. *D'Arblay*.—The excerpts given are those selected by Macaulay: 'It is only by means of specimens that we can enable our readers to judge how widely Madame D'Arblay's three styles differed from each other.' Of the first, from *Evelina* (1778), Macaulay says, 'This is not a fine style, but simple, perspicuous, and agreeable'; of the second, 'This is a good style of its kind.' With reference to the first passage from *Cecilia* (1782), he leaves it to the reader to judge whether it was not at least corrected by Dr. Johnson's hand; with regard to the second, 'We say with confidence, either Sam Johnson or the Devil.' Finally Madame D'Arblay 'had to write in Johnson's manner without Johnson's aid', and Macaulay confesses he is at a loss to describe the style of the *Memoirs* (1832), adding of the two specimens given on p. 15 as an awful warning: 'It is a sort of broken Johnsonese, a barbarous *patois*, bearing the same relation to the language of *Rasselas*, which the gibberish of

the negroes of Jamaica bears to the English of the House of Lords. . . . It matters not what ideas are clothed in such a style. The genius of Shakespeare and Bacon united, would not save a work so written from general derision.'

Boswell quotes part of the second passage from *Cecilia*, beginning 'My family', as imitating Johnson's style.

P. 16. *Arbuthnot*.—It can only be assumed that Arbuthnot wrote this passage, but he was the chief author of the *Memoirs*, which was published with Pope's works in 1741.

'It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift perhaps like a man who remembered that he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.'—Johnson (*Life of Pope*).

P. 22. *Ascham*.—'We might almost claim Ascham as our first purely literary man.'—Sir H. Craik, *English Prose*.

P. 24. *Asgill*.—'I know no genuine Saxon English superior to Asgill's. I think his and Defoe's irony often finer than Swift's.'—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

See Swift's references on pp. 613 and 729.

✓ P. 27. *Austen*.—George Eliot calls Jane Austen the greatest artist that has ever written, 'using the term "artist" to signify the most perfect master over the means to her end.' 'The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any other now going,' Scott wrote, 'but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me.' Macaulay's tribute was 'Shakespeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen'.

J. S. Clarke, librarian to the Prince Regent (both men were ardent admirers of Jane Austen's work), had written to suggest that the novelist should launch out into more pretentious authorship. Miss Austen had too much sense, and she wrote the *jeu d'esprit* on p. 29. For fuller details see Mr. E. V. Lucas's introduction to *Emma* (World's Classics), from which the passage is quoted.

✓ P. 31. *Bacon*.—In *The Advancement of Learning* Bacon mentions four causes concurring—'the admiration of ancient authors, the hate of the schoolmen, the exact study of languages, and the efficacy of preaching, did bring in an affectionate study of eloquence and *copie* [flow] of speech, which then began to flourish. This grew speedily to an excess; for men began to hunt more after words than matter; and more after the choiceness of the phrase, and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling

of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgement.'

'Of Studies' was written in 1597, and Macaulay says: 'We do not believe that Thucydides himself has anywhere compressed so much thought into so small a space.' But, he adds, Bacon's style was constantly becoming richer and softer, and he quotes from 'Of Adversity', published twenty-eight years later, to show the extent of the change. 'In eloquence, in sweetness and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth. In this respect the history of his mind bears some resemblance to the history of the mind of Burke.'

Professor Thomas Case (World's Classics edition of Bacon) says that 'Dr. Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* proves that Bacon's vision of Salomon's House was a prevision of the Royal Society—the best of all proofs that Bacon was prophet, and partly parent of Modern Science'.

P. 43. *Baxter*.—'In regard of the choice of words, the book (*The Saints' Everlasting Rest*) might have been written yesterday. There is hardly one which has become obsolete, hardly one which has drifted away from the meaning which it has in his writings.'—R. C. Trench.

Jowett said that *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* was a book, 'which, with the single exception of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, has had a wider diffusion and found a nearer way to the hearts of religious men in England than any other devotional writing, and may still be read for its style as well as for its high merits with a deep interest.'

P. 48. *Bentley*.—Sir R. Jebb observed that Bentley's English 'is pointed with the sarcasm of one whose own knowledge is thorough and exact, but who is accustomed to find imposture wrapped up in fine or vague words, and takes an ironical delight in using the very homeliest images and phrases, which accurately fit the matter in hand'.

P. 50. *Berkeley*.—'I have also', wrote Edward FitzGerald from Boulge, July 25, 1840, to John Allen, 'just concocted two gallons of Tar-water under the directions of Bishop Berkeley: it is to be bottled off this very day after a careful skimming: and then drunk by those who can and will. It is to be tried first on my old woman: if she survives, I am to begin: and it will then gradually spread into the Parish, through England, Europe, &c., "as the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake."'

Mr. Gosse has pointed out that the bishop described tar-water as a beverage which 'cheers but not inebriates'—a phrase often credited solely to Cowper and tea.

'If any one chose to write in the antique style a debate between Philosophy, Tar-water, and Laudanum, it would be almost enough

to put in the mouth of Philosophy, "This gave me Berkeley and that deprived me of De Quincey."—G. Saintsbury.

P. 60. *Bourchier*.—'A model of style, simple, direct, and unaffected, and yet with a force and intensity of feeling which the most elaborate affectation of more laboured ingenuity would seek in vain to reproduce.'—Sir H. Craik (*English Prose*).

'Malory, Berners, and Caxton all three exhibit a prose style as yet undeformed by a straining after the excellences proper to verse, a full stream of narrative, easy, deliberate, and vigorous. With them the mediaeval romance attains its noblest expression in English prose.'—Sir W. Raleigh (*The English Novel*).

P. 61. *Boyle*.—'I must not step into too spruce a style for serious matters, and yet I approve not the dull insipid way of writing practised by many chemists.'—Boyle.

See Swift's *Meditation upon a Broomstick*, p. 613, and the note thereon.

P. 63. *From the Paston Letter Bag*.—Margery Brews's love-letter is admitted as a specimen of the famous Paston Letters, which cover the period 1422–1509. She was married in 1477 to John Paston, who died in 1503.

P. 64. *Bright*.—'If rhetoric were poetry, John Bright would be a poet at least equal to John Milton.'—A. C. Swinburne.

See note on Gladstone, p. 707.

P. 66. *Brontë*.—'How wonderfully she catches the tone of her own moorland, skies, storm-winds, secluded hall or cottage. . . . Charlotte Brontë is great in clouds, like a prose Shelley.'—F. Harrison.

P. 73. *J. Brown*.—'Rab's Friend,' as Mr. Lang calls Brown. Mr. Austin Dobson says (in the *World's Classics* edition): 'For style *qua* style,—that fertile source of affectation and paradox,—he probably cared but little.'

Andrew Fuller had been famous as a boxer in his youth.

P. 74. *Browne*.—In 1646 Sir T. Browne published *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*. 'Although his other works are not lacking in new formations, this book contains them by the hundred, and has probably given currency to more words in the English language than any one book since the time of Chaucer. . . . It is a proof, moreover, of his genius for word-making that many of these new creations—words like medical, literary, electricity—have become quite indispensable in modern speech.'—L. Pearsall Smith (*The English Language*).

Browne himself slyly says, 'If elegance still proceedeth . . . we shall, within few years, be fain to learn Latin to understand English.'

P. 82. *Bunyan*.—Macaulay held that *The Holy War* would have

been our greatest English allegory if *The Pilgrim's Progress* had not been written. His tribute to Bunyan's style is printed on p. 416.

'This is the great merit of the book—*The Pilgrim's Progress*—that the most cultivated man cannot find anything to praise more highly, and the child knows nothing more amusing.'—Johnson.

'*The Pilgrim's Progress* is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.'—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

'Bunyan's English is the simplest and homeliest English that has ever been used by any great English writer, but it is the English of the Bible. He had lived in the Bible till its words became his own.'—J. R. Green.

Bunyan himself says, in the preface to *Grace Abounding*, 'I could have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do.'

P. 86. *Burke*.—The first passage is described by De Quincey as the most characteristic in the works of Burke, from the literary point of view, and Burke as 'the supreme writer of his century'.

De Quincey also asserted that 'Some collateral adjunct of the main proposition, some temperament or restraint, some oblique glance at its remote affinities, will invariably be found to attend the progress of his sentences, like the spray from a waterfall, or the scintillations from the iron under the blacksmith's hammer'.

Hazlitt wrote: 'I have tried half a dozen times to describe Burke's style without ever succeeding—its severe extravagance; its literal boldness; its matter-of-fact hyperboles; its running away with a subject, and from it at the same time—but there is no making it out, for there is no example of the same thing anywhere else. We have no common measure to refer to; and his qualities contradict even themselves.' . . .

'It has always appeared to me (Hazlitt) that the most perfect prose-style, the most powerful, the most dazzling, the most daring, that which went the nearest to the verge of poetry, and yet never fell over, was Burke's. It has the solidity and sparkling effect of the diamond; all other *fine writing* is like French paste or Bristol-stones in the comparison. Burke's style is airy, flighty, adventurous, but it never loses sight of the subject.'

And, still to quote Hazlitt, 'Many of the passages to be found in Burke . . . shine by their own light, belong to no class, have neither equal nor counterpart, and of which we say that no one but the author could have written them.'

'In all its varieties Burke's style is noble, earnest, deep-flowing, because his sentiment was lofty and fervid, and went with sincerity

and ardent disciplined travail of judgement. Fox told Francis Horner that Dryden's prose was Burke's great favourite, and that Burke imitated him more than any one else. We may well believe that he was attracted by Dryden's ease, his copiousness, his gaiety, his manliness of style, but there can hardly have been any conscious attempt at imitation. Their topics were too different. Burke is among the greatest of those who have wrought marvels in the prose of our English tongue.'—Lord Morley (*English Men of Letters*).

Mr. E. J. Payne, a great authority, remarked that 'Burke gave a lasting stimulus to English prose literature, as Wordsworth soon afterwards gave a stimulus to poetry, by the introduction of a fresher and more natural diction. His writings have ever since been the model of all who wish to say anything forcibly, naturally, freely, and in a comparatively small space'. And again: 'Almost every device of the accomplished prose-writer may be learned from Burke' (*Selections from Burke*).

Burke himself wrote to Sir Philip Francis, who had criticized his style: 'My natural style of writing is somewhat careless, and I should be happy in receiving your advice towards making it as little vicious as such a style is capable of being made. The general character and colour of a style, which grows out of the writer's peculiar turn of mind and habit of expressing his thoughts, must be attended to in all corrections. It is not the insertion of a piece of stuff, though of a better kind, which is at all times an improvement.'

He wrote to Francis, Feb. 20, 1790: 'I tell you again, that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the Queen of France, in the year 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendour, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her—and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing, *did* draw tears from me, and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description; they may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings: but that the whole is affected, or as you express it, downright foppery.' Mackintosh's word was 'stuff'.

See Macaulay's note on Bacon, p. 692.

P. 97. *Burns*.—The poet stated that after leaving school: 'I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three-farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of the day-book and ledger.'

The letter given was written to Dr. Moore, from Mauchline, August 2, 1787, when Burns was twenty-eight years old.

P. 98. *Burton*.—He compared his book to a bear's whelp which he had no time to lick into form.

'Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation; but there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind.' So Johnson said, and added that it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

P. 100. *Burton*.—Sir Richard explains: *New-comers inquire the direction of prayer*. This being the Kiblah, or fronting place, Moslems can pray all around it; a circumstance which, of course, cannot take place in any spot of El Islam but the Haram.

Gate of the Sons of the Old Woman. The popular legend of this gate is, that when Abraham and his son were ordered to rebuild the Kaabah, they found the spot occupied by an old woman. She consented to remove her house on condition that the key of the new temple should be entrusted to her and to her descendants for ever.

Zem Zem. The word Zem Zem has a doubtful origin. Some derive it from the Zam Zam or murmuring of its waters, others from 'Zam! Zam!' ('fill! fill!' i.e. the bottle), Hagar's exclamation when she saw the stream. Sale translates it 'stay! stay!' and says that Hagar called out in the Egyptian language to prevent her son wandering.

P. 104. *Butler*.—Dr. Bliss stated that he had made a list of more than 200 seventeenth-century collections of *Characters* between 1605 and 1700.

P. 116. *Jane Welsh Carlyle*.—The letter was written to Mrs. D. Aitken (Eliza Stodart) on March 6, 1837.

P. 117. *Carlyle*.—Of Carlyle's style, 'Taine says it is "exaggerated and demoniacal"'. Hallam could not read *The French Revolution* because of its "detestable" style, and Wordsworth, whose own prose was perfectly limpid, is reported to have said, "No Scotchman can write English. C—— is a pest to the language."—J. Nichol (*English Men of Letters*).

'Carlyle, if not the greatest prose master of our age, must be held to be, by virtue of his original genius and mass of stroke, the literary Dictator of Victorian prose. And, though we all know how wantonly he often misused his mighty gift, though no one would venture to imitate him even at a distance, and though Matthew Arnold was ever taking up his parable—"Flee Carlylese as the very Devil!"—we are sliding into Carlylese unconsciously from time to time, and even *Culture* itself fell into the trap in the very act of warning others.'—Frederic Harrison (*Studies in Early Victorian Literature*).

'Carlyle's style is Carlylese. It would be the most affected of affectations for any one else to write in it. To him it was perfectly

natural—as natural as the Miltonic style was to Milton. And that is its sufficient vindication. It was the only style in which he could deliver his prophetic message.”—W. S. Lilly (*Four English Humourists*).

‘Never did a book sin so grievously from outward appearance, or a man’s style so mar his subject and dim his genius. It is stiff, short, and rugged, it abounds with Germanisms and Latinisms, strange epithets, and choking double words, astonishing to the admirers of simple Addisonian English, to those who love history as it gracefully runs in Hume, or struts pompously in Gibbon—no such style is Mr. Carlyle’s. A man, at the first onset, must take breath at the end of a sentence, or, worse still, go to sleep in the midst of it. But these hardships become lighter as the traveller grows accustomed to the road, and he speedily learns to admire and sympathize; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral in spite of the quaint carvings and hideous images on door and buttress.’—W. M. Thackeray (review of Carlyle’s *French Revolution* in *The Times*, August 3, 1837).

Nevil Beauchamp’s favourite author, George Meredith tells us, ‘was one writing of Heroes, in (so she esteemed it) a style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed; a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster; sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea-wall, learned dictionary words giving a hand to street-slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electrical agitation in the mind and the joints.’ For examples of this style, see Dr. Shrapnel in *Beauchamp’s Career*.

P. 123. *Margaret Cavendish*.—Pepys wrote in his diary that the duchess was ‘a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman’, and the duke ‘an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him’.

‘No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.’ Lamb writes in *Detached Thoughts on Books* of the duchess’s *Life* of her husband. In another essay he refers to ‘that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle’. Leigh Hunt, describing Lamb’s library, says, ‘Even the “high fantastical” Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids.’

P. 130. *Chambers*.—The interest of this writer lies in the fact that Johnson stated that he founded his own style on that of Chambers and Temple.

P. 133. *Chaucer*.—‘It would seem as if Chaucer, who had emancipated his verse so completely from mediæval allegory and abstraction, were unable in his prose to save his ear from obsession by the cadences of the pulpit.’—Sir W. Raleigh (*The English Novel*).

A modern use for the astrolabe has been found by Swinburne in 'A Rhyme', remarking on the lack of rhyme for babe:

Love alone, with yearning
Heart for astrolabe,
Takes the star's height, burning
O'er the babe.

P. 135. *Cheke*.—He, who in Milton's words, taught 'Cambridge and King Edward Greek,' was considered the first scholar of his age. He 'recommended and used short sentences'; and has left on record this opinion: 'Our own tongue should be written clean and pure, unmixed and unmangled with the borrowings of other tongues, wherein if we take not heed of time, ever borrowing and never paying, she shall be fain to keep her house as bankrupt.'

P. 137. *Chillingworth*.—Described by Newman as 'a smart but superficial writer'.

Locke took Chillingworth as his model. 'I should propose', he wrote, 'the constant reading of Chillingworth, who, by his example, will teach both perspicuity and the way of right reasoning, better than any book I know: and therefore will deserve to be read upon that account over and over again; not to say anything of the argument.'

P. 138. *Cobbett*.—This speech was spoken by the Prince Regent on the 8th of November, 1814.

Hazlitt calls Cobbett 'one of the best writers in the language. He speaks and thinks plain, broad, downright English. He might be said to have the clearness of Swift, the naturalness of Defoe, and the picturesque satirical description of Mandeville; if all such comparisons were not impertinent. A really great and original writer is like nobody but himself'.

In the Hares' *Guesses at Truth* is a reference to 'Cobbett's great rule: "Never think of mending what you write: let it go: no patching." . . . Cobbett's own writings are a proof of the excellence of his rule: what they want in elegance, they more than make up for in strength. . . . His mind had never been tainted with the jargon of men of letters'.

Cobbett is thus parodied in *Rejected Addresses*:

'To the Secretary of the Managing Committee of Drury-Lane Playhouse.

'Sir,—To the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme* (invented by the monks to enslave the people) I have a rooted objection. I have therefore written an address for your theatre in plain, homespun, yeoman's prose; in the doing whereof I hope I am swayed by nothing but an *independent* wish to open the eyes of this gulled people, to prevent a repetition of the dramatic *bamboozling* they have hitherto laboured under. If you like what I have done, and mean to make use of it, I don't want any such *aristocratic* reward as a piece of plate

with two griffins sprawling upon it, or a *dog* and a *jackass* fighting for a ha'p' worth of *gilt gingerbread*, or any such Bartholomew-fair nonsense. All I ask is, that the door-keepers of your playhouse may take all the *sets of my Register* now on hand, and *force* every body who enters your doors to buy one, giving afterwards a debtor and creditor account of what they have received, *post-paid*, and in due course remitting me the money and unsold Registers, *carriage-paid*.'

P. 142. Coleridge.—'Doubtless I have in some measure injured my style, in respect to its facility and popularity, from having almost confined my reading, of late years, to the works of the ancients and those of the elder writers in the modern languages. We insensibly imitate what we habitually admire; and an aversion to the epigrammatic, unconnected periods of the fashionable *Anglo-Gallican* taste has too often made me willing to forget, that the stately march and difficult evolutions which characterize the eloquence of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor are, notwithstanding their intrinsic excellence, still less suited to a periodical essay. This fault I am now endeavouring to correct; though I can never so far sacrifice my judgement to the desire of being immediately popular, as to cast my sentences in the French moulds, or affect a style which an ancient critic would have deemed purposely invented for persons troubled with the asthma to read, and for those to comprehend who labour under the more pitiable asthma of a short-witted intellect.'—S. T. Coleridge, in the *Friend*.

'I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose—words in their best order;—poetry, the *best* words in the best order.'—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

Mr. T. Hardy's opinion is that 'The shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse'. On the other hand, Hazlitt, in his essay 'On the Prose Style of Poets', says: 'Not that it is not sometimes good, nay excellent; but it is never the better, and generally the worse, from the habit of writing verse.'

P. 145. Colet.—Erasmus has recounted how Colet, by the study of the writings of the English poets, 'perfected his style.'

P. 148. Congreve.—George Meredith, in his *Essay on Comedy*, remarks that 'where Congreve excels all his English rivals is in his literary force, and a succinctness of style peculiar to him. He had correct judgement, a correct ear, readiness of illustration within a narrow range, in snapshots of the obvious at the obvious, and copious language. He hits the mean of a fine style and a natural in dialogue. He is at once precise and voluble. If you have ever thought upon style you will acknowledge it to be a signal accomplishment. In this he is a classic, and is worthy of treading a measure with Molière. The *Way of the World* may be read out currently at

a first glance, so sure are the accents of the emphatic meaning to strike the eye, perforce of the crispness and cunning polish of the sentences'.

In Hazlitt's view Congreve's 'style is inimitable, nay perfect. It is the highest model of comic dialogue. Every sentence is replete with sense and satire, conveyed in the most polished and pointed terms. Every page presents a shower of brilliant conceits, is a tissue of epigrams in prose, is a new triumph of wit, a new conquest over dullness. The fire of artful raillery is nowhere else so well kept up. This style, which he was almost the first to introduce, and which he carried to the utmost pitch of classical refinement, reminds one exactly of Collins's description of wit as opposed to humour,

Whose jewels in his crispèd hair
Are placed each other's light to share.

Sheridan will not bear a comparison with him in the regular antithetical construction of his sentences, and in the mechanical artifices of his style, though so much later, and though style in general has been so much studied, and in the mechanical part so much improved since then. . . . Congreve's works are a singular treat to those who have cultivated a taste for the niceties of English style: there is a peculiar flavour in the very words, which is to be found in hardly any other writer'.

Macaulay, on the other hand, was of opinion that 'no writers have injured the comedy of England so deeply as Congreve and Sheridan. Both were men of splendid wit and polished taste. Unhappily they made all their characters in their own likeness. . . . Every fop, every boor, every valet, is a man of wit'.

P. 150. *Cooper*.—This passage receives from Sir James Mackintosh the high praise 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction'.

Mr. Gosse calls the earl 'a sort of Ruskin of the Augustan age'.

'It is an ordinary criticism, that my Lord Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple are models of the genteel style in writing.'—Lamb.

P. 151. *Coryate*.—The complete title of the book is 'Coryat's Crudities hastily gobbled up in five months' travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons' country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany, and the Netherlands; newly digested in the hungry air of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this kingdom'.

P. 152. *Cotton*.—Emerson says of Montaigne's essays, 'I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book.' The same passage is given in this volume translated by Cotton and by Florio (p. 244), and it is

interesting to compare the two versions—one the more accurate, the other so much the more racy.

P. 154. *Cowley*.—‘Of Myself’ shows Cowley’s later style; ‘Of Agriculture’ his transitional style.

‘What is said by Sprat of his conversation, that no man could draw from it any suspicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to these compositions [the *Essays*]. No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.’—Johnson (*Life of Cowley*).

P. 160. *Crabbe*.—This letter, written early in 1781, achieved its object. The poet, thanks to Burke, became ‘a made man’.

P. 162. *Cranmer*.—‘As the translation of the Bible bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndale, so, while the Church of England remains, the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the Liturgy. The most beautiful portions of it are translations from the Breviary: yet the same prayers translated by others would not be those which chime like Church bells in the ears of the English child. The translations, and the addresses which are original, have the same silvery melody of language, and breathe the same simplicity of spirit.’—J. A. Froude (*History of England*).

P. 167. *Curran*. From the speech in defence of A. H. Rowan, secretary of the Society of United Irishmen in Dublin, indicted for publishing a seditious libel: January 29, 1794.

‘How overpowering a style is that of Curran. I use “overpowering” in the sense of the English exquisite.’—E. A. Poe.

P. 173. *Davy*.—‘If Davy had not been the first chemist, he would have been the first poet of his age.’—S. T. Coleridge.

P. 174. *Defoe*.—Professor York Powell described Defoe as ‘a prose writer almost supreme in his own style’.

His irony in the pamphlet from which the first extract is taken made him acquainted with prison—for libelling the Tories; incidentally this reward, it has been pointed out, may have confirmed him in his unrivalled realism.

‘The narrative manner of Defoe’, Lamb wrote, ‘has a naturalness about it, beyond that of any other novel or romance writer. His fictions have all the air of true stories. . . . To this, the extreme homeliness of their style mainly contributes.’ And observing once more that Defoe’s beautiful style is plain and homely, Lamb pointed out that ‘*Robinson Crusoe* is delightful to all ranks and classes, but it is easy to see that it is written in phraseology peculiarly adapted to the lower condition of readers; hence it is an especial favourite with seafaring men, poor boys, servant-maids, &c. His

novels are capital kitchen-reading, while they are worthy from their deep interest to find a shelf in the libraries of the wealthiest, and the most learned.'

'It will remain the chief distinction of Defoe to have been, in these minor tales of English scenes and manners, the father of the illustrious family of the English Novel. Swift directly copied from him; Richardson founded his style of minute narrative wholly upon him; Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith,—Godwin, Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens,—have been more or less indebted to him. Shall we scruple to add, then, that while he remains unapproached in his two great masterpieces, he has been surpassed in his minor works by these his successors? His language is as easy and copious, but less elegant and harmonious; his insight into character is as penetrating, but not so penetrating into the heart; his wit and irony are as playful, but his humour is less genial and expansive; and he wants the delicate fancy, the richness of imagery, the sympathy, the truth and depth of feeling, which will keep the later Masters of our English Novel the delightful companions, the gentle monitors, the welcome instructors, of future generations. So true it is, that every great writer promotes the next great writer one step; and in some cases gets himself superseded by him.'—J. Forster (*Historical and Biographical Essays*).

P. 178. *Dekker*.—The *Gull's Hornbook* is not an entirely original work, but is based on Dedekind's *Grobianus*.

P. 182. *De Quincey*.—It is worth noting that De Quincey refers to his own 'impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature'; a claim which Churton Collins rejects in favour of Shakespeare's prose. De Quincey calls attention to 'an anomaly, not found perhaps in any literature but ours, that the most eminent English writers do not write their mother tongue without continual violations of propriety. If these blemishes do not occur so frequently in modern books, the reason is that since Dr. Johnson's time the freshness of the idiomatic style has been too frequently abandoned for the lifeless mechanism of a style purely bookish and artificial'.

'Those people are mistaken', De Quincey also wrote, 'who imagine that prose is either a natural or a possible form of composition in early states of society. . . . Prose, therefore, strange as it may seem to say so, was something of a discovery. If not great invention, at least great courage would be required for the man who should first swim without the bladders of metre. It is all very easy talking, when you and your ancestors for fifty generations back have talked prose. But that man must have had *triplex aes* about his *praecordia*, who first dared to come forward with pure prose as the vehicle for any impassioned form of truth.'

'MONSIEUR JOURDAIN. Quoi? quand je dis: "Nicole, apportez-moi mes pantoufles, et me donnez mon bonnet de nuit," c'est de la prose?

'MAÎTRE DE PHILOSOPHIE. Oui, Monsieur.

'MONSIEUR JOURDAIN. Par ma foi! il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien.'

Molière (*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*).

P. 185. *Dickens*.—Mr. Gosse, in *English Literature in the Nineteenth Century*, says that 'Dickens, one of the most enjoyable of writers, is one of the worst disturbers of literary history. He arrived at a time—1835—when the extinction of other forces in fiction made insistent the call for a thoroughly sober novelist of manners. Dickens arose with his gigantic humour, his fantastic misrepresentation of human nature, his incomparable vitality and vivacity, and he made the novel as a branch of sound literature in England almost impossible.'

'His genius is essentially irregular and unsymmetrical. Hardly any English writer perhaps is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause.'—W. Bagehot (*Literary Studies*).

P. 195. *D'Israeli*.—'One of the most singular styles in the world, certainly one of the most loose, is that of the elder D'Israeli.'—E. A. Poe.

P. 203. *Dryden*.—'More than any of his contemporaries, he is entitled to be called the father of modern English prose. . . . Dryden's prose combines with an unprecedented ease of flow, and a forcible directness common to all he wrote, a lucidity of arrangement and a delicacy of nuance alike largely due to French example—nor can we err in regarding Corneille as having largely influenced the style of his earlier, and Montaigne that of his latter, prose writings.'—A. W. Ward (*Cambridge History of English Literature*).

'Steele's style suggests Dryden, just as Addison's model in the first paper which he contributed to the same journal is, obviously, Cowley. Steele and Addison addressed themselves to a wider audience than Dryden, not only to scholars and wits and courtiers, but to ordinary middle-class citizens; they made the essay lighter, and introduced into it humour and a spice of malice. But they were not the creators either of the essay or of modern prose. The foundations of most of the literature of the first half of the eighteenth century were already laid down in the seventeenth. Dryden not only dominates his own age, but throws his shadow over the next.'—A. A. Tilley (*Ibid.*).

'Of modern English prose, of the prose, that is to say, which exchanged the old synthetic and rhetorical scheme of structure and colour for that happier temper of ease and dignity, of grace and variety, familiar to us in the style of such writers as Addison,

Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, he [Dryden] was the first to furnish a perfect model.'—J. Churton Collins (*Essays and Studies*).

'Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid. . . . His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters.'—Johnson (*Life of Dryden*).

'The gleams of philosophical spirit which so frequently illumine these pages of criticism; the living and appropriate grace of illustration; the true and correct experience of the general propositions; the simple and unaffected passages, in which, when led to allude to his personal labours and situation, he mingles the feelings of the man with the instructions of the critic,—unite to render Dryden's *Essays* the most delightful prose in the English language.'—Sir W. Scott (*Life of Dryden*).

Mr. G. H. Mair, in his manual on English Literature (Home University Library), points out 'how Dryden, reversing the habit of other poets, succeeded in expressing his personality not in poetry which was his vocation, but in prose which was the amusement of his leisure hours. Spenser had put his politics into prose and his ideals into verse; Dryden wrote his politics—to order—in verse, and in prose set down the thoughts and fancies which were the deepest part of him because they were about his art'.

C. J. Fox declared that he would use no word which was not to be found in Dryden. See p. 706.

P. 214. *George Eliot*.—In her journal George Eliot writes that Charles Reade declared *Adam Bede* was the finest thing since Shakespeare, and 'praises enthusiastically the style—the way in which the author handles the Saxon language'.

'The careful student of her letters can trace the unity of the style from her earliest writings to the end, but this will not be apparent to the hasty reader. Her first letters are precise, prim, even priggish, if I may use the word. She is pedantically exact in grammar; if she has learnt a new word she uses it to show that she knows it. There is from the first a remarkable justness and accuracy of expression, the fitting of the glove which leaves no fold or wrinkle, an insight into the depths of thought which discovers the truest representation of it, a vivid accuracy of description.'—Oscar Browning (*Great Writers*).

P. 217. *Elizabeth*.—Mr. F. A. Mumby, in his *Girlhood of Queen*

Elizabeth, states that the original of this letter, which Elizabeth wrote when the Earl of Sussex and the Marquess of Winchester announced to her 'that a barge was in readiness to convey her to the Tower, and she must prepare to go, as the tide served, which would tarry for no one', is beautifully written, 'bearing little trace of the agitation which must have filled Elizabeth's mind at the time, and with a most significant scrawl on the last page—to guard against possible additions by forgery. Written almost as a forlorn hope, without time to waste any of its meaning in the ambiguous similes in which her old master Ascham took such pride, it reveals the force of Elizabeth's character better almost than anything else that she ever wrote.'

The 'saying' is from the speech of King John of France, when he returned to captivity in England.

P. 220. *Emerson*.—'Emerson's *Essays* are the most valuable prose contribution to the literature of the century.'—M. Arnold (*Essays on Criticism*).

'The use of words itself yields, upon analysis, valuable results illustrative of the various temperaments of authors. A man's vocabulary marks him out as of this sort or that sort—his preference for certain syntactical forms, for short sentences or for periods, for direct or inverted propositions, for plain or figurative statement, for brief or amplified illustrations. Some compose sentences, but do not build paragraphs—like Emerson; some write chapters, but cannot construct a book.'—J. A. Symonds (*Essay on Personal Style*).

P. 226. *Erskine*.—The *Edinburgh Review* remarked that the speech from which the excerpt is made was universally considered the finest of Erskine's speeches. It was delivered in defence of Stockdale, a London bookseller, charged with publishing a libel on the House of Commons while the trial of Warren Hastings was in progress: December 9, 1789.

P. 235. *Fielding*.—'The prose Homer of human nature.'—Byron. 'What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word I think the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *The Alchemist*, and *Tom Jones*, the three most perfect plots ever planned. . . . How charming, how wholesome Fielding always is!'—S. T. Coleridge.

Mr. A. Birrell, referring to Fielding's 'superb lusty style', remarks that the superiority of Fielding over Richardson is apparent on every page.

P. 241. *Fisher*.—The *Ways to Perfect Religion* was written by Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Cardinal, during his imprisonment in the Tower, and addressed to his sister Elizabeth, a Dominican nun at Dartford in Kent.

Fisher was beheaded for refusing to acknowledge the king as head of the Church.

Sir H. Craik considers his prose 'a corner-stone in the foundation

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of the best type of English pulpit eloquence'; and the Rev. F. E. Hutchinson in the *Cambridge History* remarks that 'perhaps to him first among English prose-writers it was given to have a conscious pleasure in style'.

P. 243. *FitzGerald*.—Lord Tennyson is reported by Dr. Aldis Wright, the editor of *FitzGerald's Letters*, to have said that this description of the boat-race, with which *Euphranor* ends, is one of the most beautiful pieces of English prose.

P. 244. *Florio*.—See Cotton's translation of the same passage, pp. 152, 153, and the note thereon.

P. 246. *Fortescue*.—The earliest prose writer in what may be called the political field.

P. 247. *C. J. Fox*.—Macaulay says that Fox 'would not allow Addison, Bolingbroke, or Middleton to be a sufficient authority for an expression. He declared that he would use no word which was not to be found in Dryden'. The effect of his care, Macaulay suggested, was 'to debase and enfeeble his style'.

P. 248. *George Fox*.—This was the founder of the Society of 'Friends of Truth'. His *Journal*, revised by a committee under Penn's superintendence, was published three years after his death.

P. 249. *Foxe*.—This work was first issued on the Continent in Latin.

P. 251. *Freeman*.—'As to his style, opinions will, of course, differ, but many pages of the *Conquest* and *Sicily* are surely wonderful examples of robust English prose, the phraseology firm and serious, as well as truthful and exact.'—York Powell.

P. 256. *Fuller*.—'Fuller's language! Grant me patience, Heaven! A tithe of his beauties would be sold cheap for a whole library of our classical writers, from Addison to Johnson and Junius inclusive. And Bishop Nicolson!—a painstaking old charwoman of the Antiquarian and Rubbish Concern! The venerable rust and dust of the whole firm are not worth an ounce of Fuller's earth!'—S. T. Coleridge.

P. 262. *Gaskell*.—Monkshaven is Whitby. It is generally admitted that *Sylvia's Lovers* shows Mrs. Gaskell's powers at their best.

P. 265. *Gay*.—'The proof that this description is delightful and beautiful is', Thackeray points out, 'that the great Mr. Pope admired it so much that he thought proper to steal it,' and to send it off to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

As a matter of fact, Pope and Gay jointly sent a description of the incident to Lord Bathurst, and it is suggested that between 1718, when the letter was written, and 1737, when it was published, Pope found reasons of his own for repudiating it.

P. 266. *Gibbon*.—'Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. . . . When I read a chapter in Gibbon I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog.'—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

See Bagehot's criticism, p. 37.

P. 270. *Gisborne*.—Sir James Stephen in *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography* ('The Clapham Sect') says that Gisborne's sermons 'were regarded by his contemporaries as models in a style of composition in which the English language has scarcely a single specimen of excellence. Except one or two discourses of South, and as many of Robert Hall, we have absolutely nothing to put in competition with the pulpit oratory of France. We possess, indeed, many homiletical essays of exuberant power, wealth, and eloquence, but scarcely an attempt attesting even the consciousness of what constitutes the perfection of a homily. Mr. Gisborne approached more nearly than any Anglican clergyman of his time towards the ideal of that much neglected art.'

P. 272. *Gladstone*.—The famous Don Pacifico speech was delivered on June 27, 1850: 'it was in the Greek debate of 1850, which involved the censure or acquittal of Lord Palmerston, that I first meddled in speech with foreign affairs.' Don Pacifico was a Mediterranean Jew who chanced to be a British subject, and England dispatched a fleet to force the Greek Government to pay him, because his house had been sacked by a mob, 'a demand for compensation absurdly fraudulent on the face of it.' Lord Morley adds, in his *Life of Gladstone*, that 'the debate travelled far beyond Don Pacifico, and it stands to this day as a grand classic exposition of the contending views as to the temper and principles on which nations in our modern era should conduct their dealings with one another.'

'I sail, or endeavour to sail, from headland to headland. Gladstone, making for the same point, sails round the coast, and whenever he comes to a navigable river he cannot resist the temptation of tracing it to its source.'—John Bright.

Lord Rosebery compared Gladstone's 'rolling and interminable sentences which come thundering in mighty succession' to 'the Atlantic waves on the Biscayan coast'—a most apt comparison, as any one who has heard both will allow.

P. 278. *Goldsmith*.—'In all English prose', Mr. Frederic Harrison writes, 'no one to my mind can beat Goldsmith. I take the *Vicar of Wakefield* to be the high-water mark of English. It is free from that air of the Beau in full dress of *The Spectator*, and from the sardonic harshness of Swift.'

In the *English Review* for May, 1912, Mr. Harrison elaborates his opinion of style (see also the preface to this volume, p. vii):

'Richardson wastes words; Dickens has no formed style; Bulwer, and George Eliot, and Meredith, wrote themselves into

styles of their own, either turgid, or precious, or cryptic—and therefore, with all their imaginative gifts, they are more or less tiresome for constant perusal. It is Style alone which can secure perennial delight—and in Style simplicity, ease, grace. . . . To my taste some of our noblest writers of prose are apt to be boisterous, embroidered, rhapsodical, garrulous, or smart. So that, whatever their splendid form in their highest moments, we cannot take them as types of perfect style: even Bacon, or Dryden, or Gibbon, or Johnson, or De Quincey, or Macaulay, or Ruskin.'

Johnson says of Goldsmith: 'As a writer he was of the most distinguished class. Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could. And whether we regard him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as a historian, he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class.'

P. 282. *Gosson*.—This extract is taken from a treatise entitled 'The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth'. Gosson, at first a dramatist, afterwards became a Puritan. He wrote 'Plays confuted in Five Actions, proving they are not to be suffered in a Christian Commonwealth'.

Some plays, however, he declares are endurable, two especially, which are described as having 'never a word without wit, never a line without pitch, never a letter placed in vain', as being 'good plays, sweet plays, of all plays the best plays and most to be liked, yet are they not fit for every man's diet'. One of these was an old play, a forerunner of the *Merchant of Venice*; the other 'a pig', says Gosson, 'of mine own sow,' a play of his own writing.

Prynne, in the *Histriomastix*, quoting the passage 'such giving them pippins', comments 'Now they offer them the tobacco-pipe, which was then unknown'.

P. 285. *Gray*.—'Gray's style in prose, as exhibited in his correspondence, is confessedly delightful. Though somewhat quaint, it is an easy quaintness. He was infinitely more natural in prose than verse. Horace Walpole lets us into the secret of this. "Gray", says that piercing reader of such characters as came within the scope of his actual observation, "never wrote anything easily but things of humour"; and humour, his natural gift, is the characteristic of his correspondence. If not the best letter-writer in the language, he is the best letter-writer of all the professed scholars.'—Lytton (*Essays*).

P. 289. *Greene*.—This passage by Greene is thus addressed: 'To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.' These gentlemen were Marlowe and Peele.

P. 290. *Greville*.—'I do not remember a more beautiful piece of prose in English than the consolation addressed by Lord Brooke

(Fulke Greville) to a lady of quality on certain conjugal infelicities. The diction is such that it might have been written now, if we could find any one combining so thoughtful a head with so tender a heart and so exquisite a taste.'—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

P. 292. *Hakluyt*.—'Without the voyagers Marlowe is inconceivable.'—Sir W. Raleigh.

P. 300. *Hall*.—See note on Gisborne, p. 707.

P. 304. *Hare*.—'Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.'—A. W. and J. C. Hare.

P. 311. *Hazlitt*.—'The poet's Muse is like a mistress, whom we keep only while she is young and beautiful, *durante bene placito*; the Muse of prose is like a wife, whom we take during life, *for better for worse*.'—Hazlitt.

Hazlitt is largely quoted from in these notes (see *Style Index*); and a specimen by his 'English Rabelais' is given on page 10.

In his essay 'On Intellectual Superiority' Hazlitt wrote: 'Others will pick out something not yours [in the *Edinburgh Review*] and say they are sure no one else could write it. By the first sentence they can always tell your style. Now I hate my style to be known, as I hate all *idiosyncrasy*. These obsequious flatterers could not pay me a worse compliment.'

P. 317. *G. Herbert*.—It is curious to contrast Herbert's prose and verse, the latter so full of quips and cranks.

P. 319. *Lady Hervey*.—She is better known as Molly Lepel—celebrated in verse by Gay and Pope: the former with

So well I'm known at Court
None ask where Cupid dwells;
But readily resort
To Bellenden's or Lepel's;

and Pope, answering Mrs. Howe's question What is Prudery?

'Tis an ugly envious shrew
That rails at dear Lepel and you.

P. 320. *Hobbes*.—'Hobbes is perhaps the first of whom we can say that he is a good English writer.'—Hallam.

'The first of all our prose writers whose style may be said to be uniform and correct, and adapted carefully to the subjects on which he wrote.'—Stopford Brooke (*Primer of English Literature*).

P. 323. *Holinshed*.—Compare Shakespeare's *Tragedy of Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. iii.

P. 324. *Holland*.—'I frame my pen, not to any affected phrase, but to a mean and popular style. Wherein, if I have called again into use some old words, let it be attributed to the love of my country language: if the sentence be not so concise, couched and knit

together as the original, loth I was to be obscure and dark: have I not Englished every word aptly? each nation hath several manners, yea, and terms appropriate by themselves.'—Philemon Holland.

P. 325. *Holmes*.—

Master alike in speech and song
Of fame's great antiseptic—Style,
You with the classic few belong
Who tempered wisdom with a smile.

J. R. Lowell (*To Holmes on his Seventy-fifth Birthday*).

P. 328. *Hooker*.—'Its [*Polity*] style is grave, clear, and often musical. He adorned it with the figures of poetry, but he used them with temperance, and the grand and rolling rhetoric with which he often concludes an argument is kept for its right place. On the whole, it is the first monument of splendid literary prose that we possess.'—Stopford Brooke (*Primer*).

P. 333. *Hume*.—Gibbon speaks of himself as 'contemplating with admiring despair' the 'careless inimitable graces' of Hume's style.

P. 336. *Hunt*.—Macaulay wrote to Leigh Hunt: 'Napier [*Macvey Napier*, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*] would thoroughly appreciate the merits of a writer like Bolingbroke or Robertson; but would, I think, be unpleasantly affected by the peculiarities of such a writer as Burton, Sterne, or Charles Lamb. He thinks your style too colloquial; and, no doubt, it has a very colloquial character. I wish it to retain that character, which to me is exceedingly pleasant. But I think that the danger against which you have to guard is excess in that direction. Napier is the very man to be startled by the smallest excess in that direction. Therefore I am not surprised that, when you proposed to send him a *chatty* article, he took fright and recommended dignity and severity of style.'

P. 339. *Hutchinson*.—This biography of the 'regicide' was not published until 1806, or nearly a century and a half after his death.

P. 342. *Hyde*.—'Clarendon's style, like every style that attracts or interests, is the man . . . never out of keeping with itself, always deliberate without being dull, and dignified without being (except on fit occasions) solemn, and, more frequently than it is the custom to assume, breaking into a ripple of pleasantry which prevents it from growing tedious.'—A. W. Ward (*Cambridge History*).

P. 351. *King James*.—Apropos of Stuart authors, South said that *Eikon Basilike*, attributed to Charles I, was 'composed with such an unfailing majesty of diction, that it seems to have been written with a sceptre rather than a pen.'

P. 354. *Jefferson*.—This extract is from the Declaration as composed by Jefferson and submitted to Congress, June 28, 1776. Of

the alterations then made, the only one of real importance was that which changed the last paragraph to read, after the words 'in General Congress assembled', 'appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power,' &c.

P. 357. *Johnson*.—'A poet will be at a loss, and flounder about for the common or (as we understand it) *natural* order of words in prose-composition. Dr. Johnson endeavoured to give an air of dignity and novelty to his diction by affecting the order of words used in poetry. Milton's prose has not only this drawback, but it has also the disadvantage of being formed on a classic model. It is like a fine translation from the Latin; and indeed, he wrote originally in Latin.'—Hazlitt.

'The fault of Dr. Johnson's style is,' Hazlitt wrote also, 'that it reduces all things to the same artificial and unmeaning level. [See Bagehot on Gibbon, p. 37.] It destroys all shades of difference, the association between words and things. It is a perpetual paradox and innovation. He condescends to the familiar till we are ashamed of our interest in it: he expands the little till it looks big. "If he were to write a fable of little fishes," as Goldsmith said of him, "he would make them speak like great whales."'

'Sermon or novel, *Rasselas* was written at a time when Johnson had first attained his full command of literary expression. In the essays of the *Rambler*, begun some nine years earlier, his inversions, abstractions, monotonous sentences, and long words seem almost to exhibit, if the thought be not heresy, an imperfectly educated person struggling to acquire a polite diction. . . . On the other hand, the later highly finished and effective style of the *Lives of the Poets* has an epigrammatic quality, a studied balance of phrase and a dogmatical ring, like the stroke of a hammer, that would infallibly interrupt the flow of imaginative narrative. In *Rasselas* the merit of both manners are combined to produce that ease of narration and those memorable and weighty turns of phrase which give it its principal distinction.'—Sir W. Raleigh (*The English Novel*).

Johnson himself wrote in the *Idler*: 'Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words. If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he

counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect. But words are only hard to those who do not understand them, and the critic ought always to inquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.'

In the Preface to the *Dictionary* Johnson has an interesting reference to the Elizabethan vocabulary: 'From the authors which arose in the time of Elizabeth, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from Hooker and the translation of the Bible: the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spenser and Sidney; and the diction of common life from Shakespeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words in which they might be expressed.'

If from the tongue the period round
Fall into style, and swell to sound,
'Tis nature which herself displays,
And Johnson speaks a Johnson's phrase.
But can you hear, without a smile,
The formal coxcomb ape his style?—R. Lloyd.

Whose prose was eloquence, by Wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought.—Cowper.

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse . . .
Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrowed grace,
From him I'll learn to write:
Copy his free and easy style,
And from the roughness of his file
Grow, like himself, polite.—Bishop Barnard.

Boswell gives at the end of his *Life* 'specimens of various sorts of imitation of Johnson's style', and among the 'serious imitators' gives Robertson, Gibbon, and Miss Burney (see note on Mme. D'Arblay, p. 690).

For a comparison between the styles of Addison and Johnson, see p. 689.

Ruskin writes in *Praeterita*: 'Had it not been for constant reading of the Bible, I might probably have taken Johnson for my model of English. To a useful extent I have always done so; in my first essays, partly because I could not help it, partly of set, and well set, purpose.' And in *Proserpina* Ruskin describes his language as honest English, of good Johnsonian lineage, touched here and there with colour of a little finer or Elizabethan quality.

P. 364. *Jonson*.—‘Pure and neat language I love, yet plain and customary. A barbarous phrase hath often made me out of love with a good sense, and doubtful writing hath wracked me beyond my patience.’—Ben Jonson (*Discoveries*).

Jonson also said that care should be taken, on the one hand, ‘that our style in writing be neither dry nor empty’, and on the other, ‘not winding or wanton with far-fetched descriptions’. Either, he said, is a vice.

‘No other contemporary prose equals the *Discoveries* in ripe wisdom or sinewy vigour.’—C. H. Herford.


P. 369. *Juliana of Norwich*.—This lady, whose book was first printed in 1670, owes her inclusion to the fact that she is, perhaps, the most admirable of the English Mystics of the fourteenth century. George Tyrrell described the passage always italicized as ‘the key to the true interpretation and criticism not only of Mother Juliana’s Revelations, but also of the Christian revelation and of every religion so far as it reaches after the fullness of Christ’.

P. 369. ‘*Junius*.’—See Burke’s letter on pp. 86 and 91, and the correspondence between Francis and Burke, p. 695.

P. 372. *Keats*.—‘I wish to try once more’: an allusion to Keats’s intention, then cherished, of writing a poem on the fall of Hyperion.

P. 373. *Kinglake*.—‘A passage’, says Mr. D. G. Hogarth in the Oxford edition, ‘hardly matched in the English tongue.’

P. 378. *Knox*.—The *Trumpet Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, intended for Mary and offending Elizabeth, is more frequently referred to than read in these stirring days of suffrage agitation.

 P. 380. *Lamb*.—‘Mr. Lamb is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure; and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his authors that the idea of imitation is almost done away with. . . . The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryate, Sir Thomas Browne, are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern.’—Hazlitt.

It may be noted that Hazlitt liked best of Lamb’s papers ‘Mrs. Battle’.

‘The syllables lurk up and down the writings of Lamb which decipher his eccentric nature. His character lies there dispersed in anagram; and to any attentive reader the regathering and restoration of the total word from its scattered parts is inevitable without an effort.’—De Quincey.

Elia at Oxford:—‘Unsettle my faith.’ In 1820 Lamb subjoins the following footnote:

‘There is something to me repugnant, at any time, in written hand. The text never seems determinate. Print settles it. I had thought

of the Lycidas as of a full-grown beauty—as springing up with all its parts absolute—till, in an evil hour, I was shown the original written copy of it, together with the other minor poems of its author, in the Library of Trinity, kept like some treasure, to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them, after the latter cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined, corrected! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good! as if inspiration were made up of parts, and those fluctuating, successive, indifferent! I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture, till it is fairly off the easel; no, not if Raphael were to be alive again, and painting another Galatea.'

Whist: Dr. Johnson defines whist as 'a game at cards, requiring close attention and silence'. In a book on ombre, published in Berlin in 1714, the author states that 'pour bien jouer l'ombre, il faut du silence et de la tranquillité'.

In *Grace before Meat* Lamb says: 'I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. . . . There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates.'

P. 387. Landor.—'Good prose, to say nothing of the original thoughts it conveys, may be infinitely varied in modulation. It is only an extension of metres, an amplification of harmonies, of which even the best and most varied poetry admits but few.'—Landor.

Landor also wrote 'Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business'.

'His perfect instinct for the rhythms and harmonies of prose reveals itself as fully in three lines as in a hundred. . . .

'Style means the instinctive rule, the innate principle of selection and control, by which an artist shapes and regulates every expression of his mind. Landor was in English prose an artist comparable with the highest in their respective spheres; with Milton in English verse, or with Handel in music. . . . "I hate false words, and seek with care, difficulty, and moroseness, those that fit the thing."—Sir Sidney Colvin (*English Men of Letters*).

Landor 'has never learned, with all his energy, how to write simple and lucid English'.—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

'Another flaring beacon of the rock on which great wits are often wrecked for want of a little kindly culture of unselfishness, is Walter Savage Landor, the most finished master of style, perhaps, that ever used the English tongue; but a person at the same time so imperiously wilful, and so majestically cross-grained, that, with all his polished style and pointed thought, he was constantly living on the verge of insanity.'—J. Stuart Blackie (*On Self-Culture*).

P. 397. *Leighton*.—‘In the whole course of my studies’, said Coleridge, ‘I do not remember to have read so beautiful an allegory as this, so various and detailed, and yet so just and so natural.’

P. 399. *L'Estrange*.—Mr. Frederic Harrison writes in the *English Review*, ‘I enjoy the rowdy knight’s King Charles II slang. L'Estrange’s vernacular is that which an old carter might use in a roadside tavern. . . . Did Carlyle get his love of capitals from Sir Roger?’

P. 401. *Locke*.—He gravely explains in a letter that he ‘writ’ the *Treatise* ‘in a plain and popular style, which, having in it nothing of the air of learning, nor so much of the language of the schools, was little suited to the use or relish of those who, as teachers or learners, applied themselves to the mysteries of scholastic knowledge’.

P. 408. *Lowell*.—‘Lowell, in my opinion,’ Mr. E. V. Lucas says in his introduction to *Fireside Travels* in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry, ‘never wrote better than in some of these pages, and one might even go farther and say that some of these pages could not have been improved by any man.’

W. M. T. and A. H. C. are Thackeray and Clough, who crossed to America with Lowell in 1853.

P. 411. *Lyly*.—‘The structure of the sentences is based on antithesis and alliteration, or cross-alliteration, almost every sentence being balanced in two or more parisonic parts, chiming in sound, changing in sense.’—Sir W. Raleigh.

‘This elaborated style, this “curtisanlike painted affectation” of Euphuism, did not originate with Lyly himself; he only “hatched the egges that his elder friendes laide”.’—J. W. H. Atkins (*Cambridge History*). See the extract from Pettie, p. 498, and the note thereon.

Sir Walter Scott parodies Euphuism in *The Monastery*, but, as Sir W. Raleigh observes, ‘misses the most conspicuous features of the style.’

P. 412. *Lytton*.—‘He who writes prose builds his temple to Fame in rubble; he who writes verses builds it in granite.’—Lytton (*Caxtonia*).

P. 415. *Macaulay*.—Our author wrote a long letter to Napier, who had criticized the style of articles contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. ‘The charge,’ he says, ‘to which I am most sensible, is that of interlarding my sentences with French terms.’ The charge of using flippant phrases he vindicates by Addison, ‘the model of pure and graceful writing,’ who uses ‘queer old put’, ‘prig’, &c., and continues: ‘The first rule of all writing—that rule to which every other is subordinate—is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers. All considerations about the dignity and purity of style ought to bend to this consideration. To write what is not

understood in its whole force for fear of using some word which was unknown to Swift or Dryden, would be, I think, say as absurd as to build an observatory like that at Oxford, from which it is impossible to observe, only for the purpose of exactly preserving the proportions of the Temple of the Winds at Athens. That a word which is appropriate to a particular idea, and which expresses that idea with a completeness which is not equalled by any other single word, and scarcely by any circumlocution, should be banished from writing, seems to be a mere throwing away of power.'

See Macaulay's letter to Leigh Hunt, p. 710.

'Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information. . . . Macaulay's style, like other original things, has already produced a school of imitators. Its influence may distinctly be traced, both in the periodical and daily literature of the day. Its great characteristic is the shortness of the sentences, which often equals that of Tacitus himself, and the rapidity with which new and distinct ideas or facts succeed each other in his richly-stored pages. He is the Pope of English prose: he often gives two sentiments or facts in a single line. No preceding writer in prose, in any modern language with which we are acquainted, has carried this art of abbreviation, or rather cramming of ideas, to such a length: and to its felicitous use much of the celebrity which he has acquired is to be ascribed.'—Sir A. Alison.

'It is delightful to find that the most successful prose-writer of the day was also the most painstaking.'—W. E. Gladstone.

Bagehot remarks, referring to the extract on p. 421, that 'you will not find the cause of panics so accurately explained in the driest of political economists—in the Scotch M'Culloch'.

P. 427. *Macleod* (W. Sharp).—In a foreword to *The Silence of Amor*, Mr. Sharp insisted upon the name 'prose-rhythms' in preference to that of 'prose-poems'. 'Prose is prose, and poetry is poetry. The two arts are distinct, though they may lie so close in method and achievement as to seem to differ only in degree. But it is possible to widen the marches of the one, as it is possible for the rash to cross the frontiers of the other.' He adds, 'It is this substitution of a calculated monotony and of a careful iteration—a recurrence either of order and cadence, or of a like cadence with an inverted order—which differentiates the brief and complete prose-rhythm from the dubious "prose-poem", so apt to be merely ornate prose crested with metaphor or plumed with hyperbole.'

P. 428. *Macpherson*.—James Montgomery described *Ossian* as a collection of halting, dancing, lumbering, grating, nondescript paragraphs.

P. 429. *Malory*.—It is difficult to praise the *Morte d'Arthur* too highly, and it is interesting to note that the Arthurian legends have

found their best and most standing place in prose and not in poetry.

'He is a master in the telling use of the Saxon speech, although he translates from the French.'—Sir W. Raleigh.

P. 431. *B. Mandeville*.—He described Addison as 'a parson in a tie-wig'.

P. 432. *Sir J. Mandeville*.—'Mandeville, or the person who took his name, is certainly, as his date, his subject, and his great popularity show, the father of all such as use modern English prose for purposes of profane delight.'—G. Saintsbury (*English Prose*).

'He is called our "first writer in formed English".... Mandeville wrote his *Travels* first in Latin, then in French, and finally put them into our tongue about 1356 "that every man of the nation might understand them".'—Stopford Brooke (*Primer*).

'Probably this name was fictitious, and its bearer is to be identified with Jean de Bourgogne or Burgoyne, Chamberlain to John, Baron de Mowbray, who took part in rising against Despensers, and on Mowbray's execution (1322) fled from England.'—*Dictionary of National Biography*.

P. 434. *Martineau*.—In the author's opinion *Eastern Life* was her best work.

P. 438. *Maurice*.—Sir James Stephen's 'The Clapham Sect', reprinted, with additions, from the *Edinburgh Review*, in *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*.

P. 439. *Meredith*.—*Richard Feverel* was published in 1859, in which year *Adam Bede* appeared—a statement of fact which speaks volumes for Meredith. 'His style', wrote James Thomson (B.V.), 'is very various and flexible, flowing freely in whatever measures the subject and the mode may dictate. At its best it is so beautiful in simple Saxon, so majestic in rhythm, so noble with noble imagery, so pregnant with meaning, so vital and intense, that it must be ranked among the supreme achievements of our literature.' The 'acute and honourable minority' of Meredith's admirers has long since become a triumphant majority among those whose opinion is worth having.

See the note on Carlyle's style, p. 697.

His lecture 'On the Idea of Comedy and of the uses of the Comic Spirit' was delivered at the London Institution in February 1877, and published in the *New Quarterly Magazine* two months later.

P. 443. *Middleton*.—'I think it would be hardly possible to find a better example than Middleton's of the severely plain style, not quite so homely as Swift's, but not excessively academic.'—G. Saintsbury (*English Prose*).

The younger Pitt greatly admired Middleton's style, whose *Life of Cicero*, together with Bolingbroke's writings, was his favourite model.

P. 445. *Mill*.—In his autobiography Mill states that ‘none of my writings have been so carefully composed or so sedulously corrected as this’. The essay is dedicated in touching words to the author’s wife, who wrote it with him :

‘Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom.’

Mill himself tells us that the study of writers such as Goldsmith and Fielding rendered his style at times lively and almost light !

P. 446. *Miller*.—From a lecture delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1852.

P. 448. *Milton*.—‘Our language, says Addison, sunk under him. But the truth is, that, both in prose and verse, he had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom. This in all his prose is discovered and condemned ; for there judgement operates freely, neither softened by the beauty, nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts ; but such is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without resistance, the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration.’—Johnson (*Life of Milton*).

‘Milton’s Latin style is, I think, better and easier than his English. His style, in prose, is quite as characteristic of him as a philosophical republican, as Cowley’s is of him as a first-rate gentleman.’—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

‘Milton’s prose works have the fire and violence, the eloquence and diffuseness, of the earlier literature, but in spite of the praise their style has received, it can in reality be scarcely called a style. It has all the faults a prose style can have except obscurity and vulgarity.’—Stopford Brooke (*Primer*).

P. 460. *Henry More*.—John Wesley and Coleridge were among the admirers of More, the Cambridge Platonist, who twice refused a bishopric.

P. 461. *Sir T. More*.—‘The first example of good English language : pure and perspicuous, well chosen, without vulgarisms and pedantry.’—Hallam (on the *Historie of Richard III*).

‘The simplicity of his genius showed itself in the style, and his wit in the picturesque method and the dramatic dialogue that graced the book [*Historie*]. The stately historical step was laid aside by More in the tracts of nervous English with which he replied to Tyndale, but both his styles are remarkable for their purity. Of all the “strong words” he uses, three out of four are Teutonic.’—Stopford Brooke (*Primer*).

Lamb describes the extract from the *Confutation* as being

‘penned with a wit and malice hyper-satanic. It is infinitely diverting in the midst of its diabolism, if it be not rather, what Coleridge calls,

Too wicked for a smile, too foolish for a tear.’

P. 464. *Morris*.—This is in Morris’s earlier and less laboured style. Compare with the following sentence from *The Sundering Flood*:

‘But up this river ran the flood of tide a long way, so that the biggest of dromonds and round-ships might fare along it, and oft they lay amid pleasant up-country places, with their yards all but touching the windows of the husbandman’s stead, and their bowsprits thrusting forth amongst the middens, and the routing swine, and querulous hens; and the uneasy lads and lasses sitting at high-mass of the Sunday in the grey village church would see the tall masts dimly amidst the painted saints of the aisle windows, and their minds would wander from the mass-hackled priest and the words and the gestures of him, and see visions of far countries and outlandish folk, and some would be heart-smitten with that desire of wandering and looking on new things which so oft the sea-beat board and the wind-strained pine bear with them to the dwellings of the stay-at-homes; and to some it seemed as if, when they went from out the church, they should fall in with St. Thomas of India stepping over the gangway and come to visit their uplandish Christmas and the Yule-feast of the field-abiders of mid-winter frost.’

P. 470. *Nash*.—This passage abounds in hits at Kyd: ‘Hamlet’ is a reference to the play ascribed to him and used by Shakespeare; French *Doudie* relates to an imitation by Kyd in ‘The Spanish Tragedy’; Sadolet = Cardinal Jacopo Sadoletto, Plantin = the Antwerp printer, Turner = Dean of Wells.

Nash ‘proudly boasts’ that his ‘vein calls no man father in England but myself—neither *Euphues*, nor Tarlton, nor Greene’. ‘*Euphues*’, he tells us, ‘I read when I was a little ape at Cambridge, and I then thought it was *Ipse ille*; it may be excellent good still, for aught I know, for I looked not on it this ten year. But to imitate it I abhor, otherwise than it imitates Plutarch, Ovid, and the choicest Latin authors.’

‘As Sir Philip Sidney was the precursor of Richardson, so Nash is the direct forerunner of Defoe.’—Sir W. Raleigh.

P. 473. *Newman*.—‘Dr. Newman’s style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it oftener glows with a fervid heat; it employs as its obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary, and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the book-worm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory.’—A. Birrell (*Res Judicatae*).

Newman himself wrote, ‘It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and

I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I never do. . . . However, I may truly say that I have never been in the practice, since I was a boy, of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I have never written for writing's sake, but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult, viz. to explain clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the whole principle of all my corrections and re-writings.'

Pater, in his essay on style, remarks that 'a perfect fiction like *Esmond*, the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's *Idea of a University*, has for them [scholars] something of the uses of a religious "retreat" '.

P. 480. *Sir T. North*.—This 'translation' was not made from the Greek, but is a free version of the French of Amyot.

'His style had a dramatic quality which suggests to the reader a constant movement, and the value of which, no doubt, was candidly recognized by Shakespeare.'—Charles Whibley (*Cambridge History*).

P. 484. *Paine*.—Hazlitt in his essay on the 'Character of Cobbett' makes an interesting comparison with Paine, who, he remarks, 'is a much more sententious writer than Cobbett. You cannot open a page in any of his best and earlier works without meeting with some maxim, some antithetical and memorable saying, which is a sort of starting-place for the argument, and the goal to which it returns.'

P. 486. *Paltock*.—His solitary work 'was praised by Southey and Leigh Hunt, and admired by Coleridge, Scott, and Lamb'.

P. 487. *Pater*.—'To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song, or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself:—style is in the right way when it tends toward that. . . . The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the whole. . . . Though there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasurably, many of the effects of conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical

tracing out of that conscious artistic structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read.'—Walter Pater (*Appreciations*).

P. 490. *Peacock*.—Cypress is Byron (compare *Childe Harold*, canto 4, cxxiv, cxxvi); Scythrop, Shelley; Flosky, Coleridge. Peacock puts into the mouth of Cypress a delightful parody of Byronic verse, beginning, 'There is a fever of the spirit'.

P. 493. *Pecock*.—The *Repressor*, issued in 1455 and directed against the teaching of the Lollards, is generally admitted to be one of the finest monuments of fifteenth-century prose.

P. 496. *Pepys*.—The diarist declared that the sound of the recorder was of all sounds in the world most pleasing to him, and applied himself with vigour to 'getting the scale of music without book'. See Welch's *Lectures on the Recorder and other Flutes*.

P. 498. *Pettie*.—'With Petty, and not with Lyly as M. Jusserand would persuade us, we enter upon the prose literature of the drawing room.'—F. O. Mann (Introduction to *The Works of Thomas Deloney*).

Like Lyly's *Euphues* (1579), *A Petite Pallace* (1576) was dedicated to 'The Gentlewomen of England'.

P. 500. *Pitt, E. of Chatham*.—This speech on a motion for an Address to the Throne delivered on November 18, 1777, is commonly allowed to have been Chatham's greatest effort, and the report, it is said, was corrected by him.

Dr. Henry Montagu Butler in the Romanes lecture for 1912 says, 'Critics may, I think, venture to doubt the sobriety and the good taste of this celebrated outburst. For myself I have not the heart to criticize.'

The Duke of Grafton wrote: 'It would be useless to attempt to describe the brilliancy of Lord Chatham's powers as an orator on this memorable occasion, for no relation can give more than a faint idea of what he really displayed. In this debate he exceeded all that I had ever admired in his speaking. Nothing could be more eloquent and striking than the argument and language of his first speech. But in his reply to Lord Suffolk's inhuman position [Suffolk, whose ancestor was the Lord Admiral Howard of Effingham, had maintained that 'it is perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands'] he started up with a degree of indignation that added to the force of the sudden and unexampled burst of eloquence which must have affected any audience, and which appeared to me to surpass all that we have ever heard of the celebrated oratory of Greece or Rome.'

Pitt is stated 'as a means of acquiring copiousness of diction and an exact choice of words' to have 'read and re-read the sermons of Dr. Barrow, till he knew many of them by heart'. He went twice through the folio Dictionary of Bailey. The famous reply to Walpole on 'the atrocious crime of being a young man', often given as a

specimen of Pitt's style, was written by Johnson in his own language after the substance of Pitt's speech had been reported to him.

P. 503. *W. Pitt*.—This speech was delivered in the House of Commons on April 2, 1792. The quotations are from Virgil's *Georgics*, Book I, l. 250, and the *Aeneid*, Book VI, ll. 637–41.

Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, and the political and historical writings of Bolingbroke, were Pitt's favourite models in point of style; he studied Barrow's sermons, by the advice of his father, to enlarge his vocabulary, and was intimately acquainted with the Bible.

P. 508. *Pope*.—Johnson's interesting comparison between Pope and Dryden is given on p. 360.

P. 514. *Prynne*.—Purchas, according to Prynne, is the reverend historian referred to.

P. 517. *Puttenham*.—His object was 'to help the courtiers and the gentlewomen of the court to write good poetry, that the art may become vulgar for all Englishmen's use'.

P. 519. *Radcliffe*.—Scott described this passage 'as a beautiful specimen of Mrs. Radcliffe's peculiar talents'.

'In more than one way the prose of Mrs. Radcliffe anticipated and guided the poetry of the Romantic revival.'—Sir W. Raleigh.

P. 520. *Raleigh*.—'There is a natural emphasis in his style, like a man's tread, and a breathing-space between the sentences, which the best of modern writing does not furnish.'—Thoreau.

'Raleigh is often magnificent . . . and he is at all time free from the fantastic and abnormal errors of the prose-writers fashionable in his time, but he is very far indeed from having discovered a current prose-style suitable for historical uses. He is essentially to be read in extracts, and admired in purple patches.'—Edmund Gosse (*English Prose*).

P. 523. *Reade*.—To the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry *A Good Fight* has recently been added. It is a first draft, so to speak, of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which was classed by Swinburne as 'among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative'. Reade himself wrote to his American publishers, '*A Good Fight* is a masterpiece: *The Tale of Two Cities* is not a masterpiece.' He did not approve the respective prices paid to him and to Dickens.

P. 526. *Richardson*.—Diderot ranked Richardson with Moses, Homer, and Euripides in his gallery of favourites. Alfred de Musset considered *Clarissa* 'le premier roman du monde'.

'One might fancy Dr. Johnson saying: "Richardson for women, Fielding for men, Smollett for ruffians."'—A. Lang.

The novelist throve in 'a kind of flower-garden of ladies'. Lady Bradshaigh under an assumed name corresponded with him, and, so that she might identify him in the Park, Richardson sent her the description of his person which is given on p. 530.

P. 533. *Robinson*. The translator took his M.A. at Oxford in 1544, and seven years later his version of More's *Utopia* was published. Burnet, referring to Robinson's work in the preface to his own translation, says of it: 'I was once apt to think it might have been done by Sir Thomas More himself: for it is in the English of his age, and not unlike his style.'

P. 536. *Ruskin*.—See the note on p. 712, about his own style. Compare Thackeray's reference to the *Téméraire* on p. 629.

P. 540. *Russell*.—Lady Russell's letters transcribed from the manuscript in Woburn Abbey were first published in 1773. Her husband William, 'the patriot,' was executed for alleged complicity in the Rye House plot. Macaulay, speaking of the letter here quoted, said it 'is scarcely to be read without tears'.

P. 541. *Saint-John*.—Considered the greatest orator of his age.

'The style of Bolingbroke is unrivalled. No library is perfect without his works, and they should be studied by the public speaker, or the author, night and day. We boldly aver that there does not exist a writer in the language the reading of whose works, so far as diction is concerned, would be more beneficial to young men. Bolingbroke's choice of words is singularly fine. Nothing can be clearer, stronger, or more copious than his language. Terse, nervous, epigrammatic; diffused in general, but condensed when necessary; at times racy, at times vehement, at times compact as iron; rhetorical, yet easy; elegant, yet convincing; bold, rapid, and declamatory, his writings carry one away, like a spoken harangue, without betraying the carelessness of an extemporaneous style.'—E. A. Poe.

'In my judgement Bolingbroke's style is not in any respect equal to that of Cowley or Dryden.'—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

See Lord Chesterfield's 'character' of Bolingbroke, p. 593; and the note thereon.

P. 544. *Savile*.—Halifax concludes that even God Almighty Himself is divided between His two great attributes, His mercy and His justice.

P. 546. *Scott*.—'I should almost guess the Author of *Waverley* to be a writer of ambling verses from the desultory vacillation and want of firmness in the march of his style.'—Hazlitt.

Later in the same essay, 'On the Prose-style of Poets,' Hazlitt repeats this opinion, adding that Scott's style 'as mere style is villainous'.

'His very style, loose and rambling as it is, is a part of the man, and of the artistic effect he produces. The full vigour and ease with which his imagination plays on life is often suggested by his pleonasm and tautologies; the search for the single final epithet is no part of his method, for he delights in the telling, and is sorry when all is told. The asceticism of style belongs to a different race of artists, the lesser of whom are sadly anaemic.'—Sir W. Raleigh.

P. 550. *Selden*. In dedicating *Table Talk* Millward, Selden's secretary, states that 'the sense and notion here is wholly his, and most of the words'.

Lord Clarendon says that Selden's style 'in all his writings seems harsh and sometimes obscure; which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men; but to a little undervaluing the beauty of a style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding of any man, that hath been known'.

P. 551. *Shakespeare*.—It is curious that so little should have been written about Shakespeare's prose style. As the late Churton Collins says in his *Studies in Shakespeare*, 'From the appearance of Rowe's biography of him in 1709 to the appearance of Professor Boas' monograph [1896], . . . we cannot call to mind a single attempt to estimate his position and merit as a writer of prose.'

Professor Collins himself observes that, 'The prose of Shakespeare stands alone. It was his own creation, as absolutely his own as the terza rima was Dante's, as the Spenserian stanza was Spenser's. . . . Ben Jonson's best is far inferior to Shakespeare's best. . . . He attempted several styles, he excelled in all. . . . In one or two points his prose contrasts very favourably with his verse. His verse, in his later style at least, is frequently obscure, perplexed, and abrupt: his prose is uniformly smooth and lucid. . . . His verse is full of mannerisms, and of mannerisms which are not at all times pleasant: his prose is always easy and natural. In a word, his most characteristic prose is, regarded merely in relation to correctness in composition, decidedly superior to his most characteristic verse. Margaret Fuller tells us, in one of her letters, that in a conversation at which she was once present, Carlyle gave it as his opinion that Shakespeare would have done far better if he had confined himself to prose.'

As for 'The Quintessence of Dust', p. 554, Collins says, 'It would be hard to cull from the whole body of our prose literature a passage which should demonstrate more strikingly the splendour and the majesty of our language, when freed from the shackles of verse.'

Johnson, according to De Quincey, was guilty of 'an audacious misrepresentation' when he declared that Shakespeare's style 'was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure'. But Johnson also wrote, 'If Shakespeare has difficulties above other writers, it is to be imputed to the nature of his work, which required the use of common colloquial language, and consequently admitted many phrases allusive, elliptical, and proverbial; . . . to which might be added the fullness of idea, which might sometimes load his words with more sentiment than they could conveniently carry, and that rapidity of imagination which might hurry him to a second thought before he

had fully explained the first.' And the Doctor admitted that Shakespeare 'is more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any author equally remote, and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language'.

With reference to Shakespeare's vocabulary, Mr. Stopford Brooke notes that 'Shakespeare uses 15,000 words, and he wrote pure English. Out of every five verbs, adverbs, and nouns (e. g. in the last act of *Othello*) four are Teutonic; and he is more Teutonic in comedy than in tragedy'.

'A well-educated person in England,' F. Max Müller says in his lectures on *The Science of Language*, 'who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, *The Times*, and all the books of Mudie's Library, seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. The Hebrew Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words; Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and Shakespeare, who probably displayed a greater variety of expression than any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words.'

The *Oxford English Dictionary*, which at the time of writing lacks some of the words in S and from Thyzle to the end of Z, contains 309,371 words, which, by the by, are illustrated by 1,319,585 quotations.

P. 562. *Sheridan*.—See Hazlitt's remarks on Congreve's style, p. 700.

P. 567. *Sir P. Sidney*.—Dr. A. W. Ward says in *English Prose*: 'The style of such a writer can hardly lack individuality; and in Sidney's prose this master-quality has no difficulty in asserting itself in the face of more or less adventitious influences. Thus the Euphuism of the *Arcadia*, though here and there marked enough, cannot be described as a quality of the style of the book at large; as such, its place is taken by something new and individual, although perhaps something not very easy to define.' He describes the *Arcadia* as 'the most notable prose-work, taken as a whole, of an era without parallel in our literature'.

Sidney himself, whom Cowper describes as a 'warbler of poetic prose', noted 'I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning'.

In the first paragraph on p. 568 Sidney is replying to Gosson, possibly parodying his style. Professor G. Gregory Smith explains Nizolian paper-books as on the model of the *Thesaurus Ciceronianus* of Marius Nizolius; and that Bubonax is a blunder—it was one Bupalus who killed himself because he was satirized by the poet Hipponax.

P. 573. *S. Smith*.—Of this passage, Mr. G. W. E. Russell has said that for pure fun, one could not quote a better sample of Sydney Smith's writings. In the same *Review* occurs the wit's description of Mr. Waterton's departure:

'Just before his third journey, Mr. Waterton takes leave of Sir Joseph Banks, and speaks of him with affectionate regret. "I saw" (says Mr. W.), "with sorrow, that death was going to rob us of him. We talked of stuffing quadrupeds; I agreed that the lips and nose ought to be cut off, and stuffed with wax." This is the way great naturalists take an eternal farewell of each other!'

P. 581. *South*.—'South's sentences are gems, hard and shining: Voltaire's look like them, but are only French paste.'—J. C. Hare (*Guesses at Truth*). See note on Gisborne, p. 707, and on Tillotson, p. 732.

P. 584. *Southey*.—Southey stated that not a thought of what is called style ever entered his head, his sole endeavour being 'to write plain English, and to put my thoughts in language which every one can understand'.

Byron, though for the sake of rhyme calling Southey's poetry mouthy, described his prose as perfect. Lytton says of *The Life of Wesley* and *The Book of the Church* that they are 'as mere compositions, characterized by an equal simplicity and richness of style,—an equal dignity and an equal ease. No writer blends more happily the academical graces of the style of the last century with the popular vigour of that which distinguishes the present'.

The mythologist referred to on p. 587 is Hesiod: 'Verily they are become as gods, by the counsels of high Zeus they dwell still on earth in nobleness, guardians of mortal men.'

P. 589. *Spencer*.—This is the beginning of a characteristic article published in the *Westminster Review* for April 1854.

P. 592. *Sprat*.—'The Royal Society have exacted from all their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions, clear sense, a native easiness, bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can; and preferring the language of artisans, countrymen, and merchants before that of wits and scholars.' See Wilkins, p. 668, and note.

P. 593. *Stanhope*.—'In two respects the diction of Chesterfield is especially noticeable—in its exquisite finish, and in its scrupulous purity. It is the perfection of the epistolary style, flexibly adapting itself with the utmost ease and propriety to what, in varying tones, is expressed or suggested—now neat, pointed, epigrammatic, now gracefully diffuse, now rising to dignity; but always natural and always easy. . . . An ungrammatical sentence, a loose or ambiguous expression, a word unauthorized by polite usage, or, if coined, coined improperly—a vulgarism or solecism indeed in any form, he regarded as little less than a crime in a writer. If it should be proposed to

select the two authors who in point of mere purity of diction stand out most conspicuous in our prose literature, it would, we think, be pretty safe to name Macaulay for the one and Chesterfield for the other. We do not say that he is entirely free from blemishes—

quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura—

but we do say that he has fewer of them, with the exception of Macaulay, than perhaps any other English classic.—J. Churton Collins (*Essays and Studies*).

Much of the sketch of Bolingbroke was written in Bolingbroke's lifetime, and included in one of Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*. 'I would upon my word much rather that you had had Bolingbroke's style and eloquence in speaking and writing than all the learning of the Academy of Science, the Royal Society, and the two Universities united.' The Latin is from Lucretius.

'Style is what gives value and currency to thought.'—*Amiel's Journal*.

Bolingbroke's style may be judged by the passages on pp. 541-4.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed.—Pope.

'Style, after all, rather than thought, is the immortal thing in literature. In literature, the charm of style is indefinable, yet all-subduing, just as fine manners are in social life. In reality, it is not of so much consequence what you say, as how you say it.'—Alexander Smith.

P. 602. *Sterne*.—'To talk of "the style" of Sterne is almost to play one of those tricks with language of which he himself was so fond. For there is hardly any definition of the word which can make it possible to describe him as having any style at all. It is not only that he manifestly recognized no external canons whereto to conform the expression of his thoughts, but he had apparently no inclination to invent and observe, except indeed in the most negative of senses, any style of his own. The "style of Sterne", in short, is as though one should say "the form of Proteus". He was determined to be uniformly eccentric, regularly irregular, and that was all.'—H. D. Traill (*English Men of Letters*).

'Even now the grace, the insinuating delicacy, the light lucidity, the diamond-like sparkle of Sterne's style make reading him a peculiar literary pleasure.'—D. Masson (*British Novelists and their Styles*).

P. 609. *Stevenson*.—'With the words last printed, "a wilful convulsion of brute nature," the romance of *Weir of Hermiston* breaks off. They were dictated, I believe, on the very morning of

the writer's sudden seizure and death. *Weir of Hermiston* thus remains in the work of Stevenson what *Edwin Drood* is in the work of Dickens or *Denis Duval* in that of Thackeray: or rather it remains relatively more, for if each of those fragments holds an honourable place among its author's writings, among Stevenson's the fragment of *Weir* holds certainly the highest.'—Editorial Note [by Sir Sidney Colvin] to *Weir of Hermiston*.

P. 612. *Stow*.—In a Declaration 'to all our well-beloved subjects', King James I, having previously authorized 'John Stowe and his deputies to collect amongst our loving subjects their voluntary contribution and kind gratuities', by Letters Patent, went on to say that 'seeing that our said Patents (being but one in themselves) cannot be showed forth in divers places or parishes at once (as the occasions of his speedy putting them in execution may require), we have therefore thought expedient in this unusual manner to recommend his cause unto you, having already, in our own person, and of our special grace, begun the largesse for the example of others.'

P. 612. *Swift*.—'His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilized by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-sought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself: and his reader always understands him: the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge: it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things. . . . This easy and safe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's desire to attain, and for having attained he deserves praise, though perhaps not the highest praise.'—Johnson (*Life of Swift*).

'BOSWELL: We find people differ much as to what is the best style of English composition. Some think Swift's the best; others prefer a fuller and grander way of writing.

'JOHNSON: Sir, you must first define what you mean by style, before you can judge who has a good taste in style, and who has a bad. The two classes of persons whom you have mentioned, don't differ as to good and bad. They both agree that Swift has a good neat style; but one loves a neat style, another loves a style of more splendour. In like manner, one loves a plain coat, another loves a laced coat; but neither will deny that each is good in its kind.'—Boswell's *Life*.

'Of his style, it has been usual to speak with great, and, we think, exaggerated praise. It is less mellow than Dryden's, less elegant than Pope's or Addison's, less noble than Lord Bolingbroke's, and utterly without the glow and loftiness which belonged to our earlier masters. It is radically a low and homely style, without grace and without affectation, and chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of common words and expressions. Other writers who have used a plain and direct style have been for the most part

jejune and limited in their diction, and generally give us an impression of the poverty as well as the tameness of their language; but Swift, without ever trespassing into figured or poetical expressions, or ever employing a word that can be called fine or pedantic, has a prodigious variety of good set phrases always at his command, and displays a sort of homely richness, like the plenty of an old English dinner, or the wardrobe of a wealthy burgess. . . . Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a want of matter, and the other half from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place. Swift had complete confidence in himself; and had too much real business on his hands, to be at leisure to intrigue for the fame of a fine writer; in consequence of which, his writings are more admired by the judicious than if he had bestowed all his attention on their style. . . . He not only disdained the reputation of a composer of pretty sentences, but seems to have been thoroughly indifferent to all sorts of literary fame.'—F. Jeffrey.

In his life of Swift (*Selections from Swift*: Clarendon Press) Sir H. Craik says: 'As a literary artist, he is consummate in his skill: yet no man probably ever attended less to rules of art. . . . By some of the most competent of critics, his prose has been held to be the perfection of English style; not certainly because of its finish or elaboration; not because it is without inaccuracy and minor incorrectness; but because it is so absolutely clear and direct, and moves with such perfection of unstudied and inimitable ease.'

The same critic (in *English Prose*) remarks that 'of all English prose Swift's has the most of flexibility, the most of nervous and of sinewy force; it is the most perfect as an instrument, and the most deadly in its unerring accuracy of aim. It often disdains grammatical correctness, and violates not infrequently the rules of construction and arrangement. But it is significant that Swift attained the perfection of his art, not by deliberately setting aside the proprieties of diction, but by setting before himself consistently the first and highest ideal of simplicity, by disdaining eccentricity and paradox and the caprice of fashion, and that although he wrote "his own English", as no other did before or since, he was inspired from first to last by a deep reverence for the language, and an ardent desire to maintain its dignity and its purity unchanged and unimpaired.'

Swift himself says that 'Proper words in proper places makes the true definition of a style'.

Earlier in his amusing 'Argument', Swift asks, 'Would any indifferent foreigner who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgill, Tindall, Toland, Coward, and forty more, imagine the gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments?'

See p. 24 and note thereon.

As chaplain Swift was required to read to Lady Berkeley Robert Boyle's *Meditations*. Finding this task distasteful, he substituted his own meditations in the style and manner of Boyle without the

countess suspecting* any deceit. One of the guests found Swift's handwriting in the book, and says Dr. Sheridan, 'My lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them; saying, "What a vile trick has that rogue played me! But it is his way, he never baulks his humour in anything." The affair ended in a great deal of harmless mirth, and Swift, you may be sure, was not asked to proceed any further with the *Meditations*.'

Boyle is quoted from on p. 61.

The last extract, p. 617, is from 'A proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English tongue, in a letter to the Most Honourable Robert Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain': first printed in May 1712.

P. 618. *Swinburne*.—It may be noted that Swinburne wrote a poem on the Lake of Gaube, which must delight all who visit this enchanting spot in the Pyrenean mountains:

Might life be as this is and death be as life that casts off time as
a robe,
The likeness of infinite heaven were a symbol revealed of the lake
of Gaube.

See the note on Traherne, p. 732.

P. 620. *Symonds*.—'The deliberate attitude adopted by a literary writer implies circumspection; invites suppression, reservation, selection; is compatible with affectation, dissimulation, hypocrisy. So much cannot be claimed for critical analysis as that we should pretend to reproduce a man's soul after close examination of his work. What we may assert with confidence is that the qualities of style are intimately connected with the qualities and limitations of the writer, and teach us much about him. He wrote thus and thus, because he was this or this. In the exercise of style it is impossible for any one to transcend his inborn and acquired faculties of ideation, imagination, sense-perception, verbal expression—just as it is impossible in the exercise of strength for an athlete to transcend the limits of his physical structure, powers of innervation, dexterity, and courage. The work of art produced by a writer is therefore of necessity complexioned and determined by the inborn and acquired faculties of the individual. This is what we mean by the hackneyed epigram: "Le style c'est l'homme."—J. A. Symonds (*Personal Style*).

P. 622. *Taylor*.—W. Mason, the biographer of Gray, calls Taylor 'the Shakespeare of English prose'; Lytton calls him 'the Milton of the Church'; the Rev. W. H. Hutton, 'the Bunyan of the English Church'.

'Some of the old English prose-writers (who were not poets) are the best, and, at the same time, the most *poetical* in the favourable sense. Among these we may reckon some of the old divines, and Jeremy Taylor at the head of them. There is a flush like the dawn

over his writings: the sweetness of the rose, the freshness of the morning dew. There is a softness in his style, proceeding from the tenderness of his heart: but his head is firm, and his hand is free. His materials are as finely wrought up as they are original and attractive in themselves.'—Hazlitt.

Lytton, remarking that Taylor's 'power and pathos, and "purple grandeur" of eloquence beautified even piety itself', says: 'There is a great distinction between the art of style and what the phrenologists call "the organ of language". In Jeremy Taylor, for instance, we are dazzled by the opulent splendour of diction with which the preacher comes in state to our souls. . . . But no teacher of style would recommend as a safe model to his pupil the style of Jeremy Taylor'.

'Even the prose of Jeremy Taylor is over-poetical, and though it has all the Elizabethan ardour, it has also the Elizabethan faults of excessive wordiness and fantastic wit. It never knows when to stop.'—Stopford Brooke.

South from the pulpit praised the plainness of apostolic preaching—'no starched similitudes, introduced with a "thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion", and the like.'

P. 626. *Temple*.—'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose. Before his time they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.'—Johnson.

Boswell reports Johnson as saying that he had formed his style upon Temple and on Chambers's *Proposal for his Dictionary* (p. 130).

Swift defended Temple's style—'that he affects the use of French words'—and adds that he blotted out many in order to put English in their place: 'It is generally believed that this author has advanced our English tongue to as great perfection as it can well bear.'

Lamb in his essay on *The Genteel Style in Writing* says that 'nothing can be more unlike than the inflated, finical rhapsodies of Shaftesbury and the plain, natural chit-chat of Temple'. The whole essay must always interest those acquainted with Temple.

'The style of Temple's essays is on the whole pleasing, and now and then stately and splendid.'—Macaulay.

P. 629. *Thackeray*.—Professor Saintsbury says, in the *Oxford Thackeray*: 'It is only recently that it has become accepted or acceptable to praise Thackeray's style, though there are some persons who have never made any mistake about it, while there are still obstinate dissenters. Indeed, it was very usual to regard him as a careless and rather slovenly writer who stumbled over "and which" and similar stones of offence. This he certainly sometimes did, and was not impeccable from other points of view of the composition-books; but it matters little or nothing. His style proper—

visible quite early, indeed almost at once—may again owe something to Fielding, but it is in its essence almost wholly original. It is more like the result of thinking aloud than the style of any other writer.'

'Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style.'—Carlyle on Thackeray.

See Thackeray on Carlyle, p. 697; also George Meredith's tribute to the Titan, p. 441.

P. 637. *Tillotson*.—Congreve in his *Dedication of Dryden's Plays* says: 'I have frequently heard him (Dryden) own with pleasure, that if he had any talent for English prose it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great Archbishop Tillotson.' Mr. E. Gosse remarks that this compliment 'has given the archbishop far too exalted a place in our literary handbooks'.

'Sir John Pringle had expressed a wish that I would ask Dr. Johnson's opinion what were the best English sermons for style. I took an opportunity to-day of mentioning several to him. *Atterbury*? Johnson: "Yes, Sir, one of the best." B.: *Tillotson*? J.: "Why, not now. I should not advise a preacher at this day to imitate Tillotson's style; though I don't know; I should be cautious of objecting to what has been applauded by so many suffrages.—*South* is one of the best, if you except his peculiarities, and his violence, and sometimes coarseness of language. . . . *Sherlock's* style too is very elegant, though he has not made it his principal study."—Boswell's *Johnson*.

'His style is not brilliant; but it is pure, transparently clear, and equally free from the levity and from the stiffness which disfigure the sermons of some eminent divines of the seventeenth century. He is always serious, yet there is about his manner a certain graceful ease which marks him as a man who knows the world, who has lived in populous cities and in splendid courts, and who has conversed, not only with books, but with lawyers and merchants, wits and beauties, statesmen and princes.'—Macaulay (*History of England*).

P. 638. *Traherne*.—He rivals Jeremy Taylor in richness of imagery, the Rev. W. H. Hutton says in the *Cambridge History*, 'but has not Taylor's learning. He even suggests the style of the poet of two centuries later who brought into his prose the ardour of his poetry, Algernon Charles Swinburne.'

P. 643. *Tyndale*.—'In his two volumes of political tracts "there are only twelve Teutonic words which are now obsolete, a strong proof of the influence his translation of the Bible has had in preserving the old speech of England". Of the 6,000 words of the Authorized Version, still in a great part his translation, only 250 are not now in common use. "Three out of four of his nouns, adverbs, and verbs are Teutonic." And he spoke sharply enough to those who said our tongue was so rude that the Bible could not be trans-

lated into it. "It is not so rude as they are false liars. For the Greek tongue agreeth more with the English than the Latin; a thousand parts better may it be translated into the English than into the Latin." —Stopford Brooke (*Primer*).

P. 647. *Vanbrugh*.—The allusion is to Jeremy Collier who had censured his *Provoked Wife*. See p. 145. Vanbrugh designed, with Hawksmoor, the Clarendon Building in Broad Street, Oxford.

P. 649. *Waller*.—His verses 'Of English Verse' may be recalled:

But who can hope his lines should long
Last, in a daily changing tongue?

— all an English pen can hope;
To make the Fair approve his flame
That can so far extend their fame.

See the passage by Atterbury on p. 25.

P. 653. *Walton*.—The milkmaid's song is:

Come live with me, and be my Love;

and her mother's answer:

If all the world and love were young.

P. 661. *Wesley*.—His own observation is 'I never think of my style at all, but just set down the words that come first'.

P. 666. *Whitman*.—This passage has not been cut down: the spacing is that of the author.

P. 668. *Wilkins*.—'The praise given to Tillotson belongs properly to Wilkins, for Tillotson lived a generation later, and learned to write English from his study of the Bishop of Chester, whom he enthusiastically admired.'—E. Gosse (*History of Eighteenth-century Literature*).

Wilkins was the first secretary of the Royal Society; one of his publications was 'An Essay towards a real Character and a Philosophical Language'. See Sprat, p. 592.

P. 671. *Wollaston*.—This passage is said to have been greatly admired by Gray.

P. 674. *Wordsworth*.—'Wordsworth entered his protest as usual against —'s style, and said that since Johnson no writer had done so much to vitiate the English language. He considers Lord Chesterfield the last good English writer before Johnson. Then came the Scotch historians, who did infinite mischief to style, with the exception of Smollett, who wrote good pure English. He quite agreed to the saying that all great poets wrote good prose; he said there was not one exception. He does not think Burns's prose equal to his verse, but this he attributes to his writing his letters in English

words, while in his verse he was not trammelled in this way, but let his numbers have their own way.'

October 1846. Quoted from *Wordsworth's Literary Criticism* in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.

P. 676. *Wotton*.—Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith in his Oxford edition of *Wotton's Letters* explains that Mr. H. is John Hales (see p. 296); the entertainment is *Comus*; Mr. R. is Rouse, Bodley's Librarian; and the late R. is Thomas Randolph.

Izaak Walton questioned whether *Wotton's* characteristic will 'discovered more holy wit, or conscionable policy; but there is no doubt but that his chief design was a Christian endeavour that his debts might be satisfied'.

P. 682. '*Niceness in words*.'—In the opinion of the Revisers of the New Testament 'the studied avoidance of uniformity in the rendering of the same words, even when occurring in the same context, is one of the blemishes' of the Authorized Version.

See Boyle, p. 61.

P. 683. *The Bible*.—'Elizabethan English alone among the earlier stages of our language still plays a part in modern intellectual life. Thanks to the English Bible, the Prayer Book, and Shakespeare, it has never become really obsolete. Its diction and its idioms are still familiar, endeared and consecrated by sacred association. It yet remains the inspiration of our noblest styles.'—J. W. H. Atkins (*Cambridge History*).

See Swift's tribute on p. 617.

Macaulay said the Bible was 'a book which if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power'.

'Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar, in point of style.'—S. T. Coleridge (*Table Talk*).

The translator of Homer 'will find one English book and one only where, as in the *Iliad* itself, perfect plainness of speech is allied with perfect nobleness; and that book is the Bible. . . . The Bible is undoubtedly the grand mine of diction for the translator of Homer, and, if he knows how to discriminate truly between what will suit him and what will not, the Bible may afford him also invaluable lessons of style'.—M. Arnold.

'It is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form.'—T. H. Huxley.

'Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country?'—F. W. Faber.

'*Proversum* becomes *prorsum*, originally forward, straightforward; and hence *oratio prosa*, straightforward speech or prose, opposed to *oratio vincta*, fettered or measured speech, poetry.'—F. Max Müller (*Science of Language*).

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